



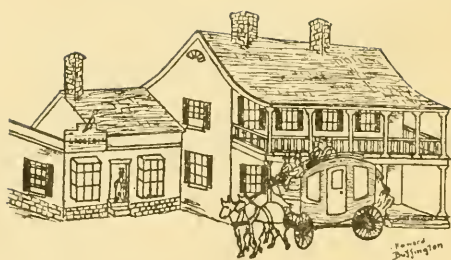


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REAL STORIES

FROM

BALTIMORE COUNTY HISTORY

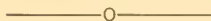
Data Obtained by the Teachers and Children
of Baltimore County (Maryland) Schools

Illustrated with drawings by 7th and 8th Grade Pupils

Revised and Adapted

by

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REAL STORIES FROM BALTIMORE COUNTY HISTORY

A FOREWORD.

In its report to the National Education Association the Committee of Eight on the Study of History in the Elementary Schools, appointed by the American Historical Society, said: "Our history teaching in the past has failed largely because it has not been picturesque enough."

If this criticism were justified by the colorless history teaching observed in the presentation of material throughout the grades, doubtless the same truth applies to the teaching of local history, for all too often that which is near and immediate, by virtue of its nearness, loses its romantic quality and becomes prosaic and commonplace fact. It is true that distance *does* lend a kind of enchantment as well as dignity to what may have been, once upon a time, a commonplace event, but any significant character or event takes on new meaning, may even have a quality of picturesqueness, if placed in its right perspective. Therefore it behooves us to choose such material from out the past experiences of the communities as will interpret the present, and to manifest such skill in method of presentation that local history teaching may not fail "because it is not picturesque enough."

The history of any community is the history of the common man, and as there is a constant struggle in adjustment to environment, history is ever in the process of making, is not static, but ever in a fluid state, progressing, changing as time goes on. The aim of local history teaching may then said to be "to make the children more intelligent with respect to the more crucial activities, conditions and problems of present-day life," by selecting those typical activities which serve this purpose. Certain interesting elements indicative of changes constantly taking place appear in the study of every community in which the people should have wholesome pride.

Certainly Baltimore County has a rich background which lends dignity to the present and out of the days of long ago step stately figures who add charm to every scene; stirring events that warm the blood; and spots hallowed by the acts of brave ones; yes, changing persons and events—*moving pictures*

emphasizing three distinct periods: "In Those Days," "Yesterday" and "Today." With sufficient fact and the gift of imagination at one's command, one can weave about even the commonplace event the veil of enchantment and give that touch of human interest which will help children to realize in simple fashion that the past contributes to the present.

In the "Real Stories from Baltimore County History" an attempt has been made to record simple facts gleaned from firsthand sources in the neighborhood by teachers and children through talks with the oldest residents, by means of old letters, manuscripts, wills, old newspapers, church records, publications made by land companies, and from that most reliable source Scharff's "History of Baltimore County." The events which indicate changes in the community have been chosen and these naturally enough fall into the three groups, viz, the early pioneer days, the colonial days, and after stage-coach days, into the present, for each community has passed through the same typical experiences.

A close study of the early development of the whole country reveals the fact that there was a large stream of emigration filtering through the county at approximately the same time, settling on the large land grants; therefore one part of the county has not much priority over another as far as the early settlements are concerned. It is interesting to find that the northern and eastern portion was settled as early or earlier than the shores of the bay and river.

Baltimore County, like the State, had a flourishing period of country life when the needs of the manor house and the small home were supplied by the varied home industries on the estates. This is the colonial period of which one desires to make so much because it has the quality of picturesqueness and affords a desirable background against which all later developments may be contrasted to advantage. It is interesting to note that in this period Baltimore County had no towns; very few, if any, had come into existence—Joppa, Elkridge Landing, Baltimore Town—these were the great centers of trade. Therefore few towns and villages of the present day can boast of colonial history.

For this reason it is essential that the historical facts of the immediate environment be placed in their proper relation to the

larger community, the district and the county as a whole, for only in this way can an intelligent interpretation be made. This is perfectly obvious in the study of Catonsville and environs, which practically includes every town in the district, or in Reisterstown, with its background of Soldiers' Delight Hundred and Green Spring Valley. The history of any small town and village within the district is practically the same, barring the few differences within the town itself. Whatever has formed the *past* of *one* has also been the inheritance of the other. The *history of the district* is the heritage of every child of that district.

Further, not only is it essential to familiarize one's self with the history of the local community which reaches beyond the environs of the village, but it is also necessary to stress certain pertinent historic facts which are of more than local interest, to gain an idea of the changes through which Baltimore County has passed and the air of dignity which she has worn throughout the years.

The material has been arranged to give the teacher a point of view; to give her perspective, in short, in order that the apparently insignificant event may assume the place it deserves. There has been little attempt to change the rehearsal of fact from the standpoint of the adult to that of the little nine year old; that still remains as a part of the teacher's magic as she meets her class face to face. The stories should be told in simple, narrative style, enhanced by pictures and other illustrative material, together with visits to available spots whenever possible. Occasionally an old resident should be invited to give some reminiscences to the children. A colonial loan exhibit would be invaluable. Various kinds of constructive work, such as making candles, afford enjoyment, as well as the means by which to vivify and clarify what might otherwise have little meaning.

Two programs, Reisterstown and Arlington, are incorporated, illustrating the principle of motivation in school work. Suggestive treatment of the material from the standpoint of both the teacher and the pupil is presented in some detail, and indicates the dignity which the local history may assume when unified by untiring effort of the teacher in securing co-operation of the children, parents and others in the community. The task is not in-

surmountable, though it requires thoughtful consideration of the subject matter, placing emphasis only upon those features which help to make *today* intelligible to the little children, for one is never to lose sight of the fact that the past is taught, not for the sake of the past, but for the sake of the present.

While the material has been arranged in chronological order with the purpose of emphasizing sequence of changes which time hath wrought, the psychological order takes precedence in its presentation to children. We can never ignore the fact that children are primarily interested in those persons and places and events which are closely associated with their own meagre experience first of all. Concrete, firsthand experience with *real* persons, places and events are essential in developing the historic sense which is only gradually emerging in little Third Grade children, consequently it seems best to present the story of "Once Upon a Time in Our Town and Vicinity" before presenting "Baltimore County" in any detail. The Contents aim to indicate a time sequence as well as to suggest the selected group of stories which seem properly to be the heritage of all Baltimore County children. The arrangement and amount of detail will, in each instance, be determined by the background of concrete experience which can be made available to the children.

It is desired here to express appreciation to those principals, grammar grade teachers and their children who have contributed both data and illustrations from time to time, and to that innumerable host of parents and friends who have answered the queries of children from day to day with such unfailing courtesy.

Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the spirit of co-operation which has made this compilation possible.

Isobel Davidson.

I

Once Upon A Time In Our Community

NEIGHBORHOOD CHANGES.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter—these are the changing seasons of the year. In the spring all green, in the summer all golden, in the autumn all brown, in the winter all white; these are the changes we note as the year rolls round.

There are other changes which come just as quietly and as surely as these. You are older, larger, stronger than a year ago. Soon you expect to be able to match big brother in football or sister in a game of tennis. You are longing for the day to come when you will be grown up, I know, when you can take your place alongside your father and mother. They, too, are growing older. People change. Places change as time goes by.

Yes, places change. You would smile if I said there are young rivers, old rivers; new towns and old towns; live towns and sleepy towns; young countries and old countries, and yet people often speak just in this way. Countries, towns, neighborhoods, rivers, homes, persons *do* change as time goes by. Even you, as young as you are, can recall some changes which have come since you started to school, something that happened last year, or the year before last, or even before that.

You may remember the vacant lot where you played games last year; now there is no place to play because a church has been erected there. I once lived in a large city where a bit of an old Indian trail could be traced in the park and across nearby vacant lots. Most of it had completely disappeared as block after block of city homes had been built and now I suppose there are no more vacant lots in that section and the old Indian trail is almost if not quite a thing of the past. I can remember when a long row of stately butternut trees stood upon our lawn. One by one they died, and now when I return to the old home I find no trace of them; even the stumps have been removed.

There is always a reason for the change taking place. Usually it is something which will improve the community or neighborhood, something that will make people more comfortable in the home, or give them better opportunities for serving one another. Sometimes accidents, such as an earthquake, a big cave-in, a smoking volcano, or a tidal wave produce changes;

but more often than otherwise changes are brought about by the thinking people of the community who desire to improve upon the past.

A number of things have happened right here in our neighborhood since last summer. Yes, we can begin with our school, for some improvements are made each year which add to our comfort and pleasure. Next let us take a peep at our village housekeeping and note the advantages to the surrounding community. Find out who has helped to bring about these changes and whether they are really an improvement over the old ways of doing things. The main roads, cross streets, and even lanes are improved from time to time. New methods of travel come into existence every now and then. Not long ago it was the automobile which was new; perhaps it will be a flying machine next.

An old house has just been torn down and a new one erected in its place. Some times we are sorry to lose these old landmarks, which tell us something of other days and times. Occasionally a tablet or monument is placed to mark historic spots. Are there any in your neighborhood?

Everything has a past history which you may read as an open book, so keep your ears and your eyes open for the story time has to tell.

Isobel Davidson.

OUR WELL.

The men are busy boring us a new well. Shall I tell you why? Last spring Mr. North, our principal, had some water from our well tested and found that it was not safe for us to drink. We were very sorry, for now our new bubble fountains were of no use, and there was nothing that could give us so much pleasure as going to the fountains for a drink. Such an improvement over waiting at the well for the tincup to be passed around! Yet here at the very beginning of the year we were forced to return to the use of the discarded tincup. All the water used in school was boiled. After being boiled it was put in a large tin boiler in the basement and we went there when we wanted a drink.

The school commissioners are having our new well bored deep so we can have good water to drink. Every one will be glad when it is finished, for then we can use our fountains again. Won't it be fun to watch the water as it bubbles from the fountain?

III Grade, Reisterstown.

SOME CHANGES ALONG THE HARFORD ROAD.

Lauraville and Hamilton are two communities which have grown up along the Harford road. Our school is just between the two villages, and each day children may be seen going to and fro along this main roadway—the old Harford road. Some of them live in homes some distance from the main road, so if you watch you will see them coming in groups of twos and threes from Hamilton avenue and Grindon lane, two of the oldest side roads leading into the main thoroughfare. Each year some changes or improvements are made. Here are some of the changes which we have noted:

Changes along the Harford road which we can recall:

1. Harford road has been repaired with stones and tar.
2. A new car barn has been built.
3. Many new buildings have been erected along the road.
4. Jitney busses are passing back and forth daily on the Harford road from Baltimore to Lauraville and Hamilton.
5. New avenues have been made leading into the main thoroughfare.
6. The road has been straightened at one point and a new concrete bridge built over Herring Run.
7. Trees have been removed at some points and added at others.
8. Concrete sidewalks have been laid in the towns.
9. At certain points new electric lights have been placed, thus making Harford road an attractive roadway.

III Grade, Garrett Heights.

CHANGES IN OUR VICINITY.

OUR COMMUNITY BUILDING—HOWARD PARK.

We have many new buildings in our neighborhood. The one we like best of all is our new Community Building. It is just what its name suggests, a building for the community or neighborhood. Many interesting things occur in this community center, or common meeting place. Let us name the different departments, all under one roof, and see if something is not provided for everyone in the community. There is the drug store, where all sorts of drugs are kept in large glass bottles; there is the soda fountain, where one may get a cooling drink on a hot summer's day; and better than all is the candy case, which holds all kinds of sweets for you. In another corner of the

building you will find the grocery store, and nearby is the lunch-room, where one may obtain sandwiches and a glass of milk. Nor is this all. This community building has playrooms for grown-ups, for above is the hall where dances are held, where musicals are given, where neighborhood plays are presented. Just below this large room is a pool-room and bowling alley, and at the rear is the fire-engine house. The building was opened to the public October 9, 1915. Since then many neighborhood affairs have been held there. One cannot fail to see it, as it is a large building standing on the corner of Liberty Heights and Gwynn Oak avenues.

THE LIBERTY BANK.

The people in our neighborhood wanted a bank near their homes in which to keep their money. It was so much trouble to go to a city bank. While we were away during vacation a new bank was built on Liberty road near Gwynn Oak Junction. It is not far from our school. It is nice to have a bank in our community, because it gives us the air of a real town.

One day we visited the bank. You know a bank building must be a stronghold, proof against fire, against burglars and against high winds, a place in which the money of the people will be safe.

Our bank is a low brick building, one of which we may well be proud. Across the windows are iron bars to keep burglars away; an iron gate is drawn across the outside door when the bank is closed for the day. Inside the bank is a large iron safe in which the money is placed. No one can open this safe except those who know the key to the combination lock. We peeped into the vault, but the men behind the cages were more interesting. One is the cashier who receives the money. Sometimes he is called the receiving teller. Another who gives out money is called the paying teller. But in our small bank one man does all this and is called the cashier. A bookkeeper keeps an account in a large bank book or ledger very much like your small bank book, which you must take with you when you wish to deposit or withdraw any money from the bank.

Some people of the neighborhood need to come some distance, so back of the bank is a garage where automobiles and other vehicles may stand.

III Grade, Howard Park, 1915.

THE COUNTRY LONG AGO.

Today you rode across the country in an automobile. You felt almost as if you were a bird so swiftly did you go. You can go many miles in a few minutes! It is a pleasant way to make a journey; even pleasanter than looking from a car window, for you are out in the open air, free from dust and noise. Still when we take long journeys we are quite content to ride on trains which go swiftly and quietly. It is pleasant to ride through the country and look at the beautiful fields, meadows, woods and hills!

Have you been out in Green Spring Valley, in Worthington or Dulany's Valley? Have you seen the beautiful homes perched like castles upon the hillsides, or caught glimpses of less pretentious homes in the villages and towns as you rode by? It all seems like a beautiful park. Here you see some cattle or sheep grazing on the hills, there a field of grain, there a woodland, there a stream or silver lake. Sometimes you wave your hands to little children coming home from school. Or you see a trolley car go whizzing by. Upon the smooth, well-kept roads many automobiles and jitneys pass and are soon out of sight. When you come into the city you enjoy watching the people who are hurrying to and fro. Do you wonder where they live and where they are going? This country of ours is a beautiful place in which to live, none better.

But did you ever think that it did not always look as it does now? Of course you have. You are sure it has not always been just as it is now, for changes are taking place all the time, even though some changes come slowly. Three hundred years ago is a long time, and a good many things can happen in three hundred years, you know.

Three hundred years ago! What would a little girl or boy of those days have seen? No one could have seen the country from a car window, nor from an automobile. There were no cars, no railroads, no good roads of any kinds. There were no farms, no towns, no houses even, such as we now see. No white people lived in this region. Far across the sea there were castles, the homes of brave knights and fair ladies, towns and cities many hundred years old, but in this land of ours—none of these things.

There were great forests, beautiful rivers, wooded hills and mountains and wonderful lakes and bays. There were many wild animals such as deer, bears, wolves, squirrels, beavers and buffaloes roaming the forests. Here, too, lived the Indians, who, like the wild animals, roamed the forests at will.

Isobel Davidson.

THE INDIANS OF MARYLAND.

Instead of the pleasant town which we see now, in the days of long ago there were only Indian villages. In place of the good houses which men now build were wigwams or tents or rude brush huts made by the Indian women. A number of poles were set in the ground in a circle and made to meet at the top. This framework was covered with skins or rushes or bark of trees. In the center of the wigwam a pit was dug for a fire. The smoke was supposed to go out through the hole at the top, but often it did not, so the wigwam was a smoky, unpleasant place. Still it kept off the chilling winds when it was too cold to be in the open. The Indians did not stay indoors as much as we do in our houses. The great forest was their home, and the wigwam was a sleeping place.

The furnishings were very simple—just a few mats, some animal coverings, some baskets and perhaps a papoose's cradle. How easy they must have found moving-day, for there were no tables, no chairs, no beds to carry about!

These forest Indians moved from place to place in order to find food and to protect themselves from their enemies. They were not always friendly among themselves, for there were different families, as you know. In this part of the country, right here where we live, there lived two great families, the Algonquins and the Susquehannoughs. Each of these families was divided into tribes, each having a different home. We cannot mention them all, but some of those in our own state we would like to know, especially as many of our rivers and bays bear the names of those early tribes and clans. Listen to the Indian names which are our heritage from the red men who roamed these shores, hills and valleys. Each name had a meaning, of course.

The Potomac River was named from the tribe Patawomeke, the name of the largest tribe living near the stream. Some say that the name was taken from "pethamook," an Indian word

meaning "they are coming by water." Some others tell us that it meant "river of swans," but I think I like "Pethamook" better, for the Patawomekes, no doubt, traveled in canoes up and down the stream along which they made their homes.

The Chesapeake was the name of the tribe living near the bay, and one gives the meaning to be "mother of waters," another says that the early spelling showed that it meant a "country on a great river." The Patapsco River flowing sluggishly into the Chesapeake is said to mean "back water" or having "white-capped waves."

On the Eastern Shore we find the Nanticoke River, so named after the people along its shores, who were called "tide-water or seaside people;" the Pocomoke River, "having plenty of shell-fish;" the Chickahominy River, meaning "coarse pounded corn people."

All of these tribes belonged to one family—the Algonquin. They were all peace-loving and gentle, noted for making and selling weapons and bowls of soapstone, which were much prized by other neighboring tribes. Thus they were called the Algonquins or traders.

Most of the Indians here in Maryland belonged to the Algonquins. They were friendly to the white men who first came to the new land, but the Susquehannoughs were more war-like and stirred up trouble wherever they could among both white men and Indians. The Susquehanna River is named for this great Indian family, the fierce Susquehannoughs, who belonged to the Iroquois, the fighting nation. In the northern part of Maryland lived these great warriors who would swoop down year after year upon the gentle Algonquins and seize their goods and wives. The name of Susquehannoughs means "a people of booty or spoil obtained in war."

You must not think they were always fighting and roaming about. No, indeed, they often settled down for months at a time along some stream or bay and lived almost as quietly and peacefully as we do today, except when the fighting tribe appeared. What did they do? How did they spend their time?

THE INDIAN WOMEN.

The Indian women planted and tended the gardens—little patches of beans, corn and melons. They plowed the ground with a crotched stick, or rude hoe made of stone or hard wood,

much as you do when you play at farming. However, the Indian women were the gardeners and the maize grew and ripened in these fields then as now. Of course she did the cooking. She knew how to grind the corn into meal and make a coarse Indian cake, and cook corn and beans. She knew how to make soup in a wooden kettle by dropping hot stones into the soup until it was done. She cooked the fish and game which the Indian brave brought home from the hunting and fishing. How? Can you guess?

Of course there were no frying pans nor kettles such as we have. But long since they had learned to stick the dressed turkey or piece of meat on a stick and roast it over a fire of twigs on the ground. Camp Fire girls and Boy Scouts do the same thing today. Now, how was the fish cooked? That was even more fun to watch. Stones were heated red hot and placed in a hole in the ground. The fish was wrapped in leaves, placed on the red hot stones, and then covered with hot ashes. It took a long time to cook a meal in this way. Don't you think the red children of the forest must have been glad to exchange their land for steel axes and knives and iron kettles? We are so used to seeing things made of steel and iron and silver that it is hard to think of a time when people did not have these metals, but the Indians did not have them at all. Their axes, hatchets and arrow heads were made of stone. You have probably found some in the fields and gardens around your homes.

THE INDIAN MEN.

While the Indian women were gardening, cooking, weaving, dressing skins, teaching the children, what were the Indian men doing? How did they look? What did they wear? The men and women were much the same in appearance and dress. They were copper-colored with high cheek bones, and long, straight black hair, worn loose by the men, and decorated with feathers; and by the women in a long braid wrapped with beads or shells. In the days before the coming of the white man skins were worn, ornamented with shells, beads and feathers. Later these were exchanged for blankets and thin cotton materials. Staining the face with the juice of berries was common among both men and women. The men loved nothing so much as to put on the war paint, for their chief delight was to fight. They were often bitter enemies of another

tribe and fought most cruelly. When an Indian killed an enemy he took his scalp, for the greater number of scalps in his belt the greater the honor paid him by his clan. Often they were very cruel to their captives, but a brave Indian will make no sign of pain. When Indians made peace with their enemies they smoked a peace pipe together. This was a sign of friendship sought by Indians and white men.

In times of war messages were often sent to friends not in any such way as we use now. Can you think of ways in which they might indicate what they wished? Yes; they found a high place that could be seen some distance away and built a fire. Sometimes it was their desire to have the firelight carry their message; sometimes it was wafted to them by the smoke. One column of smoke meant the success of the war party. Little columns near by told how many scalps were taken. Sometimes the fire was smothered and then allowed to go up in puffs.

Often strange message signs were sent by a messenger as a snake-skin filled with arrow points, or signs made upon a piece of birch bark, or even upon a stone. These queer letters were carried by swift footed Indian runners to warn a neighboring camp of the approaching enemy in the days when the first white man sailed up our beloved Chesapeake Bay.

Isobel Davidson.

COMING OF THE FIRST WHITE MAN,
OR
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH IN THE CHESAPEAKE,
1608.

The first white man to explore Chesapeake Bay was Captain John Smith, who came from England with a company of men sent out by the king. The king had granted a large tract of land to this company, who were called the Virginia Company, and they had made a settlement in Jamestown, Virginia. Captain John Smith was their leader, and a very good one, too, for he taught them how to live in this new land.

Captain John Smith had traveled in many strange lands and had done many interesting things. We would call him an adventurer, for he was always seeking something strange and new. So we are not surprised to learn that he wanted to find out about this new land into which he had come. He had made little trips out from the village into the forest, but wishing to

explore further, he took fourteen men in a small sailboat and went sailing up the Chesapeake Bay. This little sailboat followed the curving, sandy beaches of the "Eastern Shore." Captain John Smith kept a diary and this is what he wrote: "The country is a pleasant, fertile clay soyle, some small creeks, good harbors for small boats, but not for ships." He passed in and out of every inlet looking for a harbor and a place for a home. Of course, he found Indians on the shores. I must tell you about his experiences with them.

Chesapeake Bay is an arm of the ocean and is salt, as you know. The little company of men were searching for fresh water and they sailed up a river, now called Wicomico, after the tribe of Indians living on its shores. These Indians did not give these strange looking men a very happy welcome, it seems, for Smith writes: "At first and with great fury they attacked us; yet, at last, with songs and dances, became very tractable. They gave us water, but it was such a puddle that we could not drink it." Nor was this all. While sailing in and out among the islands along the Eastern Shore a severe storm came up. Mast and sail of the little craft were blown overboard, and the sailors toiled hard to keep the boat from sinking. When the storm was over they mended the torn sail as best they could and sailed to the mainland. But their troubles were not yet ended. A tribe of Indians, watching the approach of this strange little boat filled with palefaces, shot at them from the treetops, but their arrows missed and did no harm. Smith and his men paid no attention to them at first. The Indians were curious and tried to attract attention by their songs and dances. At last Captain Smith ordered a gun to be fired, knowing that this would scare them and fill them with awe, for these simple Red Men of the forest could think nothing else save that this was the voice of a new kind of god, the voice of the Great Spirit speaking to them in a new way. The next day they came bringing gifts to these "white gods," each one trying to out-do the other in serving them.

You will like to hear what Smith thought of these Indians. He wrote: "They were noble warriors. One was like a giant, the calf of whose leg was three quarters of a yard about, and all the rest of his limb so answered that proportion that he seemed the *goodliest man we ever beheld*. His hayre, the one side was

long, the other shaved close, with a ridge on his crown like a cock's comb. His arrows were five-quarters long, headed with the splinters of a white crystal, like stone in form of a heart, an inch broad and an inch and a half more long. These he wore in wolf's skin at his back for his quiver, his bow in the one hand, and his club in the other. All were dressed in bear and wolf skins, wearing the skin as the Mexican his poncho, passing his head through a slit in the center, and letting the garment drape naturally around the body from the shoulders."

Some of the men were getting tired of wandering and wanted to return to the little village in Virginia. They were tired of rowing in strange waters. They were homesick and hungry, especially as the water had caused the bread to become mouldy. But Smith wanted to find out what was on the western shore, so he encouraged his men to continue the voyage, though the boat was turned once more toward what they called home.

Coasting along the western shore he touched land near what is now Baltimore, and entered a river seven miles wide at its mouth. Smith and his men noticed all along the river banks sand mingled with yellow spangles, as if it had been gilded. On inquiring about the glittering sand the king of the Patawomekes gave Smith guides to conduct him up the Quiyough River and then marched them seven or eight miles to the mine. The Indians worked the mines by digging with shells and hatchets and washed the dust in a nearby stream. The shining dust they put in small bags and sold all over the country. On their return to the Indian village the king gave them some white beads, as much prized by the Indians as gold and silver were by the whites.

Leaving the Patawomekes and sailing down the river they found an abundance of fish lying so thick with their heads above water that they attempted to catch them with a frying pan, but Smith says quaintly, "we found it a bad instrument with which to catch fish." On the River Rappahanoek they caught fish left by ebbtide with their swords. Smith happened to catch a fish with a beard like a saw. The sharp points pierced his wrist and soon his hand and arm were so swollen that his men "with much sorrow concluded a funeral and prepared his grave in an island as by himself directed," but the doctor drew blood from the wound and applied a healing oil, upon which Captain Smith

so far recovered that he ate of the fish for his supper, and called the island Steingray Isle, after the name of the fish. The beautiful river he called the Potomac from the name of the tribe Patawomeke, who entertained him so kindly.

At the next Indian village the savages asked whom he had fought in war, and Smith told them that he had defeated their enemies, the Massawomekes. Upon hearing this they were so delighted that they filled the boat with corn. Then Captain Smith and his men decked the ship with maize and branches and sailed gallantly to Jamestown.

Caroline Oyeman.

HOW MARYLAND WAS NAMED.

HENRIETTA MARIE.

Two years after Captain John Smith came to America and found a wild country peopled with savages, a little princess was born in the wonderful palace of the Louvre, in Paris. Her father was called Henri of Navarre, and her mother Marie de Medici. As you can see, she was named for both of them: Henrietta Marie de Bourbon.

Now although a princess, and very rich and great, she was born in a sad and troubled time, for all of the nations were at war because of religion. Marie's mother was an Italian princess, and a Catholic, while her father was a Protestant, or a Huegenot, as they were called in France. He was planning to go to war when she was born, and when she was only six months old he had her mother crowned queen of France, so that if he should be killed she could rule the country until the oldest boy became of age. Sad to tell, he was killed by an assassin the day after the crowning, and little Marie was without a father, and the country without a king. He had been especially fond of Marie, saying that she looked like him. Indeed, she was a bright and merry little soul, for on the day of her birth, the dauphin, the king's eldest son, came to see her and said, "Laugh, laugh, little sister! See how she holds my hand! Laugh, little dear."

Henri, of Navarre, had not always been good to his wife, but he had been a wise and clever king, doing all the good he could for the people of France. His wife, however, cared nothing for the people and used the country's money for her own pleasure.

Little Marie, however, knew nothing of this, and lived quite happily with her brothers and sisters in the Chateau de Saint German at the lovely summer place of Fontainebleau. She was not a very diligent little girl and did not like to study, but excelled in music, painting, and dancing. She said in later years she often wished she had studied in her youth. When she was about eleven years old her brother was old enough to be king, and the mother, Marie de Medeci, gave up the throne, living at St. Germain with the little Marie. When eleven years old, Marie was invited by her brother to the Court at the Louvre. At this time Marie was a very pretty little girl with dark curls and large dark eyes. Her brother decided that it would be well to have her marry an English Prince, for then England would be his ally. So he sent an ambassador to England, but the English King refused, because he wanted his son to marry the little princess of Spain. However, there was trouble between England and Spain at that time, so it was agreed that the little Marie should marry Prince Charles I, of England.

In the meantime, the Duke of Buckingham had visited Paris and attended some theatricals, in which the little princess danced most gracefully. He had written to Prince Charles of little Marie's beauty, grace and sweetness, and he was willing to accept the plan. So it was arranged, and the little Marie, only fifteen years old, went to England to become the wife of the young Charles.

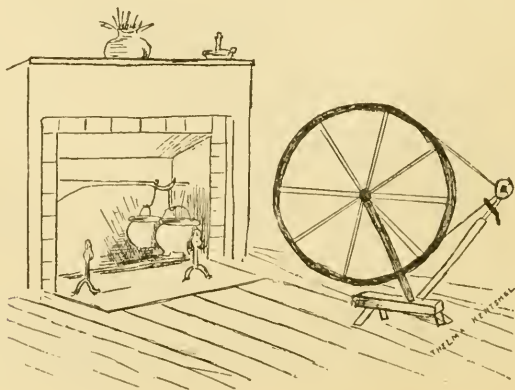
He loved her at first sight, kissed and caressed her, and welcomed her as a beautiful playmate. For a short time they were quite happy. But the king was Protestant, and Marie was a Catholic, so little quarrels arose. She had promised her mother to keep her own religion, and also to help the English Catholics. Marie's French and Catholic servants made trouble between the little queen and the king. Marie was but a spoilt, homesick little girl, and the king, only a spoilt boy. He sent all her French servants home. But by and by this king and queen learned to love each other dearly and were never happy away from each other.

The people of England learned also to love their queen, Henrietta Marie, and when the grant of land, now our State, was given to Lord Baltimore by King Charles I, they said: "Let us name this goodly land Maryland, after our beloved queen."

For twelve years she had a very happy time at the English Court. People loved her for her beauty and goodness; and because he loved her, King Charles was kind to both Catholics and Protestants.

Soon, however, troubles came. The people of England fought against the king, and the poor queen had to flee across the English Channel to Europe. There she tried hard to raise money to send to her husband until he was taken prisoner and executed. Poor Henrietta Marie nearly died of grief, for she loved the king dearly. She was very poor, too, too poor to have a fire in her room for her four year old daughter Henrietta. But the king of France was her nephew and he gave her a beautiful house called Chaillot, where she founded a nunnery and lived for many years with the good sisters. Later on, the English people became tired of Cromwell, who had taken the throne, and they asked Henrietta's oldest son, Charles II, to become their king. Henrietta was very glad because of this, and went to England to visit her son. The English people were very kind to her and she stayed until the doctor ordered her to go back to the warm, sunny land of France. So back she came and there in France she died and was buried. Her heart is kept in a casket at her beloved nunnery at Chaillot. She, who in life was called, "La reune malheureuse"—"the unhappy queen," was given a grand funeral, and many solemn masses were sung for the repose of her soul.

Caroline Oyeman.



II

Once Upon A Time In Baltimore County

1659.

THE CHANGING BOUNDARY LINE.

There was a time when all this beautiful country 'round about us, which we know as Baltimore County, had no such name. The Indians whom Captain John Smith found in his exploring and adventuring in 1608, knew this only as the land of plenty and of sunshine where they roamed at will. Nor did any white man know it by the name it bears today, until 1659, when a very large tract, yes, very, very large, was named Baltimore, after Lord Baltimore, who first came into the State of Maryland to found a colony like the one at Jamestown or the one at Plymouth.

Baltimore County was then so large that it was almost like a small state, for at that time the eastern boundary reached across the Chesapeake. It would have taken one some time to walk out of the county, no matter in which direction he went, for all of Harford, Carroll, large portions of Anne Arundel, Howard and Frederick, and likely Cecil and Kent, have been cut off from the tract of land known as Baltimore County. Not all at once, of course. At that early day boundary lines did not trouble anyone very much, neighbors were so very far apart, and no one questioned boundaries, because every one could have all the land he wanted without interfering with his neighbor.

It is not until nearly twenty years later, after the County is named, that there is any mention of a boundary line; but in 1674, a proclamation declares that the southern bounds of Baltimore County "shall be the south side of the Patapsco River and from the highest plantation on that side of the river due south two miles into the woods."

Thirty years later, to be exact, in 1659, a boundary line was drawn between Anne Arundel and Baltimore County, and, in 1725 the present boundary was established. In 1748, Frederick County was formed; in 1674, Cecil was erected; in 1774, Harford sought a separation, and in 1835, Carroll County, named after Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, came into its own.

Baltimore City, at one time a part of the County, sought independence in 1854, and since that time has secured tracts of land from the County to increase her area. Thus, you see,

Baltimore County looks upon her sister communities with more than usual interest, for in the good old "Once Upon a Time" days they all had one name in common—Baltimore.

Whatever may have been the date of the first settlers in Baltimore County, it is certain that the earliest comers drifted in from the surrounding settlements, particularly from Delaware and Pennsylvania on the northeast, and Virginia on the south. By and by you will learn that border troubles arose between Pennsylvania and Maryland, and many Pennsylvanians came across the line; the same thing happened in Delaware between the Dutch and Swedes. They, too, getting tired of quarreling, sought out new homes in the forest to the west. Others came directly from England for the same reason—quarreling at home.

Thus we see that Baltimore County, like the state, became the home of those from all nations who sought peace and comfort and quiet.

The emigration was by way of the present town of Elkton, now in Cecil County. This explains why the center of population centered around the first county-seat on the Bush River, now in Harford County, and even when the county-seat was removed to Joppa, not far away, we learn that after the lapse of half a century the tide had not changed very much, for the northern and eastern parts were still the most thickly settled portions.

THE EARLY PIONEERS.

The men who led this march, the pioneers as they were called, were bold, hardy men, brave in times of danger and ready for any adventure. They were good hunters; the wives, too, were as brave as they, and together they lived an open life in the wilderness.

Can you imagine the journey? It would not be a very hard matter for you to move from your home in Baltimore County to a new home across the border into Ohio or Pennsylvania. The railroad could carry you there in a few hours, not only you, but all your belongings, cows, horses, furniture, and everything you possess. You would find a comfortable home at the other end of the road. But not so in those days. When the Swedes came from Delaware, the Quakers from Pennsylvania, the Dutch from New York, there were no roads, only Indian trails leading through the forest, no one knew quite where. The woods were full of bears and wolves, wild-cats and squirrels,

and Indians roaming everywhere. Even the settlers, had they come any distance, looked like Indians themselves, as they often dressed in the blouse of deer-skin, leather leggings, and moccasins. They were dressed for camp life. These were camping days in earnest. A spot near a stream or spring was chosen for the camp. The supper was cooked over the open fire, then wrapping up in warm blankets with feet to the fire, they lay down to sleep until the early twitter of birds awakened them and the new day began, full of new surprises. When the place for a home was chosen, work began in real earnest. There were no open fields around then, only trees, trees, everywhere. These were truly pioneer days. They lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, much as the Indians did. The game they ate and the skins they traded at the nearest settlement where they went to exchange them for groceries, cloth, powder, ball and shot, and other things needed in the pioneer household.

Here is an account written about six months after the first settlement:

"The temper of the ayre is very good and agrees well with all the English, as appeared at their first coming, when they had no houses to shelter them and their people were not enforced, not only to labor in the day, but to watch in their turns at night, yet had their healths exceedingly well. The timber of these parts is very good and abundant; it is useful for building houses and ships.

Of strawberries there are plenty, which are ripe in April, mulberries in May, raspberries in June, maracocks, which is something like limon, are ripe in August. In the spring are several sorts of herbs, such as corn-sallet, violets, sorrell, purslane—all of which are very good and wholesome, and by the English used for sallet and in broth." What could have been daintier than to eat spring violets in the broth, or to serve up a salad of violets with "sallet oyle?" This was, in truth, a dainty dish to set before a queen.

They found the country well stored with corn, since maize or Indian corn was raised by the Indians, who seeing that they did not know how to prepare it, taught them to make bread of it, also a meal which they call "oment." Are you surprised to learn that the art of making good old-fashioned corn pone and hominy was a gift from the Indian women rather than the negro mammy? I am.

The houses were of log, usually one room with a large fireplace at one end with, perhaps, a loft in which to store away some things, or to sleep, if there were many children in the household. I imagine the trundle bed as well as the wall beds were used by these thrifty and ingenious pioneers. Every one who came, rich and poor alike, were farmers at first. Even those who had a trade, the carpenters, shoemakers, and blacksmiths cultivated the fields and gardens, for food and shelter were counted among the first things and tilling the soil assured one of a living.

COLONIAL TIMES.

You must know that many of the people who came to Baltimore County received grants of land from the king through Lord Baltimore. This was one means used to encourage settlers to come to the colony. A man who could afford to bring only himself and his wife received a small farm. Those well-to-do received larger grants. Passano tells us: "Thus one of the early laws passed in the colony said that a manor should be granted to any one who could bring with him from England twenty abled-bodied men, each armed with a musket, a sword and a belt, a bandelier and flask, ten pounds of powder, and forty pounds of bullets and shots." Many grants contained one thousand acres, and a few as much as twenty thousand acres. Just think of the size of the estates! These large grants were called manors. Each of these farms, estates and manors had to pay a small sum annually as rent to the king through Lord Baltimore.

MANORS.

You have all heard an estate called a manor, I am sure. As we ride about the country we are shown "My Lady's Manor," "Clynmalira Manor," "Bond Manor," and others.

Do you know what a manor was? It was a little colony that governed itself very much as our own little village governs itself. Of course, the owner of the estate had to obey Lord Baltimore's laws, just as we do the laws of the county and of the State. The "Lord of the Manor" was an important personage in the colony, just as he had been in England, though no one thought of calling him lord, I am glad to say. These titles were dropped upon coming to the new world.

The manor house was large and comfortable, and the furnishings of the best, brought from dear old England. Nearby was the chapel where the family went to service along with all the ser-

vants on the estate. Around the manor house were the barns, the stables, the quarters for the slaves. Of course there had to be many servants to keep everything up in style. Some distance away were the small houses for the tenant-farmers. On the stream or river bank was the mill where the wheat and corn were ground into flour for family use. Not so far away was the blacksmith shop, for you must know that everything needed by the household could be raised and made on this manor. No, not quite everything, for these early colonists were always glad when the ship came in bringing English goods.

It was not long, however, before practically every article of daily use was made. The very spoons were molded from pewter, and the candles which shed their soft light from the brackets on the walls were made in the candle molds which were still being used fifty years ago in some parts of the country. Among other quaint relics one occasionally sees a spoon mold, but never a fork, and we conclude that our Colonial dames daily demonstrated the old saying "fingers were made before forks" as did good Queen Bess. These were the days, too, when the spinning wheel and loom began to hum in the household, when the linen and cotton made at home equalled the best and the women were proud of wearing homespun. With the passing of the slave, the growth of towns, and factory life, all this vanished as if by magic.

CANDLE MAKING DAYS.

"Wife, make thine own candle,
Spare penny to handle,
Provide for thy tallow ere frost cometh in,
And make thine own candle before winter begin."

Rhyme of the Sixteenth Century.

In these days when it is so easy to press the button and have bright electric lights on the instant there is danger that the story of kerosene and gas may be forgotten. There is even more danger that the tallow dip of our grandmothers may be forgotten. Candle-making was the great housekeeping event in the fall of the year. Perhaps one should say, one of the events, for there were so many that were important in the life of the household. No candles, no lights. The light and cheer of the long winter evenings depended upon the candles which were made and stored away in boxes for family use.

Candle-making day! What fun for the children when the great brass kettle was brought out and hung upon the crane in the huge fireplace, where the great logs crackled and blazed upon the hearth! Every one was astir before dawn of day. No sleepy heads on that day, nor any day, for that matter. The kettle was first partly filled with water, and when hot cakes of tallow were broken into bits and thrown into the water to melt, you know what happened. Water and tallow will not mix, so the tallow floated on top. Into the mixture was added some beeswax, or bayberry tallow, to give the candles hardness. Some people think bayberry candles have a pleasanter odor than others.

All candles must have wicks. The wicks had been cut the night before, dipped in salt-petre and twisted over wooden rods kept for the purpose year after year. Each rod held six or eight wicks, and the wicks were of two to three inches apart. These rods were laid across two poles supported by chairs. Now for the dipping.

The kettle was taken from the crane and set down near the poles. The good wife began to work. Taking the first rod she dipped the wicks deftly into the kettles and watched to see that each wick hung straight and clear of the others, and so she went down the line to the last rod. By the time this was done, the first rod had hardened and it was ready to be dipped again. She repeated the dipping until the candles had grown a proper size. If more candles were needed the kettle was filled again with boiling water and melted tallow.

You will be glad to know that the little folks were remembered on candle day. There were always a number of rods with tiny candles to be given to the children as rewards of merit. When the children had been very good they were given a candle to light them to bed. I suppose otherwise they went to bed in the dark or, perhaps, with mother's big candle, which was not quite the same as one of their own. As long as the tiny candle lasted they could tell ghost stories or fairy tales. What fun it must have been!

It took a whole day to finish the candles. They were left to harden over night and the next day were packed away, hard and white, all ready for use.

Those were the days when the little folks repeated the old Mother Goose rhyme as older sister or mother or grandmother

went about with the candle snuffers and kept the candles trimmed bright:

Little Nannie Nettie Coat
Has a white petticoat
And a red nose.
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

Upon these large estates there were also those who were called servants, but who held a very different position from the negro slave. The owner was the "master;" the man who was bound or apprenticed to work for him was called a "servant." This meant a man apprenticed for a period of four years to serve on the estate. Some very good men in England wanted to come to this country so much that they were willing to come as indentured servants, as they were called. It was a very cheap way to get to the new world, as they worked out the cost of their passage after they arrived. They knew they would not always have to call some one master, and they looked forward to the day when they would be free.

There was one man, George Alsop, whose name you may be able to remember as one of these indentured servants. He has left an account of the early days in the provinces and gives us some hints of his own life. He appears to have been the son of parents in moderate circumstances in London, and was apprenticed to some trade or handicraft for two years. He probably did not like his master, for he writes that he was "aweary of the life in smoky London," that he was "wilde and confused" upon hearing of the country across the sea and longed to come to Maryland. Having no money he signed an agreement or indenture to work out his passage by service in the province. So Alsop served his four years in the service of Thomas Stockett of Baltimore County, who, from all we can learn, must have been a kind and generous master. He writes a most interesting account of his life in this new country. He liked the green woods, the open fields, the good food and the work was to his liking.

I don't suppose he ever had cause to run away as some of them must have had, for in the papers of that day appeared such advertisements as these:

"Indentured Servants. Coffee House, Norfolk, Va., Dec. 7, 1784. \$30 reward.

Run away from the subscriber; the following indentured Irish Servant: viz, Edward Alden, from Londonery, passes for a cook, of low stature, is remarkably knock-kneed.

Pat Corkins, a barber from Limerick, 5 ft. 8 in., has a remarkable cut on his forehead, speaks much in the Irish dialect. They both have knee breeches, a London blue coat with two pockets on each side. The reward will be given to secure them in gaol so that I may get them again.

Adam Lindsay."

Those working in the tobacco fields often had a hard time of it, no doubt, and to escape these hardships was the purpose of the runaways. But even though there were no telephones or telegraph lines to reach them quickly, the runaways were usually brought back at short notice. Help was needed on all the farms and estates. Later the slaves were welcomed in Baltimore County as elsewhere to assist in the work on large farms and plantations. For the most part these slaves were well treated by their masters. In reading the newspapers of that early day we are constantly coming upon advertisements of slaves for sale. This all sounds very strange to us now, but it helps us to understand those early times.

MONEY AND TRADE.

In the early days of the colony we might say they "had money to burn," for tobacco took the place of money in all transactions, as there was very little coin in use. Some English money was handled, but for the most part tobacco was the medium of exchange.

The three articles of trade in the colony were "tobacco, furs and flesh." To think that tobacco was once the principal product raised in these same fields where we now raise corn and wheat and rye is almost beyond belief, but such was the case. When the ships came in from England they brought silks, serges and broadcloths to be exchanged for tobacco. The New England traders carried away many barrels of pork, which fact tells us a story, too.

ENTERTAINMENT.

You must know that these early comers lived well and entertained their friends in a hospitable manner. It seems that

the favorite drink all over the province and therefore in this county as well was punch. A traveler in 1746 speaks much of persimmon beer, flavored with cassona, probably winter green.

Of the fare in the humbler homes he writes: "Mush and milk, or molasses, hominy, wild fowl and fish of every kind are their principal diet. You drink from a gourd or calabash, the finest water ever found, and the cake-baking upon the hearth, the great cleanliness everywhere makes you think of the golden age, the time of ancient frugality and purity." Can you not see them busy at the out-of-door oven or swinging the crane in the great fireplace? And the simple feasting in the dining room or great room of the house? In the wealthier homes the fare was richer and more varied, but not more hospitably served.

*We can understand how all this high life in Maryland was possible, when we read that John Beale Bordley made nine hundred pounds on a single shipment of wheat to Barcelona. Farming was at that time, both in Maryland and Virginia, a paying business. Everybody farmed and money was easily made. They were tempted to live beyond their means. Fortunes were often lost and hard times were felt by many. About the time of the Revolution this grand life gradually went to pieces.

The Bordleys were among the highest livers and have left interesting memoirs. Stephen Bordley kept bachelor's hall in Annapolis, with a cellar full of wine, handsome plate, furniture and linen and a good library. He enjoyed a good income from his practice at the bar, and held important offices. The judges dined with him whenever they came to Annapolis, everybody dined with him and he died of the gout, like a hero.

His younger brother, John Beale Bordley, thought it necessary to call a halt in this life, so went to live at Joppa, and became a fox-hunting planter, raising a large family and growing rich. But half of Wye Island was left to him, and there he set up a grand establishment, making his own flour, beer and bricks, weaving cloth for his people, having his own carpenters, blacksmiths and coopers, and even manufacturing his own salt. Visitors came to him, passing to and fro on the island, sometimes appearing in a ten-oared barge rowed by slaves, some of them staying all winter—the Tilghmans, Hollidays, Lloyds, Pacas, Haywards, Blakes, Browns and Hindmans. Baskets of fruit stood in the hallway, with tankards of sangaree and lemon punch,

and everybody dressed for dinner in the ruffles and gorgeousness of the period."

Does this give you some idea of the high life in the great house on the manor? I am sure it helps you to picture it.

COLONIAL DRESS.

You can also picture to yourself the costumes worn by both men and women, for there are many pictures of that early day to help you. A coat sometimes of bright, oftener of sober colors, the broad skirts stiffened with buckram, with great cuffs thrown back to display the ruffles at the wrist; the waistcoat with great flaps reaching halfway to the knee; breeches of velvet, plush or corduroy or buckskin and for full dress a sword. The cocked hat was considered the mark of a gentleman, and when in full dress he usually carried it under his arm. The Quakers alone would not wear the cocked hat, saying that the brim was used to shade the face, but if turned of no use at all, so they wore their beavers flat.

The cocked hat of whatever style, whether plain or trimmed with lace, surmounted the wig, which was varied by the wearer according to his taste, rank or occupation. The wigmaker was an important man in those days. Here is an advertisement: "Mr. Ward, peruke maker, at the sign of the White Peruke, west end of Baltimore Town, who imports hair and furnishes his customers with all kinds of full-dress wigs, such as councilors' tye wigs, parsons' and lawyers' bobwigs, cut and scratch bobwigs, scratch and pomatumed cue-wigs." Gentlemen from the country sent their measures and had their wigs made to order, just as the men give an order to the tailor for a suit of clothes today.

The ladies wore gowns according to their means, made of velvet, flowered silk brocade or calimanco, fashioned in the style of that day. Little girls and boys were dressed in the exact counterpart of father and mother and were thought to be just as sweet and dainty in their garb as children of the present day.

WILLS.

Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson in "Side Lights on Maryland History" writes most interestingly of the wills of the early Colonial period thus: "The wills of the early Colonial period give us not only glimpses of the wardrobe of a lady at that time, but throw charming sidelights on the furnishings of a

Colonial home. In a typical will of a Colonial dame who died about 1665 she leaves her taffeta suit and serge coat to her step-daughter, Teresa; also her fine linen, her hoods and her scarfs, except the great one, and her three petticoats, the tufted Holland one, the new serge and the spangled one. To her three boys she leaves 'that great scarf' and all her plate, her jewels and rings, except the wedding ring, which goes to Teresa. To Thomas, the Indian servant, two pairs of shoes and a match coat. To her stepsons she leaves an ell of taffeta."

Just what a yard and a quarter of silk was to two boys does not appear at this writing, but no doubt it had its uses to the young "macaronies" of that day.

In numerous wills we find bequests of nails, brass kettles and other household utensils, along with the "plate of the house," that came this year out of England."

"In the days when the gentlemen wore white hair wigs of flowing proportions they were obliged to carry their cocked gold-laced hats under their arms. They willed these costly importations with other personalities. Indeed, as late as the nineteenth century a Baltimore gentleman of the old school bequeathed his red-hair wig and false teeth to his faithful old black body-servant, who it is said proudly arrayed himself in these memorial tokens and wore them ever afterwards."

SPORTS.

Fox-hunting seemed to be a favorite sport with the people, men and women alike. Many a high-bred dame rode in the chase upon her spirited mount with as much skill as her more daring brother. Every Colonial woman could sit a horse as firmly as she could a rocking-chair, since this was the easiest mode of travel through the bridle paths.

Another source of amusement was found in fairs, which were held in Baltimore at an early period until shortly before the Revolution. These were neighborly sort of affairs patterned after the English fashion of that period.

At these fairs all sorts of games were indulged in by the people, just such sports as are enjoyed today, sack-races, potato races, climbing greased poles, horse-racing, cock-fighting, chasing a pig with a soaped tail and many other funny sports.

PUNISHMENTS.

Sometimes wrong acts were committed, and punishment must be meted out to the offender. In those days punishments

for crime were most severe in the old world as well as the new. We find the people in Maryland no exception to the rule or custom of the time. Many of their punishments were cruel even though the crime was slight. People were imprisoned for debt and for minor offences against the laws of the province. Other punishments were banishment, that is, being sent out of the settlement; boring through the tongue with a red-hot iron, slitting the nose, cutting off one or both ears, whipping, branding with a red-hot iron in the hand or on the forehead the initial letter of the offence for which the person was punished and "flogging at the cart's tail," all of them full of disgrace. In this last instance the criminal was tied to the end of a cart and flogged while the cart was driven slowly through the town. In various parts of the country whipping trees are still pointed out to us. How glad we are that they are unable to tell us of some of the happenings under their wide-spreading branches.

In 1748 an old gray-haired man had his tongue bored through until he paid a fine of twenty pounds or \$100 as punishment for blasphemy. We are glad we did not live in those days, are we not?

BRITISH CONSULATE.

"The Refuge of an English Exile, 125 years ago."

More than a century ago a British gentleman and soldier was banished from England, and he sought his refuge within a stone's throw of Baltimore. He was allowed to sail for these shores with the understanding of the British courts that he was to be lashed for one-half hour on a certain day of every remaining year of his life. The banished one was under careful watch of the British government, and the severe penalty imposed by the court was carried out.

Although this was more than a century ago, yet two Marylanders who witnessed some of the beatings are still living. The thrashings were brutal in the extreme, yet the exile stood them unflinchingly and insisted that they be imposed, as the order of the court could not be evaded.

The eye-witnesses to the "beatings" are Thomas James McGill, eighty-six years old, 116 E. Montgomery street, through whom the story came to light at this late day, and a colored servant, Marguerite Riley, 90 years old, who lives within a shadow of where her master, the exile, was lashed to a tree

to receive the penalty of the court. The lash was applied without mercy, and the body of the exile was torn to ribbons, on these occasions. The exile was no other than the brother of William Dawson, who is said to be the first English consul for the Maryland district, and who built the historic English Consul residence on the old Annapolis State road, in the Thirteenth district of Baltimore County.

The story of the exiled one was told by himself to Mr. McGill, who was then a lad of twelve years.

McGill's father had a farm near the Dawson mansion, and it was the duty of young McGill to pass by the historic place every day on his way to get spring water. He became acquainted with the exile, who was a bachelor, and who craved youthful company. One day, while seated under the tall, massive oak, to which he was bound to receive the order of court, Dawson imparted the history of his life to young McGill, but was careful not to divulge the reason he was banished from England. Dawson was then about fifty years old. "My son," said Dawson, "there is a day approaching that is the saddest day in the year for me. I hope on that day that you will take another route for your water. You are but a boy and I cannot explain to you my secret, other than to tell you that I am an exile from my mother country, and I am to be lashed within a few days for a wrong that I committed in defense of my own honor."

Continuing the exile said: "Through my parents' influence I was allowed to come to this country, but only with the understanding that I should be lashed every year. That day is approaching and I will pay a part of the penalty."

Young McGill's curiosity was aroused and he watched the Dawson mansion closely. Sure enough, about two weeks later he saw the exile bound securely to a tree, and the executioner of his sentence applying the lash with all of his vigor. The man who was putting on the lashes so unrelentingly was no other than McGill's own cousin, William Hawkes, who was paid \$5.00 for doing the whipping. The exile shrieked with pain, yet he called to his castigator to keep applying the lash for the specified time. Dawson had many slaves, but they refused the task of beating their master, even when threatened with death. For nearly ten years McGill witnessed the scene of Dawson receiving his sentence. The Dawson mansion is one of the most his-

toric buildings in the State. It was built for the exile's brother more than a century ago, and today it is in a good state of preservation. The old building is of typical Colonial design, and every piece of material used in its construction was imported from England. Each of the 17 rooms in the mansion is fitted out with fine gray Italian marble mantelpieces and open fireplaces made of heavy brownstone. The ceilings of all of the rooms are adorned with masterpieces of stucco work, and the solid silver door knobs and plates which were installed in the house at the time of its erection are still on the premises.

In the spacious dining room one of the first ovens built in this state by Henry Reip, who was then located at 8 Paca street, is still in good condition. Mahogany banisters and railings abound throughout the entire house, and the heavy walnut floors and stairways do not show the least sign of wear. The mansion is equipped with a wine cellar and quaint old lockers that, when closed by their heavy doors, are as impregnable as a fortress. The doors of the building are of seasoned oak and five inches thick. The shutters of the mansion disappear in the walls.

The house has a frontage of 90 feet and a depth of 50 feet, the rooms being divided so that each one will front on a side of the house, affording a good view over the farm and giving plenty of light. An old suit of heavy armor, found in the wine cellar about fifty years ago, is now in possession of Colonel Franklin, of the British Army, who was a relative of Dawson.

The oak tree to which Dawson was lashed for his beatings still stands, and is one of the largest in the state, measuring 15 feet 10 inches around the trunk, reaching to a height of 175 feet. A large grove of oak, birch and sweet honey-bean trees surround the old mansion.

The old Dawson mansion is now owned by Otto Unger, private secretary to Collector of Customs William A. Stone. The historic home, once the retreat of two polished gentlemen, who lived in seclusion, is now being used as a modern home, and the fields that were formerly worked by a score of slaves are now the recreation centre for a large and happy family.

Jennie Ruhl.

STAGE COACH DAYS.

TAVERNS AND INNS.

When tobacco was king all roads led to Joppa, the principal county-town, until Baltimore Town stole her trade away. Let us for a few moments wander down these old roads—Joppa, Old Court Road, York Pike, Franklin Pike and others—and stop at some of the old taverns along the way.

In stage coach days inns and taverns sprang up like magic on all the main thoroughfares and scattered throughout the county are the ruins of these old hostelrys, or upon their sites other buildings have risen with other purposes to suit their times. As you read the history of Reisterstown you find that "Forney's" was a jolly tavern of its day, not only serving the travelers from Philadelphia, York and Baltimore, but also became a popular resort for the gay folk from the city. Here, I have no doubt, Betsy Patterson and her friends made merry upon occasion. Then there was the famous "Red Lion Tavern," near Cowenton, built after the fashion of the English inns of the seventeenth century. where it is said that General Washington stopped during the war. Out on the Johnnycake Road one may be shown the site of the toothsome tavern of that day, known far and wide for its excellent johnny-cake, so 'tis said. Indeed, in each neighborhood some incident relating to these early stopping places is still told as sidelights on local history. One of the most famed was the "Old Fountain Inn" in Baltimore, which stood on the site of the Carrollton Hotel, German and Light streets.

The Old Fountain Inn was on three historic occasions the stopping place of George Washington on his visits here. On May 5, 1775, he lodged there on his journey to Philadelphia as a delegate from Virginia to the Second International Congress; on September 8, 1781, on his way to the reduction of Yorktown, and on April 17, 1789, when proceeding as President-elect to his inauguration at New York.

Before the fire of 1904 the site of the old inn was occupied by the Carrollton Hotel and here Chapter 1 of the Colonial Dames had erected a tablet as a gift to the city in commemoration of Washington's three visits. It reads as follows:

This Site
Was Formerly Occupied by
The Fountain Inn,
Where
General George Washington
Lodged upon the following
Memorable Occasions:

May 5, 1775—On his journey to Philadelphia as a delegate from Virginia to the Second International Congress.

September 8, 1781—On his way to the reduction of Yorktown.

April 11, 1789, when proceeding as President-elect to his Inauguration at New York.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON'S ITINERARIUM.

The following notes taken from Hamilton's Itinerarium, 1744, show something of the conditions of travel as we follow his route through Baltimore County. (Alexander Hamilton was a resident of Annapolis, Md.)

Annapolis, Wednesday, May 30th. I set out from Annapolis, in Maryland, upon Wednesday, the 30th of May, at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Mr. H——, a gentleman of Barbadoes, with whom I expected to have the pleasure of traveling a good part of my intended journey, had left Annapolis a week or ten days before me, and had appointed to meet me at Philadelphia. He went to Bohemia by water and then took the chaise over land to Newcastle and Wilmington, being forced for certain reasons to travel on horseback.

Thursday, May 31st—I got up betimes this morning.

A little before I reached Patapsco Ferry I was overtaken by a certain captain of a tobacco ship, whose name I know not, nor did I inquire concerning it, lest he should think me impatient.

Patapsco Ferry.

We crossed the Ferry together at ten o'clock. He talked inveterately against the clergy, and particularly the Maryland clerks of the holy cloth; but I soon found that he was a prejudiced person, for it seems that he had lately been cheated by one of our parsons.

*Baltimore Towne, Gunpowder Ferry,
Joppa.*

These men accompanied me to Baltimore Towne and after I parted with him I had a solitary journey till I came within three miles of Gunpowder Ferry, where I met one Matthew Baker, a horse-jockey.

Crossing the Ferry I came to Joppa, a village pleasantly situated, and lying close upon the river; there I called at one Brown's, who keeps a good tavern in a large brick house. The landlord was ill with intermittent fevers, and understanding from some one there who knew me that I professed physick, he asked my advice, which I gave him.

Leaving Joppa I fell in company with one Captain Waters and with Mr. D.—gs, a virtuouse in Botany. He affected some knowledge of Natural Philosophy, but his learning was superficial.

After parting with this company I put up at one Trade-away's, about ten miles from Joppa. The road there is pretty hilly, stony and full of small gravel. I observed a stone, which I thought looked like limestone.

GOING TO CHURCH IN COLONIAL DAYS.

ST. GEORGE'S PARISH.

(Now in Harford County)

You may wonder why the story of St. George's Parish need be told, since it is no longer in Baltimore County. As far as one is able to judge, it is the first parish established in the county, and this occurred in the days when Baltimore County extended over much more area than at present. So St. George's Parish is older than Sater's, or St. Thomas', or Mt. Paran.

The date of its beginning is set about 1671, not so many years after the first white man appeared in the county, you see. It is thought the first church was erected at Old Baltimore on the Bush River, which was then the county-seat, as early as 1683. Some others think that it must have been built nearly at a place called Gravelly, about two miles east of Bush River, because at this point is a bridge called Church Bridge, and traces of an old graveyard are still to be seen. But no matter about that. It is certain that there was no minister in the county until 1675, for in that year one Christian gentleman offered 500 acres,

called "Stokely Manor," to the first Protestant minister who would settle in the county.

Now where was Stokely Manor? Not so far from Joppa and only six or seven miles from the Bay. The first church was built of logs, as were nearly all of the buildings of that early day. A minister came from Calvert County to Baltimore County and undertook the large field in which he was the first Protestant laborer. You must not forget that the Catholics under Lord Baltimore had established churches in other places, but when the government of the province passed out of the hands of Lord Baltimore into the hands of a Protestant convention, naturally Protestant churches began to spring up in different sections of the county. The new Royal Governor at once directed that the Church of England should be the church of the province.

Of course churches have to be supported by the people, and they solved the difficulty at that time by dividing the ten counties of the province into parishes, imposing a tax of 40 pounds each of tobacco upon every man and his servant, whether a member of the church or not. They were called taxables, and the tax did not pass directly into the hands of the church wardens, but to the sheriff, who distributed it to the churches. In St. George's Parish there were at that time about 1500 taxables, which would furnish 6000 pounds of tobacco or about \$150.00 with which to meet expenses. St. George's was considered a rich and prosperous parish when compared with others of the province, but we need to remember that money or its equivalent was not such an important factor in life as it is now.

What can we learn from this? First, that the tobacco was raised in abundance in these very fields where we now raise wheat, corn and rye. Second, that little money flowed in that day. Third, that these early settlers were God-fearing people who sought to worship as had their fathers and mothers before them in the old home in England. Fourth, that though the waters of the Atlantic separated them from England, they were still loyal to the king and queen—were, in fact, English colonists, never dreaming of a time to come when they or their children might be proud to be known as loyal Americans.

Isobel Davidson.

COUNTY SEATS OF BALTIMORE COUNTY.

The first county court was held at the home of Captain Thomas Howell, in the year 1661, within the limits of what is now Cecil County.

The first county seat, known as Old Baltimore, was located on Bush river. It is not known exactly where the town was located or when it was begun, but this town on Bush river was already the county seat, when it was made a "port of entry" in 1683.

The courthouse on Bush river was abandoned sometime between 1683 and 1707, and a second one built on the Gunpowder river, at a place called Foster's Neck.

In 1707 the Assembly of Maryland passed an Act directing that the courthouse at Foster's Neck "should be deserted and that fifty acres of land, in a tract on the Gunpowder river, belonging to Anne Felks, called Taylor's Choice, should be erected into a town and the courthouse of the county built there. This town was afterwards known as Joppa. The commissioners appointed to build the new courthouse at Taylor's Choice commenced the work before getting the Queen's consent. The building was nearly finished, when word came across the ocean that Her Majesty, Queen Anne, had vetoed the Act of 1707. In 1712 an Act was passed entitled "An Act for settling Baltimore County Court at the New House at Joppa." This Act declares, "That Baltimore County Court shall be held at the courthouse, now built at the town of Joppa."

In 1724 a tract of 20 acres of land at Joppa was laid out into 40 lots, to be erected into a town. All of the lots were taken up and the names of the lot holders are preserved to this day.

Joppa at once became a great commercial center. No doubt the one thing that had most to do with its growth was a law which provided that every person who should bring tobacco to Joppa, to pay a debt, should be allowed a discount of 10 per cent. on the bill. This law was intended to draw trade to the now County seat. Joppa became a great tobacco market, which meant a great deal in the days when tobacco was King, taking the place of money in the trade of the colonies.

In order to get the tobacco to the County seat, it was packed in hogsheads and a pin fastened in each end, to which

loophole shafts were attached and fastened to the collar of the horse. The grower "rolled" his load to town, and from this the roads used were called "rolling roads." Many roads still keep the old name. These roads poured great quantities of tobacco into Joppa, and commerce was established with the West Indies and Europe.

The County seat remained at Joppa until 1768—about 56 years—when, by an Act of the Assembly, it was removed to "Baltimore Town." From that time may be dated the "Decline and Fall of Joppa." The old courthouse was sold and all that remains to remind us of the town are the many "Joppa Roads" which were used by the people of those bygone days to attend court at the County seat and to roll their tobacco over to market. So complete has been the decay of old Joppa, that at this day there is no sign left of the houses or wharves that once were in the most important town of the State.

The land that marked its busy streets and ended at the water front, where the ships loaded their cargoes from the wharves, is now a cultivated farm. In the orchard on the farm are the cellars and four foundations of the ancient courthouse, St. John's Church, the jail, taverns and stores. A few yards away stood the gallows tree, the whipping post and the stocks. Along the shores of the Gunpowder at this day are seen huge piles of stone, the remains of the foundations of the wharves and warehouses of the Joppa of long ago.

When Baltimore Town became the County seat it prospered and increased in population and in trade.

The County seat remained at "Baltimore Town" from 1768 until 1854, when the city and county separated.

During this period the courthouse was located on the site of the Battle Monument. Mr. Robert Gilmor says this courthouse stood on a hill sixty or a hundred feet above the level of the basin, and about thirty or forty feet above the level of the present pavement.

When the city and county separated, in 1854, Towson town was selected by the voters of the county for the County seat.

In March, 1854, a board of commissioners was appointed to select which of the sites offered should be taken for the county buildings. It was also to decide the plan of buildings and materials for same. Henry B. Chew, Benjamin N. Payne,

and Grafton M. Bosley had each agreed to give for the erection of a courthouse and jail, a lot of ground of not less than five acres in Towsontown or its vicinity. The commissioners decided to take the lot offered by Dr. Grafton M. Bosley.

Dr. Bosley, by deed, dated August 26, 1854, conveyed of land to the commissioners of Baltimore County for the purpose of erecting a courthouse and jail for Baltimore County.

The cornerstone of the courthouse was laid on October 19, 1854, in the presence of a large gathering from city and county.

The cornerstone contained a tin box, in which was put the constitution of the state, a list of the national and state officers, an account of the separation of city and county, a life of General Towson, an account of the population of Towsontown, a copy of each of the newspapers of city and county, a collection of coins, and various documents.

The first session of the County Court was held in the new courthouse, Monday, January 5, 1857.

Towsontown, now called Towson, gets its name from the Towson family who, in the early days of the county, kept the Towson Tavern.

Towson has caught the spirit of progress and now has a population of over 2,500. It is developing rapidly and is well worthy the honor of being the County Seat.

With the rapid growth of Baltimore County, a larger courthouse was needed, and in 1910 the Legislature authorized the commissioners to undertake the work. The contract for the work was awarded to the David M. Andrews Company, of Baltimore City, for \$150,000. The work of the commissioners, as well as the contractor, has met with public approval, and no one in the county begrudges the money spent in the improvement.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

COUNTY FAIRS.

Did you ever go to a County Fair? Every one goes—mother, father, children! They go early in the morning and stay all day, taking their lunch with them. What is there to see? First of all, your neighbors and friends, for this is a jolly time for old and young alike. Everything the county produces is here; fruits of the farm and orchard, grains of the field, vegetables and flowers of the garden, manufactures of the mills

and factories and products of the household. Every housewife vies with every other in making jellies, bread, cake and pies; fancy work, the product of busy fingers—quilts in the olden time—now, laces, embroidery and useful articles grace the tables. There is much to see, much to be proud of in Floral Hall, in Horticultural Hall and in the Machinery Building.

Farmers strive to show the best products of the field; housewives strive to show their skill in household arts; shopkeepers vie with each other to show the first and best the market affords; new inventions are shown which are of interest to many, but the best of all are the horses, cows, sheep, pigs and poultry. Each animal knows somehow that it is there for a purpose and with its owner wears an air of importance as if it merited the blue ribbon award. You know everything is entered with the hope that it may receive the first, second or third prize indicated by blue, red and yellow ribbon. Some prizes offered cover a sum of money worth competing for. At some fairs children enter their garden products or their handiwork and happy is the girl or boy who carries off a prize. Every one praises the work of the winner and rejoices with him when the prize has been fairly awarded by the judges, who try to pass the fairest judgment possible upon each article entered.

Nor is this all. There is usually horse-racing in which the test of skill is shown. Many people are interested in seeing fine horses try their skill in swiftness against each other. It is like a game of athletics among the larger boys. The horses seem to know and love the game and both horse and rider try very hard to win the cup. A band plays and the sound of music stirs the crowd. As the bugle sounds off the horses start racing around a mile-track as hard as they can go. Every one becomes excited as one horse after another drops behind and when the winning horse passes the goal every one cheers a mighty cheer.

Where are these fairs held? Our agricultural fair grounds are now at Timonium, but they have not always been there. The first agricultural fair was held on the grounds of John Eager Howard on Greene street, in the town of Baltimore, which was then in the county. This was in 1752. More attention was given to horse-racing than to anything else. Later in 1786 the "Maryland Agricultural Society" was organized and provided for an exhibit of the products of the state. The fair began then to

take on a most interesting character. Fine breeds of cattle, horses and pigs were shown; machinery—plows of the latest invention, a threshing machine worked by hand, wheat fans, a straw cutter and many other farm implements were exhibited. Samples of wheat from Smyrna and Russia; barley from England and butter, cheese and cereals of every kind from the home markets were shown. In most respects it was quite like an English fair of that century. There were rustic sports of all kinds, as climbing a greased pole, sack races, relay races and other laughable amusements. Punch and Judy shows, and the like, delighted young and old as well. The little tents pitched here and there were filled with mystery. But it was not until later that the pop-corn and lemonade stands added to the gayety. Nowadays it is the merry-go-round with its never-ceasing grind of music that calls "Come and ride!" to every youngster who enters the fair grounds. Once it was "Lemonade! Lemonade! Nice pink lemonade! Come, drink it in the shade!" that lured us.

After a time the people of the county decided it was time to have a fair of their own as well as to take part in the State Fair. The first meeting of the Baltimore County Association was held at Govanstown in October, 1861, but the first fair was held at Fairmount Gardens, the second, at Carroll's Woods, near the present location of the Mount Clare shops of the B. & O. R. R. Pimlico had been chosen as the place to hold the State Fair, but after a time interest began to wane and the grounds were leased to the Maryland Jockey Club. At the present time one may see horse-racing upon the Pimlico race course for the sport still continues.

The Baltimore County Association needing to find a new home for the annual exhibit of county products Timonium was chosen, and today, should you decide to go to the County Fair, it is to Timonium that you go, reaching there by automobile, trolley, carriage or train, just as you choose.

Isobel Davidson.

MY LADY'S MANOR.

In the tenth district are some of the most attractive landscapes the country affords. Monkton, White Hall, Glencoe, Sunnybrook, and Phoenix are the villages that dot the countryside, peeping out as they do from behind high hills and almost

lost to view among the fine old trees. While each village has a charm of its own which cannot be denied, it is the country which allures us, not only with its beauty found in hill and dale and well-kept fields, but also its early history. Even the names "Clynmalira Manor," "My Lady's Manor" lend a kind of enchantment to the atmosphere, and you ask "Whence the names that fall so pleasantly upon the ear?"

Hunting among the ancient rent rolls of Baltimore County, when Lord Baltimore was the Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, we find the name of Carroll listed among the important land grants. A Charles Carroll came to Maryland in 1688, and being a good friend of Lord Baltimore and serving the province well, the latter granted him a large tract of land in recognition of his services. Some of these grants were in Baltimore County, one received in 1695, named "Litterluna," and another in 1705, named "Clynmalira," both so named in memory of the ancestral estates in Ireland. "My Lady's Manor" was also laid out under the direction of Charles Carroll. Containing only 1,000 acres, while the others counted 5,000 acres or more, this tract must have seemed small and of little consequence to the land steward. Its boundaries were marked by a stone on the western bounds on the farm of Mr. Curry, while the eastern bounds lay near Corbett Station. It was devised to "My Lady," and designated "Lord Baltimore's" gift. I cannot find out who the "Lady" was, but undoubtedly it was the wife of Charles Carroll. I do find, however, that the tenants paid one barrel corn as annual rent.

The first settlement on the manor was made in 1690. Among the early settlers came David Stewart and Aquilla Anderson, also the Slades from Ireland. David Stewart received a grant of land from Lord Baltimore, and of this William Slade received 160 acres and Aquilla Anderson 340 acres. It was then an unbroken forest, occupied by Indians, wild beasts and game.

David Stewart settled on the land now known as "Linden Hope Farm," and owned by Harry Ross Hutchins, who inherited it from his father, the late Henry B. Hutchins, who was at one time a treasurer of Baltimore County. Two daughters of David Stewart are buried on this farm. The old gravestones give the date of their death as 1789. At this present time no descendants of the Stewart family live on the manor.

William Slade built and conducted a tavern. Imagine a house with foundation walls three feet thick; but those early pioneers found it necessary to protect themselves against both the Indians and wild animals of the surrounding forest. The old Slade tavern, as it was called, was built in the colonial period. On the first floor was the bar-room and the famous ball-room, where the balls of the manor took place. In war times and other times of danger the ladies hid their beautiful jewelry under a loose board in the old ball-room. Many of the pieces of jewelry are still treasured among relatives and friends in the community.

This old tavern was situated on the old York Road, across from the manor store. This road formed a part of the great Eastern Highway—a post-road that led to York, thence to Philadelphia and New York. The stage coaches changed horses at this old inn and the travelers refreshed themselves within its hospitable walls. It is said that Washington and Lafayette were entertained here during the Revolution. The tavern was kept by Slades until 1785, and was finally torn down in 19—to make room for the present home of Mrs. Melville T. Pearce.**

In the great hall of the old inn stood a grandfather clock, which warned the guests and members of the family of the passing hours. This old clock is still in possession of the descendants of the Slade family.

Another family proud of their land grant from Lord Baltimore is that of the Hutchins. They were among the early settlers, coming to Sweet Air about 1680. Mr. Ross Hutchins, now of Washington, D. C., has in his possession a document in the form of a land grant from "Charles Calvert, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, also Baron of Baltimore," to Thomas Hutchins, of Baltimore County, for three hundred tracts of land, lying between the Great Falls and Little Falls, which was granted to Thomas Hutchins and his heirs, to have and to hold forever, paying thereto the sum of 12 shillings rent, to be twice a year at the City of St. Mary's, or at any other place Lord Baltimore should direct." The whole bears the signature of Charles Calvert, also the Calvert Seal and the date, April 3, 1725. You will be interested to know that this same seal is used today on all state documents.

The Pearce family, of whom there are many descendants on the manor today, was established by six brothers who came

from Wales in 1764. The Bacon, Curtis, Sparks, Sheppard, Holmes and Howard families settled about the middle of the 18th century. Mr. Oliver M. Hutchins has a grant given his ancestors by the Continental Government in 1780. At this time the people of the colonies were fighting for their liberty, and this shows that they saw victory not far in the distance for the young republic, the United States of America. "The good old days" of the colonial period soon gave way to rapid changes in farming, modes of travel, in the household, in both city and country life.

You must remember that on all the manors of any size there grew up a colony, composed of the gentler folk of the great house, the tenant farmers of the estate, and the large retinue of servants. Naturally we wonder where they went to church, to school, and the nearest port at which they gathered for the news from the great outside world. (See Manor Life in Baltimore County.)

In the days when My Lady's Manor, Cylnmalira Manor, and others flourished, we know that tobacco was raised in great abundance. Barrels of the "soft-weed," as it was called, were rolled over the roads to Joppa, then a seaport town of some importance. Joppa was not so far away from the Manor. Indeed, this was the center of the life in the county at that time. It was here that the people gathered to hear the news from England, the beloved mother country, as well as from neighboring communities. (See County Seats for the story of Joppa.)

THE CHURCHES.

At first the people on the Manor attended church at Joppa, but as early as 1750 we find in the records a plan to establish a "chapel of ease, in the forks of Gunpowder, in the parish of St. John's," afterwards called St. James' parish. St. John's was the mother of this little church on the Manor, which was called St. James' Episcopal Church. St. James', on the Manor, was built in 1752, and still stands as a landmark of the past.

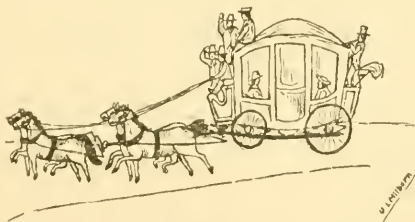
During the Revolutionary War, when Baltimore was yet a village, and by no means as important as Joppa, there was no suitable building in which to store powder, so it was hauled out in ox-carts and stored in St. James' Church on the Manor. Thus you see, St. James became an improvised powder magazine for one year, during which time an armed guard was kept around

the church to protect its store. Of course no services were held in the church during this time, at which some of the parishioners grumbled.

One of the early schools in the county stood in one corner of this old churchyard. It was called St. James' Academy, a name commonly given to all church schools at that time. The bricks of which it was built are now in the belfry of the church.

This site was selected because it was on the watershed between the Little and Great Gunpowder Falls. The ground was given by the Slades and in its churchyard sleep many of the earliest settlers of Baltimore County. There are a number of graves of Revolutionary soldiers. Their remains were found while excavating for an addition to the church, and now they rest in the shadow of the old church. The written records of St. James' date from 1810.

Olive M. Smith and Lula Hunter.



III

Once Upon A Time In Baltimore Town

Possibly you have heard your father or mother speak of the great fire in Baltimore in the year 1904. A spark in a cellar became a square mile of flame; fifteen hundred buildings went down, leaving black ruin behind. You have recently been in Baltimore and you saw no signs of such disaster anywhere, for the simple reason that the city has grown again, fresh and new, from its ashes. But how many of you know how many years it took Baltimore to grow into the great city it is today? One hundred and eighty six; almost 200 years.

In the early days of the Maryland Colony, the scattered settlers were attracted by the fertility of the soil to the lands of the upper Chesapeake. "The old province of Maryland rested upon tobacco and, perhaps, Baltimore owed its existence to the same plant. All the business transactions of that period began and ended in tobacco. The taxes were paid in tobacco, the clergy were paid in tobacco, wives were bargained for—in tobacco, so tobacco was—king." Now tobacco is bulky, and every planter sought to get a port as near his own door as possible. So the people in this section asked the Legislature to give them a place for tobacco warehouses and a custom house at "Spring Gardens." This meant that the ships would be stopping here at this wharf rather than at Joppa. But even before that time a settlement had been begun on the site of what is now Baltimore City.

In 1662, Charles Gorsuch secured 80 acres from Lord Baltimore, situated back of Fort McHenry, known as Whatstone Point. He was Baltimore's first citizen, if we go back to beginnings. In 1661, a man named David Jones had surveyed 50 acres of land along the stream which now bears his name. In 1682 he built the first house on the site of Baltimore where Jones' Falls joins the river. He was Baltimore's "first resident," on Charles Carroll's land.

You have not forgotten that Charles Carroll was the chief land steward and secretary to Lord Baltimore, and received many grants of land as a reward for his services. So you will not be surprised to learn that much of the swamp and the wooded area farther inland belonged to the Carrolls. Portions of this land were sold to different people as time went by.

In 1726, this small settlement comprised one mill, two houses, and three tobacco barns, straggling among the marshes. The ships off North Point, fifteen miles away, took cargoes of tobacco to England. This distance was too great, thought these tobacco planters, and they sought to have a town nearby. This was in 1730. They bought 60 acres of Charles and Daniel Carroll for forty shillings per acre, and laid it out, naming the town Baltimore, in honor of Lord Baltimore. There were two streets, Long Street, later called Market Street, and Calvert Street, one running along the waterfront, the other running into the country and to the wooded hills, known as "Howard's Woods," where the Washington monument now stands.

The town grew slowly at first. Around it was a "high wooden fence," a little higher than a man's head, with a large entrance for carriages and a smaller one for foot passengers. Old St. Paul's formed a part of this city wall. Mosquitoes and malaria were bred in this swamp, and drove settlers away.

THE COUNTY SEAT IN COLONIAL DAYS.

At the end of 20 years it had only twenty houses and one hundred inhabitants. You have already heard much of Joppa, the ancient county seat. Now that Baltimore Town began to make a little stir on the Patapsco, it was decided to change the county seat to this bustling place, so in 1767 a brick courthouse was built near Jones' Falls, on Calvert Street. Just as once every road led to Joppa, so now everyone traveled to the new county seat to transact business affairs. The Revolutionary War gave Baltimore Town a start, and from that time it became the town of promise.

J. P. Kennedy writes thus: "It was a treat to see this little Baltimore Town just at the termination of the War of Independence—so conceited—bustling and debonair—growing up like a chubby, saucy boy, with his dimpling cheeks, and short, grinning face, fat and mischievous, bursting out of his clothes in spite of all his allowance of tucks and broad selvages. Market Street shot like a snake out of its toy box as far as Sharp and Baltimore Streets, with its line of low-browed, hopped roof wooden houses. Some of these were painted blue and white, some yellow, and here and there were mansions of brick with windows like a multiplication table. In front of the houses were locust trees, under whose shade school boys and ragged negroes disported themselves at marbles."

Picture to yourselves the scene in Colonial days. Men stroll leisurely down the street—Market Street—in long, blue coat and brass buttons. The coat collars rise high in the back and almost hide the ever-present wig, while in front, the ruffled shirt and stock are showing. A big, broad beaver is taken off with a sweeping bow when a lady passes. Some still wear the silver buckles and knee breeches, but those days have long since passed away. Those were the days when there was no telephone, no wireless, no telegraph, to carry messages in every direction. Ships came into the harbor unannounced. When a ship sailed away, the merchant knew it might well be a year before he heard of her again, for ships were dependent upon wind and tide in those days. As you know, the steamship had not yet been invented. Still the fastest ships afloat were the "Baltimore Clippers" sailing out from the harbor at Baltimore Town.

Some quaint swinging signs might be seen along the street, telling the wares of the quaint shop; great wooden keys, boots, bells and anchors, and tobacco signs swung in the wind. Read the signs as you pass and smile at their quaintness, viz.: "Ward, the Peruke Maker," "The Old Fountain Inn," "The Tobacconist," etc.

"In Baltimore both taverns and signs were many and varied, from the Three Loggerheads to the Indian Queen with its "two hundred guest rooms, with a bell in every room, and the Fountain Inn, built around a shady court, with galleries on every story, like the Tabard Inn at Southwark."

The shopkeepers lived over the stores as a usual thing. In the street were trees to give comfortable shade. The street was quiet except on market days or when ships came in. Then there was chatter enough, you may be sure. But there were no horse cars, no clanging bells, no honks of the automobile. People rode in carriages or on horseback, but most of them walked. There were gas lights, for Baltimore was the first city in the United States to manufacture gas for public lighting.

In 1773 a small newspaper was published, and an attempt was made to start a public library, but the venture failed.

The War of Independence.

This was just a short time before the War of Independence was begun. It is too long a story to tell you all now, but you can,

perhaps, understand that the mother country, England, did not quite understand her Colonial children. A foolish king would not listen to wise men at home and in the colonies, and made many foolish mistakes. He needed money to run home affairs and thought the best way to get it was to tax the colonies, which he did without asking them anything about it. A great many thinking people in the colonies did not like to be treated so unfairly, still they loved their mother country and wished to do everything she asked. Others were angered, ready to fight for their rights. So the Maryland colony drank no English tea and went without salt just as others did.

Baltimore, being a seaport town, soon spread the news and the country was soon filled with the war spirit. Every man became a soldier ready to fight for his country, and Baltimore County did its share in sending brave men to the front. It was during this war that Washington traveled through the county and the city, stopping at some of the inns and taverns of that day. We know that he stopped at the Old Fountain Inn, at German and Baltimore Streets—nothing left now to mark the spot where so much hospitality was dispensed, save a bronze tablet upon the present building.

A FAMOUS VISITOR.

It was after this war that Baltimore was honored with a visit from La Fayette, the French gentleman and commander who did so much to help us gain our independence. Here is a letter of invitation and his reply which I am sure you will like to read. They were published in the Maryland Gazette, September 3, 1784.

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

September 3, 1784.

To Major-General, the Marquis de La Fayette:

While the citizens of Baltimore embrace the present occasion of expressing their pleasure in again seeing you among them, they feel the liveliest emotions of gratitude for the many services you have rendered their country; they can never forget the early period in which you engaged in our cause,—they especially shall never cease to remember that the safety of their town is owing to those superior military virtues which you so conspicuously displayed against a formidable enemy in Virginia; but your love for this country has not terminated with the war—you have laid us under new obligations by your successful repre-

sentations to free trade. . . . To that proposed veneration and gratitude which we entertain, we have only to add our most sincere wishes that you may long enjoy that glory.

In the name and behalf of citizens of Baltimore, we have the honor to be your most obedient and most humble servants.

JOHN SMITH,
SAMUEL PURVIANCE,
JAMES CALHOUN,
TENCH TILGHMAN,
NICHOLAS ROGERS.

The Marquis de La Fayette then returned the following answer :

Gentlemen :

Your affectionate welcome makes me feel doubly happy in this visit, and I heartily enjoy the flourishing situation in which I find the town of Baltimore.

Your friendly wishes to me, gentlemen, are sincerely returned, and I shall ever rejoice in every public and private advantage that may attend the citizens of Baltimore.

With every sentiment of affectionate regard, I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your obedient and humble servant,

LA FAYETTE.

LEXINGTON MARKET.

Another interesting event following this war, and of a very different nature, was the opening of the public market, in 1782, on Colonel Howard's estate. This was the beginning of Lexington Market, and when you walk in the market viewing fruits from all parts of the world, vegetables from nearby farms, you can remember that it was at one time on a large estate and probably at the edge of Howard's Woods, as that part of the town was then called.

ANOTHER WAR.

Though we won our independence and were no longer English, but little American children, England was still angry and could not forget that once we had belonged to her, so she did not propose to let our ships sail the seas. But the American spirit had grown and we thought the ocean just as free to us as to English vessels. Still the result of all this quarreling was another war, called the War of 1812, about which you will learn

something later. The story of Fort McHenry and of the Battle of North Point belong to this time.

MONUMENTS.

As you ride about the city today you see many monuments erected in the memory of some brave man or an event worthy of remembrance. There is the Washington Monument in Washington Square, the Battle of North Point Monument in front of the Postoffice, Francis Scott Key Monument on Eutaw Place, in memory of our national song writer, and in a little churchyard is a small monument to Edgar Allan Poe, who was the best story-writer for grown-ups the world has yet known.

CHURCHES.

Many churches are found throughout the city, but the one in which our interest centers is old St. Paul's. The outlet in the old city for pedestrians was just at the back of this old church. At first many residents of the county came into Baltimore Town to church, but later chapels were established in different spots to accommodate the "forest inhabitants," as the people of Garrison Forest, St. Thomas', My Lady's Manor, were called.

PERSONS AND EVENTS.

It was in Baltimore that the cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid by Charles Carroll, but a year later an even more important event took place, the opening of the first public school in the basement of a church on Eutaw Street. The first teacher was William H. Coffin. This marked the beginning when knowledge should be within the reach of all. Some names you will always connect with the city are Johns Hopkins, that eccentric old Quaker whose millions made possible the hospital and the university bearing his name; John McDonough, who founded a school for orphan boys in the county; George Peabody, who gave an institute devoted to music. There are others whom we delight to honor—John Eager Howard, Harry Gilmore, Francis Scott Key. Some day you will learn why.

Adapted, Olivia O. Osborn.

THE FIRE.

It was a blowy, windy March morning, but the little town of Baltimore seemed so quiet as to be almost asleep. From sixty or more frame houses the morning smoke blew away into the blue air and from old St. Paul's on the hill the bell rang out the call to worship. In the harbor the white sailed ships rocked in the fresh spring breezes.

Suddenly a cry rang out—"Fire! fire! fire!"

Out from the houses ran the people, "Where? where?" they cried.

"It is neighbor Johnson's house on Market Street," came the answer.

Quickly the people gathered. Thick clouds of black smoke puffed forth from the chimney, little curls of smoke sprang from the roof.

"Bring all your buckets," cried Mr. Jones, and under his direction the people formed a line from the town pump, near the Franklin Inn, on what is now Light Street. Luckily the pump was near the burning house and men pumped in turn passing full buckets up the line of people, while the women passed down the empty ones. Willing men climbed to the roof and poured water on the fire, but the flames roared fiercely and the people watched with fearful eyes and anxious hearts.

Then came a new fear. "The wind is rising," cried one; "See the sparks flying and our homes are all of frame," cried another. "Suppose the whole Baltimore Town should go!" cried a third.

Quickly neighboring houses were drenched with water, but the wind carried the sparks high overhead. All eyes were turned to the two warehouses, down at the harbor, for in them lay stored the tobacco which was the wealth of the little town.

"What shall we do?" cried the people. "What shall we do?" "Let us pray!" said the old minister, and all paused for a moment to join in the hearty words of prayer, then back they went to fight fire once more.

This time they succeeded in quenching the flames, all the more quickly as the wind had fallen, and, at last, with thankful hearts they realized that Baltimore Town was saved. Worship was late that day, but never was a service so well attended or the church so filled with thankful worshippers.

Caroline Oyeman.

IV

Once Upon A Time In Our Town and Vicinity GREEN SPRING VALLEY.

IN THE DAYS OF THE REDMEN.

Unlike the southern part of the State we find few remaining evidences of Indian life in the beautiful section known as the Green Spring Valley with the Ridge overlooking it. The shell heaps, pieces of broken pottery, Indian graves and other tokens found so frequently in Southern Maryland are unknown here. But in the springtime when the plowboy turns the sod occasionally white stone arrow heads and other small trophies come into the range of the watchful eye. In connection with the history of a very old church in this vicinity we read that "Indian tents surrounded it;" so with these proofs we know that all about us in Baltimore County the Red Man once made his home.

Let us picture the land as a great forest with here and there a spot of clear land. In the clearing and on the edge of the forest are strange-looking tents. We go nearer and find the home of the Red Man and his family. There are many such wigwams all about, but let us look now at this one. It is like a bundle of poles tied together at the top, spread out at the bottom and covered over with deerskin. A piece of deerskin pulled aside forms the doorway. It is so dark and smoky inside the wigwam we cannot see just what is there. But we know there is no furniture, only some skins stretched on stakes to form a bed, and perhaps not even this, for Indian friends sleep mostly upon the ground under the open sky. The mild climate of Maryland encouraged this habit.

We hear a strange grinding noise, and there, just outside the wigwam, sits a squaw with long, straight black hair streaming over shoulders or a braid bound with a band of beads, a short skirt of deerskin, beaded moccasins on her feet. What is she doing? Between two heavy stones she pounds some grains of corn into coarse meal. This is to make the corn pone, which a little later the pioneer housewives also learned to make with such skill, and it was from the Indian women they learned the art. This corn pone is baked upon a board before the open fire, turning first one side then the other to the blaze until it is brown. So our Indian mother not only grinds, but she also bakes the bread for the evening meal. She will have some fish, too, for

here comes a stalwart brave, bow and arrow flung across his back, fishing pole in hand and silently drops down a string of fish beside his squaw, then lazily throws himself upon the grass to smoke. He has spent this day as he spends most other days, in fishing and hunting. And thus pass most of his days, save when at war with his neighbor, or his enemy when the fight is bitter.

But the squaw—what does she do all day long? It is she who plants the corn and tends it with a crude digging stick. It is she who builds the wigwam and drags the heavy skins and poles from place to place when moving. It is she, too, who prepares the skins and makes the clothing for her brave and her children. And more—the baskets in which to gather berries, to carry the meal, to keep the dry roots, the jars in which to carry water—these she made with her own hands. She was busy all day long looking after the wants of her household. She had time for a smile as she passed the little papoose as it swung in its cradle from the branches of a tree or sat against a tree near by. Indian babies never cry. Cold, hungry? Yes, sometimes. But that made no difference. From the earliest days of babyhood they learn to be brave, to bear pain without a murmur.

Let us look at the children for a moment. Many wigwams about; many children of all ages and sizes are running about, too. Little Indian children are happy, though they do not laugh and gurgle and coo when babies, nor giggle and simper when older. They always appear very sober and quiet. The larger boys have gone out with their fathers to learn to shoot and solve the mysteries of the forest. When a boy is old enough to do this he has entered the advanced class in his school life, for all his lessons are learned in nature's school with the birds, bees, flowers, trees in the changing seasons, the animals of the forest, his playmates, his father and his mother as his teachers. The younger ones look forward eagerly to the day when they, too, will be allowed to join the braves in hunting and story-telling, for what hunter does not like to recite the story of his brave deeds?

The little girls—what of them? Are they left carefree to roam at will? No, not at all, for they are busy helping mother and learning the ways of camp and trail. There are reeds and rushes to be gathered and mats and baskets to be woven, and

soon the girls master the stitches and busy fingers fashion baskets for family use. While the boys are running races, jumping, shooting with their bows and arrows, playing all kinds of games which test their skill, the girls play with dolls, hunt the bees' nest, hoe the corn, stretch the skins and string the beads to make the bands for the hair and trimming for the moccasins and leggings, and weave little baskets to hold the berries they pick in the forest.

Edna L. Zink.

A STRAY VISITOR.

"Conduce! Conduce!" called Mistress Jones. Conduce opened his eyes. It was very cold. The light snow that had fallen during the night had sifted across the floor of the rude loft where Conduce slept. The bright cover of his bed was frosted white with the fine flakes. How snug and warm his bed was!

But he did not lie in bed. Jumping out of bed he dressed hastily and ran down the wooden ladder to the snug kitchen below. There, however, he found trouble waiting for him. "The fire has gone out," said his mother. "Take the fire pot and go borrow some fire from our good neighbor Burgan."

With a piece of cold cornbread for his breakfast and his gun over his shoulder Conduce was soon on his way. Even though the Indians were friendly it was well to go prepared. A brisk walk of about a mile brought Conduce to the Burgan cabin. His knock was answered by Mistress Burgan her face pale with fright. "Why, what is the matter, Mistress Burgan?" asked Conduce. "The Indians!" gasped the poor woman. "They have been camping near the Gunpowder River and are coming nearer."

"Is Mr. Burgan at home?" asked Conduce. "Yes, he is out in the field, but he has no gun," she answered.

"Then I will hurry home to mother. Father is in Baltimore Town. Thank you for the fire," said Conduce.

He hurried quickly through the woods, only pausing to feed his fire with dry leaves and branches. A fine, fat turkey asleep on the low branches of a thick pine tree tempted his gun. The chance was too good. One shot secured the bird. Then he hastened on.

At home with the fire burning brightly the turkey roasting on a spit before the fire and the cornbread baking in the little Dutch oven, Conduce was inclined to laugh at his fears. Sud-

denly the door opened and in stalked a tall, straight Indian.

"Ugh—smell plenty good," he grunted. Mrs. Gash hastily set the table. On it she placed all the things she had to eat. The Indian ate silently until he was satisfied. "Ugh! plenty good!" he gunted again. Then he sat down on a chair before the fire.

Conduce tried to entertain him. He showed him their clothes, their few books and their furniture.

Mistress Gash was worried. "What shall we do? What if the Indian should stay all night! Oh, if only Goffrey were at home!" she thought to herself. But just at sunset the Indian rose from his chair.

"Ugh! plenty nice!" he said, and stalked out of the door.

Caroline Oyeman.

SOLDIER'S DELIGHT HUNDRED.

1660.

Soldier's Delight Hundred, as originally laid out, embraced all the territory beginning at the Patapsco River near the Relay House on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and followed the old Court Road to Joppa, then the county-seat, east of the Gunpowder River, which constituted its eastern boundary, thence in a northwesterly course through Westminster and Taneytown to Penn line; thence in a southwesterly course to the Potomac River; thence to the Relay House. Within these limits were "parts of Cross and Lisbon Districts in Howard County; Carroll's Big Woods, parts of Baltimore, Carroll and Frederick counties."

As the population increased the limits of the hundred were contracted, and Baltimore county parted with land which went to form parts of Harford, Carroll, Frederick, Howard and Anne Arundel counties.

As far back as 1660 are found records of Soldier's Delight, but it was many years after that before it had any population to speak of. Before Baltimore was thought of, it was known to settlers as a barren waste, and except about Elkridge Landing had but few inhabitants. The fertile Long Green and Green Spring Valleys were not dreamed of, and Worthington's Valley was not patented until seventy-five years later. Until then settlements had been made only along the waterways on the Gunpowder, Susquehanna, Back, Bush and Middle River.

The name "Soldiers' Delight" is of doubtful origin. The accepted version being that it was named from the fact that when garrisons were erected in different parts of the Hundred to guard against the encroachments of the Indians, it was the soldiers' delight to have the opportunity to hunt the woods for the game which made it a hunter's paradise. For a long time it was a reproach to be classed as a resident of Soldiers' Delight, but now there is no stigma attached to it, for some of the finest land in the county is within its borders.

The old Court Road, the eastern boundary of old Soldiers' Delight Hundred, extended from Elkridge Landing across the country to Joppa. This road, which follows the original bed, crossed the Reisterstown Road at the Seven Mile House, and the York Road at Towson. It is one of the oldest roads in the state. The Annapolis worthies used it to go to Joppa and Philadelphia before Baltimore was thought about, and it was the Indian path from the Susquehanna to the Potomac. At the Reisterstown Road Soldiers' Delight Hundred met Back River Upper Hundred.

In 1844 there were but two roads traversing Soldiers' Delight, the Lyon's Mill and the Deer Park, both winding through the groves of scrubby oaks and around pits and shafts, sunk in search of chromic ore. Wild game abounded, and in the fall great clouds of wild pigeons made their home there, feeding on the acorns and sassafras berries. At one time after a severe storm the sky was darkened from eleven until four o'clock by the passage of millions of wild pigeons.

Mr. Spencer in an essay referring to Soldiers' Delight, as he knew it in 1844, says: "At that period it was said of Soldiers' Delight people that some of them only came out once a year to vote—and that it often took them until Christmas to find their way home again. The farmers in these rough hills and barren plains were a very different class from the slaveholders and tobacco growers who settle the fertile valleys. They were independent, simple-mannered, fond of keeping their own counsel, plain and old-fashioned in dress. They liked to go to church and campmeeting, to talk politics and to attend political meetings. They rode good horses and were fond of fox-hunting. They were the most primitive people within fifty miles of Baltimore."

In 1756 there were few inhabitants north of St. Thomas' Church, which was built in 1742, and the country was mostly a wilderness, where the Indians and wolves prowled and the wild deer was often seen.

In the early settlement of Soldiers' Delight the pioneers had much trouble with the Indians. When the Indians became troublesome a block-house, or fort, was erected to keep them from plundering the settlement. These forts were the outposts from which an alarm could be given in time to prepare for the red man.

Forts were erected on Ute's Island at the mouth of the Susquehanna to guard against the Susquehannocks; Fort Frederick was to guard against the Shawnees; another was at Piscataway, and one at Garrison's Landing. These latter were for the protection against raiding bands of other tribes. The forts in the forest of Baltimore County were to prevent Elkridge Landing from being surprised by the Susquehannocks, to guard the Old Court Road and protect the river settlements. It was also a resting place for the forest rangers, who rode their patrols from Bladensburg to Joppa.

In 1742 Baltimore was divided from the fertile forest country by several almost impassable ridges, and the roads followed the valleys without attempting to cross the ridges, so that it was easier to go from Joppa to Elkridge than from Pikesville or Randallstown or Towson to Baltimore.

It was owing to this difficulty in travel that led to the building of St. Thomas' Church in Garrison Forest, as it was almost impossible for people in the outlying districts to attend St. Paul's Church in Baltimore.

At the present day all that retains the name of Soldiers' Delight is a tract of land five miles square, containing the rock formation known as "Bare Hills" and the "white clay" lands. Not all the land is clay and rock, however, as there are a number of good farms in the neighborhood. At one time all this region was famed for copper and chrome ores.

Nellye Gorsuch.

GREEN SPRING VALLEY HISTORY.

1693.

We have heard many stories of children and people in far-away lands and times of long ago, but the best story of all is that one about our own dear Green Spring Valley. Long ago even before our grandfathers and grandmothers were born this

valley was a thick forest. None of the beautiful trees had then been cut with an ax, for no white man had ever been near them. They had been standing for hundreds of years, never dreaming of steel axes and biting saws. A tribe of huge Indians roved over the land and bears and wolves and other wild animals prowled about seeking food far and wide. A gunshot they had never heard and the only danger they knew was the buzz of a flint-tipped arrow. This was all more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Then came the white men from a land far across the sea. Over there the people had heard about this wonderful country and many longed to see it. We have already learned about the early pioneers and those who came into the Valley suffered the same hardships and experienced the same joys in this new, undiscovered country. The early settlers of the Valley came from the shores of the Chesapeake, from the settlement at St. Mary's in southern Maryland, and from the settlements on the north in Pennsylvania. As more and more people came, others pressed their way inland to make homes for themselves in the wilderness. As in other parts of the county many of these pioneers, for such they were, whether rich or poor, received grants of land directly from the king through Lord Baltimore. This was usually a gift made in return for some service rendered to the king or the county. So it happened that some people received grants covering many, many acres extending into our own valley, and here they came to make a home.

In the quiet forest now sounded the ringing axes as trees were felled for the log cabins which soon appeared upon the hill-sides or in the valley near the spring of bubbling water.

As you know, the first houses were built of rough-hewn logs, just cabins with one room and a loft above with the chimney outside and the great fireplace within. Soon the thick woods became ploughed fields full of stumps, to be sure, but the rich soil brought forth such an abundance that it "seemed the goodliest land the sun ever shone on." The wild animals learned to fear the gun of the skilled hunter and fled further into the forest where the white man had not yet wandered. But the Indians were not so easy to get rid of.

As we have already learned, a tribe called the Susquehannas lived in a village on the Susquehanna River about twenty miles from its mouth and often made trips down to the bay for salt

water fish and oysters. It is said they made this journey every spring and fall. They always went the same way and had worn a kind of path or road called a trail. This trail was to the Indians just what a road is to us. It was *their trail*. It came down through the little valley called the Caves, into Green Spring Valley, past Chattolance back of the hotel, by Stevenson and on down to the bay. It is said that the old Court Road follows this old Indian path. Parts of the trail are still to be seen, though most of it has disappeared as homes, fields and roads have changed the landscape. We must remember that the Indians had been using this time-worn trail many years before the white man came and they felt they had the right to keep on using it. Naturally they looked upon the white man as their enemy come to drive them out of their peaceful valley. So they annoyed them in many ways, stole from them, burned their homes and sometimes killed a settler.

Something needed to be done to settle these Indian troubles, so the Governor of Maryland ordered forts to be built in different parts of the state as a means of protection. One of these was to be placed on Captain Ristean's plantation, known now as the home of Mrs. Charles Moore. It is located about ten miles from Baltimore, a mile south of Stevenson and two miles north of Pikesville. A short ride across a beautiful stretch of country will soon bring us to this most interesting spot and as we ride along let us learn something of the Colonial Defense near Stevenson known as Fort Garrison.

Martha L. Hewes.

FORT GARRISON.

Old Fort Garrison, as it is called, is a relic of Indian and Revolutionary days. It was built in 1693, to protect the frontier against the Indians, and later, as much as fifty years later, in 1755, when there was trouble known as the French and Indian war, it served the same purpose. Whether it was used in the later wars is not known, but we are led to believe that it was not.

As we approach the building we note that it is built upon a rise of ground commanding a good outlook over the surrounding country. The building is of stone, twenty by fifty feet, large enough to accommodate a captain and nine soldiers, whose business it was to stalk the country seeking out troublesome Indians. The walls are very thick, with six small openings which look

like embrasures for musketry. On the outside the openings are small, increasing in size on the inside, yet not large enough to admit even the body of a small child. Surely through these little square openings the guns were turned upon the foe. If the walls could but speak, what thrilling tales they might tell!

The roof was very steep and made of stone, as a further protection against fire, the Indians' most formidable weapon when arrows fail; but at a much later period the walls were raised and the roof shingled. It is easy to observe where this change was made. Two doors, each cut about three feet from the ground, lead inside where we find the big chimney with the big-open fireplace. Had the chimney been outside, as was the custom followed in building all the log cabins of that day, the Indian invaders could easily have torn it away or entered by this shaft had they so chosen.

Strange as it may seem, there have been persons who have doubted that this quaint structure was used as a fort, but there is conclusive evidence that it was none other than one of the forts built in the early colonial period.

Mr. George Teakin says: "This garrison fort has a peculiar value in that it is the oldest permanent fort in Maryland." Fort Cumberland's site is now occupied by a church. Fort Frederick, built in 1700, is still in partial existence, but no trace of the forts of St. Mary's City or Mattapony, or Piscataway, or the Indian fort of Sipsesutial Island exists. There is one near Annapolis, originally Fort Beaman, nor Fort Madison, the date of whose origin is unknown.

The question naturally arises: Why was so little known of the garrison so near and so easy of access? The answer is easy. Any student of Maryland history knows that until the Maryland Historical Society was formed no organized effort was made to preserve records of the past.

Captain John Oldham was the first commander of the fort. He had to patrol the whole valley and made marches through it twice a week to protect the people. Governor Nicholson called upon Captain Oldham for a report in 1696 and it read thus: *An Account of the Roads Made Back of the Inhabitants by the Rangers of Baltimore County.*

"The first cabin, fifteen miles northeast, to the second cabin, fifteen miles or thereabouts, ten miles on the same course to

another cabin on the north side of Deer Creek. Likewise from the Garrison to a cabin between Gwynns Falls and the main falls of the Patapsco, a west course of ten miles; which *said road* being marked and duly and weekly ranged by me and my lieutenants according to the order of the Council."

A measurement on the map tallies with the present location of the Fort Garrison. Does this not also help you to get a picture of the widely scattered homes in the wilderness and their need of protection in consequence? A walk through the woods was lonely enough even for grown men and women, and it required courage for a boy or girl to go on an errand to the neighboring farm at any time of day. Nightfall must have brought its own terrors. But these were times that bred bravery and watchfulness. One was always on the lookout for a hidden foe lurking behind trees or stealing through the thicket. What a comfort it must have been to meet now and then one of the rangers from the garrison!

If one is inclined to credit nothing of the history so clearly and cleverly pointed out by Mr. Teakin, he must acknowledge that it is fair to infer for the building is of great age. Also one must admit that it shows evidence of having been built for an important purpose. Why was it built contrary to custom in such early days, at great expense and trouble, of stone with walls of unusual thickness? Why were the windows so small if intended for light and ventilation? Why do they broaden so sharply inward, forming an embrasure for the use of firearms? The idea that it was built for a barn is disproved by the fact that it contains a large fireplace and, what is most significant, the chimney is inside rather than outside, according to the custom in early times. Why was the roof so steep, except that it could be built of stone and consequently be secure from the most dreaded weapon of the savages? Why was the doorsill placed three feet from the ground, except for the purpose of defense? All these questions the doubter may answer, but the answer to each seems to prove historic truth.

Some disappointment is felt in seeing the building small and destitute of the improvements which mark the modern fort. But this served in the day in which it was built, and is not that enough? If one coming to view this relic of early colonial days should say "This fort is mean," he should remember that in 1692

this was the only stone building in Baltimore county; that the pounds of tobacco spent in its erection came from the community; that it gave a name to the neighborhood; that it tells of the toils of our colonists, of which we can know nothing except the legacy they bequeathed.

It is interesting to have another man's point of view as well as Mr. Teakins, and Mr. Edward Spencer sets forth very clearly in a paper read before the Maryland Historical Society in 1855, on "Soldiers' Delight"—where he was born—four reasons for the existence of the fort known as Fort Garrison. He says: . . . "This fort was built . . . first, to protect Elkridge Landing," then our only commercial port to which tobacco was carried on hill roads known to this day as rolling roads; second, to keep the hunting Indians west of the Monocacy; third, to guard Old Court Road from Elkridge to Philadelphia; fourth, as a resting place for Forest Rangers between Elkridge and the Monocacy. In studying history of this part of Baltimore County we must remember that Garrison Forest and Soldiers' Delight are always connected with each other. The soldiers of the Garrison in their patrols struck this northwestern wilderness and sometimes became lost in its thickets and ravines several days before they were able to extricate themselves. On this account they named that section 'Soldiers' Delight' in derision, but the name (now Farmers' Delight) has ever since clung to it."

Adapted *Ella L. Smith.*

As years went on Green Spring Valley became more thickly settled. There were a number of plantations with homes not so far apart. Many of the farmers grew tobacco and kept slaves to work their lands. The West Joppa Road which enters the valley at Riderwood formed a link between Joppa, the ancient county-seat of Baltimore County, and our valley. It is safe to suppose that many were the hogsheads of tobacco "rolled" over this road to Joppa from the Green Spring Valley.

The railroad, which is a branch of the Northern Central Railroad, is more than a hundred years old. Once horses pulled the cars back and forth, but steam cars have been running on it now for over fifty years. One of the oldest residents tells this story: "I remember when the cars were driven up and down this track. Our backyard ran down to the railroad, then

as now, and we had a platform built at the back gate. Now and then the cars would stop and we had '*town company*.' Those times were in the good old days. During the Civil War and after the Battle of Gettysburg, a detachment of Gilmore's men passed through the valley on their way home." The dear old lady paused a moment as if she saw once again that scene, then continued: "The poor boys were so ragged and dirty we were afraid of them. They helped themselves to our corn and wheat and to horses, too, as they went. Some of the neighbors lost their horses, but ours were hidden up in the meadow in a thick swamp. You know in war times many things are done that men would not think of doing in times of peace. The old adage says: 'All's fair in love and war.' Then we lost our slaves and even the gentlemen around here had to work."

About a mile to the east of Stevenson are some huge holes where iron ore was mined for years and smelted by the Ashland Iron Company. But no ore has been mined there now for thirty years. The pockets are now filled with water and form the lovely little lakes not so far from our school.

The people of Green Spring Valley have always been great lovers of the chase and race. For a long time the kennels were at the Ten Mile House on the Reisterstown Pike, but in 1890 the kennels were moved to Garrison Forest. This land was purchased of the Elders. Here a clubhouse and recreation grounds have been added.

At Chattolane there is a large hotel, built about twenty-six years ago. There are over one hundred rooms in it, and thirteen cottages in connection with it. In its halcyon days it accommodated two hundred guests, but for four years it has not been used.

Near the hotel are very fine springs now called Chattolane Springs, but originally called Green Springs. They have been utilized by an electrical bottling plant for the purpose of supplying Baltimore city with this excellent drinking water.

Upon a personal inspection tour one is surprised at the labor and diligent care which is exerted in bottling this water. A pipe of water from the natural flow conveys the water to a tank overhead. This is done every four minutes by an automatic switch, which turns and cuts the current when the water

has been raised to the required height in the tank holding five hundred gallons.

When the bottles are returned from the city the corks are removed and each bottle is smelled. This is done to avoid vinegar and oil bottles. Then they are put in a washer consisting of two tanks of water. The first contains a solution of hot water and soda. After twenty minutes in this boiling water they are then plunged into the tank of cold water for rinsing and cooling. They are then taken out and brushed inside and out by brushes operated by electricity, each bottle receiving three brushings. A large iron hand grabs the bottles and drops them in the conveyor which leads to the syphons. Seven hundred gallon bottles are filled in an hour. It takes thirty minutes for the entire process. The water is shipped on the Northern Central Railroad and delivered by wagons in Baltimore.

Near Stevenson for 15 or 16 years stood a large attractive hotel called Avalon Inn. But nothing is left of it now except the site, as it was destroyed by fire in 1912.

Some people who thought the valley merely an attractive place for a summer's outing have made it their permanent home, and dotting the landscape like medieval castles are magnificent homes of unusual taste and beauty, rising like sentinels on the hills. Surrounded by the splendid gardens and fields, the cattle grazing on the hills, the silvery streams, the yellow roads, everywhere we find beauty for the eye to rest upon.

There are several fine dairy farms in the valley, among them Mr. Samuel Shoemaker's at Ecclestone, known to be one of the finest in the state.

A personal interview with some of the oldest residents of Green Spring Valley affords us a glimpse of much interesting history. Near Chattolance is the Craddock estate. The present house is not so old, but it stands on the site of a house built in 1743. It has always remained in the family.

The estate known as Green Springs, including all the land around Chattolance Station, the hotel grounds and the springs, once belonged to the Elders and Moales and still remains in the family under the name of Shipley. It is from these springs the valley got its name. The Green Springs home was partly built in 1774, but has been modernized as the years have gone by. The present owner showed an old room in which two recesses appear, probably built for some fine pieces of statuary. Another

treasure shown with considerable pride was an old daguerreotype of the first lady who came from England in "ye olden days." Many such interesting relics are to be found in the old homes in the valley. Among other family names of the ancient regime are the Stevensons, Stones, Catons, Carnans, Owings and Tagart.

The Green Spring Valley is one of the most beautiful residential sections of Maryland. It is a thoroughfare for autoists and sightseers in general. The fields are the greenest, the hills the most beautiful, the roads and by-roads the shadiest and coolest in all the country. Summer in the Green Spring Valley is indeed glorious.

Adapted *Martha L. Hewes*
and

Florence Mallonee.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, GARRISON FOREST.

1743.

Have you ever been to St. Thomas', in Garrison Forest? It stands on a slight rise of ground surrounded by fine old oaks. As you come upon this brick chapel and walk about the churchyard you are impressed with its great age. The fine old trees, the well-kept green sward, the old chapel, the ancient grave-stones, some of them almost buried in the ground and many of them gray and weather-stained, all speak of the long ago. This is, indeed, a hallowed spot, and it is no wonder that you look with awe upon the graves of the past generations with a moistened eye or view it all with the love and veneration which it merits. There may be—yes, there are—older churches in Maryland than St. Thomas', but none with more interesting history. Everywhere you look, everywhere you step, you almost feel that you are in dear old England. Even to this day it wears an English air. Established so long ago it is still a place of worship for the people of Green Spring Valley.

We have already learned that this section of the county was thinly settled at this time. Already we have asked ourselves, where did these people go to church? Those who favored the Church of England were members of St. Paul's Parish, and the nearest church was Old St. Paul's in Baltimore Town. This was a long distance to ride on the Sabbath, so these inhabitants of the forest thought, and soon a kind of mission was estab-

lished to accommodate the "forest inhabitants" of Fort Garrison, so called because of the fort and garrison of soldiers under Captain John Risteau, high sheriff of the county.

In August, 1739, the Reverend Benedict Bourdillon was sent to the parish by Governor Ogle. In those days the minister or rector, as he was called, was appointed by the government and called a queer name, "incumbent." This meant that he was dependent upon the people of the parish for his living.

In 1741 Reverend Bourdillon proposed to the vestry of St. Paul's that "a chapel of ease" for the accommodation of the "forest inhabitants" be built, but before the vestry could act, permission to obtain funds and to build must be granted by the government. Why did they have to wait for this? Because a clause in the charter gave this power to the governor through the king. Here are the words of the charter:

"The charter by which the territory and government of the province of Maryland was given to Lord Baltimore in 1632 provided 'that no chapel, church or place of worship could be established except by his authority and this power to be extended to the government of the province.'"

In the following year we find that four men of the community were given the right to receive voluntary subscriptions for the purchase of two acres of land, to choose the spot and arrange for the building of a chapel. You will not be surprised to know that the subscriptions formed such a bulk that they could not be carried away in their pockets, for it was not money at all. The amount collected was tobacco—forty-four hundred pounds of tobacco were given by the people of the community towards this little chapel of the forest. I was not right when I said no money was given, for the old records show that in addition to the tobacco, 64 pounds and 10s. were added. Notice that this was English money. You must remember that they had no other at their command.

Things did not move so swiftly in those days as at the present time. One year they decided to build a chapel, the next year the funds were collected, and the third year the land was purchased. How much do you suppose it cost? Two acres were purchased from Christopher Gist for 4 pounds or \$11.70.

On this land St. Thomas' Church was erected and still stands. Does this help you to realize that the little boys and

girls of that day were little English subjects, never dreaming of a time when they might not pay allegiance to their king and queen? Their fathers and mothers, too, were good English subjects, and so this "chapel of ease" in Garrison Forest took on the appearance of a little English church. It took them some time to build it. The walls were carried up and the roof covered in. The bricks of which it was built were brought from England. There were not enough in the first lot, so they had to wait for a second shipment. Falling short of the required number, however, the gable ends could not be carried up to a point as they had planned. This accounts for the picturesque hip-roof seen in the pictures of the church made in 1870. In this year it was found necessary to repair the roof, so some of the church fathers decided to extend the gable ends to a point as had been originally planned. As a result a sharp pitched roof took the place of the old hip-roof, much to the regret of many of the people. The chapel was fifty-six feet long by thirty-six feet wide.

At this time all the country-side worshiped here and it was decided to separate the mission church from the mother church in Baltimore, calling this new parish the Parish of St. Thomas.

The Reverend Thomas Cradock was the first minister of the parish, coming to this charge in 1743. Mr. Cradock's salary was small. The clergy then were supported by a tax of forty pounds of tobacco each on every white man and every servant over sixteen years of age. In this way the wealthier people of the community contributed more to the church, for you can readily see that a man having ten servants would have to give four hundred pounds of tobacco. It was collected from all whether they were members of the church or not, and strange to say was not paid directly to the church, but was handed over to the sheriff of the county, who distributed it. The number of taxables, as they were called, in this year 1743 is found to have amounted to six hundred and seventy-five, thus yielding \$325.00 as the rector's salary. At this time the inhabitants north of the church were few. Indians, bears, wolves and deer roamed through that region, so we can think of St. Thomas' as a chapel on the frontier, but it became more populous every year. So rapidly did St. Thomas' grow that at the time of Mr. Cradock's death the salary was four times the amount when he entered upon his charge.

It is most interesting to read the old church records, and we can get a great many sidelights on the manners and customs of that day. Two books for the use of the parish, one for recording church needs and the other for registering births, marriages and deaths, as was then required by law, are still in possession of the vestry and in a fair condition. Here are some accounts, and if you are wise you will read between the lines and learn how these people lived, what they thought and what they hoped for:

On the 28th of May, 1745, the vestry agreed with Colonel William Hammond for leveling the church floor with *earth*, "within three bricks of the water-table, the floor to be well rammed and hardened." He was also to floor a part of the church with brick and on the brick he was to lay a floor of pine plank on sleepers of red oak. He was also to build pews of panel work. The pews were nearly square, having seats on three sides with straight backs as high as the neck of the person seated.

Can't you imagine that the little children sat up as straight and stiff as their elders in the high-backed pews?

In July, 1755, a large Bible and two large prayer-books for the use of the church were ordered from England. Does this not tell you that no book bindery or printing shops had yet appeared in the colonies? Then, too, no books could seem so good to them as those from "home," for England was still home to them.

In July, 1759, the vestry made an agreement with Alexander Wells to plaster and whitewash the church for \$186—he finding all the materials and being allowed one year's time in which to do the work. Is this at all interesting to know? Just note the length of time given him to set the church in order.

In October, 1808, it was ordered that the fireplace of the vestry room be filled up. This indicates the time when stoves began to appear in churches. Before this time the blaze from the open fire took off the chill on cold days. I find no records of warming-pans in Maryland such as were used in England, and I can well believe that during the winter the worshippers must have sat with cold feet and cold hands throughout a long service.

At the Easter Monday meeting of the vestry, in 1874, Mr. Samuel M. Shoemaker offered to give a pipe organ, which was

gratefully accepted, and a committee appointed to build "an addition" to the new church on the left of the chancel to contain the new instrument.

On February 6, 1889, a committee was appointed to consider the enlarging of the building. In March the committee made a report presenting a plan for the enlargement of the church and for the restoration of the roof, "hipped in the style of the age in which the church was built."

So, today, should you ride to this most charming spot in Baltimore County and wander through the gate into the quaint old church-yard, you will find the building looking much the same as it did in the early days. It is larger, to be sure, but the same style still prevails. If one is with you who loves every brick, every nook and cranny of the old church, she will tell you of the many changes which have come about, and will point out with pride where the first bricks in the outer wall ended and where the next shipment was placed. If you look closely, you can see a difference in the color of the brick. When you step inside you look for the old dirt floor "rammed and hardened," but instead you find the ancient bricks over which many feet have trod. Once upon a time the chapel must have been lighted by means of candles. The candelabra is still retained, but the lighting is done by means of gas. However, there must have been a time when lamps were used as in most country churches.

Nothing modern appears in the church save two windows which have been recently placed by Mr. S. H. Tagart as a fitting memorial to his family. Three stained glass windows of opalescent glass were placed in the chancel, very beautiful in design, and executed by John La Farge, of New York.

Growing out of the work of St. Thomas', a little mission chapel was established in 1874 near Pikesville, afterwards developed into St. Marks-on-the-Hill.

It is interesting to know that different from most country churches, St. Thomas' Church in Garrison Forest was able to count but three rectors in all of its long history. Reverend Hobart Smith, the present rector, began his duties on Christmas Day, 1888, and it is through him that we are indebted for these bits of history which he has so pleasantly arranged for the people of the parish and others who love the Green Spring Valley.

*Ella L. Smith and
Florence Mallonée.*

FOX HUNTING IN THE GREEN SPRING VALLEY.

(A letter written by Jack who lives in Green Spring Valley, Maryland, to his cousin Henry, who lives in Florida.)

Dear Henry:

You remember I promised to write you all about the hunting in the Green Spring Valley, and the club to which Uncle Henry belongs.

The hunting season lasts from July to the middle of the following April—cubs being hunted from July to September. Young dogs, with three or four old dogs for leaders, are taken out for the cub hunting. When the days are long the hunters hunt early in the morning—sometimes starting as early as five o'clock. As the days become shorter the hunters start later and later, sometimes hunting in the afternoon. They usually have about three hunts a week.

Our red foxes do not climb like the gray foxes farther south (which sometimes run round and round a hill in a circle, and then run up a tree and have to be shaken down), but sometimes run from seven to eight miles in a straight line. On the hunt the dogs are winded in by the horns of the M. F. H. If the dogs succeed in coming up with the quarry, the first lady in at the finish gets the brush, and the second lady the mask. You see, many of the ladies here enjoy hunting, too.

Shortly after the hunting season closes two annual point-to-point races are given. At each of these the trophy for the winner is a silver loving cup. Just before the races two or three drag hunts are given in order to limber up the horses. As you know, Henry, in a drag hunt there is no fox, but blankets which foxes have lain on are dragged over a course about an hour and a half before the hunt. This gives the one laying out the course time to finish before the hunters come up with him.

Now, I must tell you something about the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, to which many of the hunters belong, and on the grounds of which are the kennels where the hounds are kept. The club was organized in 1892, at the home of one of its members, "to improve the pack of hounds, and gradually, with the increase of membership, to extend the hunting features of the club to other athletic sports." The kennels were first kept at Cliffeholme, but later on more commodious quarters

were secured by leasing the old Ten-Mile House. Other gentlemen beside the charter members were elected, with the understanding that efforts be made to improve the pack of hounds, for which new kennels would be built, and for which a paid keeper would be necessary, and later on to acquire a clubhouse and grounds.

In the spring of 1893 the first jumping contest was held. From December, 1892, when the club was organized, to the summer of 1893, the membership increased from thirteen to eighty members. The annual subscription dues were raised from five to ten dollars. It was then that the old "Ten-Mile House" on the Reisterstown Pike was leased as the club's home. This property comprised about one acre of ground, improved by a large dwelling house (formerly an inn), having large rooms for boarders, and with outbuildings suitable for kennels for the hounds, and stabling for from twelve to fifteen horses. All were put in the care of an experienced and reliable man.

Early in 1896, shortly before the expiration of the lease on the old Ten-Mile House, it was found that it could not be leased again, except at a considerable advance. It was also found that the location could not be improved to suit the purposes of the club, and in order to be habitable, it would require the outlay of a large sum of money for repairs. Since the membership had increased to about one hundred and forty, and the organization was in far better circumstances financially, this was deemed a good time to consider the acquisition of a site for a clubhouse and grounds, with plenty of room for added features, so that the non-hunting members might find many attractions in which they could participate also.

The board of governors selected a site of about ten acres of ground near the Garrison Station of the G. S. B. R. R., and about an eighth of a mile from the Reisterstown Pike, which commanded a beautiful view of the Green Spring Valley. A clubhouse, with ballroom and sleeping accommodations, surrounded by lawns large enough for holding jumping contests and horse shows on them, was erected on this site. Also a comfortable stable and kennels for the dogs. The Green Spring Valley Hunt Club Building Association was incorporated. This financed the purchasing of the ground and erection of the build-

ings. The clubhouse was opened in the fall of 1897. In 1909 a bungalow of nine rooms was built for the accommodation of those members who wished to spend their summers in the valley.

Additional features, such as tennis, baseball, dancing, shooting, swimming, quoits and horse shows, have been added. Recently more land was purchased, and a golf course laid out.

Mr. John McHenry, the first president, was succeeded in 1913 by Mr. Gustav Stewart, the present president. Mr. Redmond C. Stewart has been M. F. H. from 1892 to the present time, last fall becoming joint master with Mr. Benjamin H. Brewster, Jr.

During the twenty-two years of its existence the club has become a flourishing organization, with two hundred and sixty members, and the annual membership fee increased to twenty-five dollars.

During the Spanish War, and again during the present war, the privileges of the clubhouse were tendered to the ladies of the neighborhood for the purpose of making articles for the army.

Mr. John E. Raine says: "As the Warrenton Hunt Club upholds the traditional fame of the State of Virginia, so does the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club do its share to sustain Maryland's reputation with the fox hounds."

Well, Henry, I can almost hear you say, "Oh, what a tiresome letter!" but beg your father to let you visit the Valley next spring at the time of the annual point to point, and I am sure you will not find it tiresome, but very exciting.

Your sincere cousin,

Jack.

OLD SATER'S.

1741.

There is one historic spot in Baltimore County that is well-known in the State of Maryland, and in many other states of the North and South as well.

For almost a century and three-quarters there has stood in a secluded spot in the Green Spring Valley an old brick church, known as Old Sater's Baptist Church. It was built even before any bricks had been made in our country, for the bricks of which it is built—except for a few that were added in later years—were brought all the way from England.

The very atmosphere about the old place breathes antiquity. Look at the weathered old cemetery adjoining. Read some of the quaint and curious epitaphs, written for those who lived, some of them, two centuries ago. In themselves they are interesting history. Stones of all kinds may be seen; many so badly weathered that all inscriptions are effaced; others have buried themselves almost entirely from view. Curiously prominent, near the entrance of the church, are two small marble vaults, where some relatives of the founder lie buried. The ashes of the founder himself are resting beneath the part of the church over which the pulpit stands. Tradition says that he wished to be buried there, and requested no other monument than the old church that bears his name, and for which he so faithfully labored.

The history of old Sater's is familiar to many. Long ago, when all this land about us was a huge untrodden forest, a devout Christian man named Henry Sater held prayer meetings and religious services in his own little cabin in the woods. The wigwams of the Indians were all about the lodgings, and the howling of the wolves interposed the evening services, but nothing daunted, the little band grew and grew until it felt the need of larger quarters.

Henry Sater again came forward and gave of his land and his bounty, and in 1742 Old Sater's Church was built. Though wars came to darken our land, and battles were fought even beneath her very walls, the old church stood as she still stands—firm and strong. Some of the best and most influential of the Baptist churches of Baltimore began as missions from Old Sater's, and they have never ceased to pay homage to her.

To show their esteem and regard for the grandmother of the Baptist churches in Maryland, each year on the second Sunday in June, throngs of people flock from all parts of the state, and from other states as well, to an all-day's meeting at Sater's. This custom is more than a century old, and churches of all denominations for miles around give up their services on that day out of regard for Old Sater's. The time-honored "June Meeting" celebrated in 1917 marked the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary.

As you look about you see on all sides the ravages of time :

The tombstones old and moss-grown,
The tall trees bending low;
The oak with mighty sinews,
The tangled maize below;
The little church with its weathered walls
That still stands firm and strong,
Tho' wars have been waged about her
And she has felt the breath of the storm.

Here is the history of Sater's told in rhyme:

You have read of the little cottage,
Where in days gone by,
With savage tents about it,
And the thick, dark, woodland nigh,
A few of His faithful followers,
A zealous and earnest band,
Had gathered to worship their Master,
Led by His mighty hand.

And though they were few in number,
Their faith in God was strong;
His promise to be with them
Kept them firm to fight the wrong.
And so, midst trial and struggle
This band grew more and more,
Till the cottage failed to shelter
All who sought its door.

'Twas then that Henry Sater,
So many years ago—
Gave of his land and his bounty
To build the church you know.
She stands the mother of churches
That have since grown strong and great
But to her belongs the honor
Of the First Baptist Church in our State.

*Edna L. Zink,
Cronhardt.*

"TRENTHAM."

1746.

What would you think if, when ready to take a bath, you had to go out of the house and across the front lawn to the bathhouse?

This is just what the Rev. Thomas Cradock's family had to do about one hundred years ago, when they lived on the beautiful estate of "Trentham," about two miles south of St. Timothy's Church, in Baltimore county.

If you could go to Trentham today you could see this splendid stone bathhouse, octagonal in shape, which took more than a year to build, as even the nails are hand made. Two mahogany bathtubs still serve to show the use for which it was intended, and everything is in perfect condition, although it has been in use for more than a hundred years.

The house in which the family lived is also built of stone, and is situated on the slope of the hill near a spring. In front of the house is a wide brick pavement. The garden is laid out to the right with wide grass walks running at right angles. It is enclosed by a stone wall, the lower garden being reached by three flights of stone steps. Along the garden wall runs a narrow bed with stone coping, as have the large square beds in the center. Between the beds there is a gravel walk four feet wide. At the gate, which is very English, are still growing English cowslips planted by Katherine Cradock, the first mistress of Trentham.

This fine estate of one hundred acres of land, Trentham, was given to Katherine Risteau by her father, Captain Risteau (John), when she became the bride, 1746, of Rev. Thomas Cradock, the first minister in St. Thomas' parish.

Rev. Cradock had come from England the year before, 1745, bringing with him his letter mandate from Gov. Bladen, authorizing him to exercise the office of minister of St. Thomas' Parish. These he presented to the vestrymen and wardens of the church on the day that they were elected.

There were very few settlers in the surrounding community in 1745. Captain John Risteau, the High Sheriff of the county, commanded a garrison of soldiers stationed on his plantation against the Indian raids, which occurred often now, as you have learned from your study of Fort Garrison.

We often hear of Deer Park, the road passing Trentham. This road was a thoroughfare, and over it came the covered wagons from Pennsylvania, as well as some of the settlers from Baltimore Town. All of these travelers stopped at the spring near the house for water. It was known as the "Parson's Spring."

In 1747 Rev. Cradock, prompted, Dr. Ethan Allen says, "by a desire of usefulness," opened a school at Trentham and taught the German and Latin languages. Some of the most prominent men in the neighborhood had the advantage of this instruction, among them the celebrated Colonel Cresap. Schools like this one were few in those days, and since Mr. Cradock was an accomplished scholar, this school was of great value.

The Gists and Howards were Dr. Cradock's nearest neighbors. Later Dr. Lyon moved to "Wester Ogle," and John Moale, who married Ellen North, the first white child born in Baltimore, had a summer residence at Green Spring, which later became the home of George H. Elder.

Trentham was to have become entailed property, but the oldest son, Arthur Cradock, died in 1769. Rev. Thomas Cradock lived only a year after his son's death. Although only fifty-two years of age when he died, he had suffered for many years from a curious paralysis, which left his limbs helpless, but did not prevent him from fulfilling his appointments. He was carried to church by his servants or the young men, and placed in a chair near the chancel.

At his death the youngest son, "Thomas," inherited "Trentham," provision havnig been made for the second son, Dr. John Cradock, and his daughter. Dr. Thomas Cradock was also intended for the ministry, but he chose the profession of medicine, and became an able and distinguished physician.

To the poor and unfortunate Dr. Cradock was counsellor and friend, and it is a tradition at Trentham that no one in need or trouble has ever been turned from its doors.

We can picture Dr. Cradock with powder and wig, knee breeches and buckles, starting off with the inevitable saddlebags, and returning to compound his medicine in the old Doctor's shop, which stood at the end of the house. Dr. Cradock bequeathed his property to his nephew and adopted son, Dr. Thomas Cradock Walker, who was born at Trentham, and

always lived there with his uncle. He married his cousin, Katherine Cradock. They were born in the same room, married in the same house, and died in the room in which they were born. By an act of the Legislature he had the Walker dropped from the names of the two sons, Thomas Cradock and John Cradock, as a token of gratitude to his uncle. Most of the traditions of St. Thomas' Parish have come to us through him.

Blanche McCubbin and M. Annie Grace.

REISTERSTOWN.

INDIAN DAYS.

— 1769.

A long time ago where our village now is there was a village of Susquehannock Indians. Indian warriors hunted in the forest or sat by their camp fires smoking and telling stories of the hunt or their brave deeds in war.

Where our lawns and gardens are today squaws dug up the ground with their bone hoes or digging sticks, and planted corn and beans. For this was early as 1514, more than a hundred years before the white man came to Maryland.

Indian children ran about in the forest, and after an Indian baby in cradle of skin and grass swung from the branch of a tree or leaned against the wigwam, when he was not riding on his mother's back.

The village was arranged in a circle, and instead of houses were wigwams or tents made by the Indian women. In the evening they would build a great fire in the center of this circle, and gather around the fire telling stories and feasting.

There were no roads then, only paths through the forest. Many of these paths were made by the animals.

When the white men came the Indians sold their villages to them and went further West, until there were no Indians to be seen around what is now our village of Reisterstown.

Arrow heads, stone hammers and many Indian relics have been found in the gardens and fields around our village, so we know that long, long ago the Indians lived where we are now living today.

EARLY HISTORY.

1769—1773

Daniel Bower, afterward known as Colonel Bower, who was a burgomaster of Strasburg, emigrated to Maryland before

1769. Large tracts of land on the west of Reisterstown were patented to him in 1769, and until recently a part of this tract of land was farmed by his grandfather, Andrew Banks, one of the most noted men of Reisterstown.

The oldest house of which there is any authentic record was built in 1773. This house was built and occupied by Solomon Choate, and is now owned and occupied by James Berryman. A number of houses were built soon after this one, and in ten years the place had grown into a village of ten or fifteen houses.

These old houses were built of logs, and many of them are now standing, but have been improved and modernized or ruined (as one of the old residents told me when I called on him to obtain some information about the town). Some of these houses have been cased with brick, others rough-coated, and then weather-boarded or shingled. It is easy to pick out the old homes in spite of their brave modern dress, for every one of them is as near the road as possible, owing to the fact that at the time they were built land was very dear! It was impossible to purchase it for less than four dollars an acre; therefore the first settlers could not enjoy the luxury of a front yard, for they needed every foot of land for farming purposes! Now, when land in Reisterstown can be purchased for one thousand dollars an acre, the new homes are surrounded by large farms.

The first houses were built and occupied by the Reisters, Beckleys, Solomon Choate, Colonel Bowen, Forneys, Dixons, Duckers, Moales, Worthingtons and Johns. The earliest settlers were planters, and most of them were slave-holders. Some of them were mechanics. One of the residents owned a large tannery located in the vicinity.

ORIGIN.

As most of the towns and cities have their origin at a cross-road, no doubt the reasons for selecting what is now Reisterstown as the site of the village were due to the facts that it was on the direct road from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, and branching road at the northern end of the village, and the number of crossroads and neighborhood roads that connect with the village. These were probably at one time Indian trails made by the Susquehannocks in their search for food. Then, too, as

the early settlers were farmers, it was a natural place to locate, the soil being well adapted to agricultural pursuits, and in easy access of good shipping point.

INTERESTING FACTS.

One of the old residents told me that he could remember when half of Reisterstown belonged to the Johns and Worthingtons, two related families. They owned the land from the east side of the Reisterstown Pike to the Gunpowder River, and also large tracts of land extending into Carroll county. At the present time there is only one descendant of these families that owns a foot of this vast tract of land.

In 1847 Captain Storm organized a company of riflemen to assist with the war in Mexico, but peace being declared, they were ordered to the front.

Captain Ritter, a resident of the village, told me that when he was a boy he often came with his father from their home in the Worthington Valley to watch this company drill. In 1859 the Reisterstown Riflemen were organized as one of the consequences of the John Brown raid, and on January 31, 1861, the ladies of the neighborhood presented the corps with a handsome flag.

Bill Otter, a plasterer, who kept a tavern in Reisterstown in 1850, wrote a book. He was rather a wit, and very fond of playing jokes. The book is really a record of tricks he played on his credulous neighbors.

Francis Scott Key's brother owned a property about three miles above Reisterstown, and Mr. Key spent a great deal of time there with his brother. At present this property, known as "The Elms," is owned and occupied by the Misses Gray.

NOTED VISITORS.

One one occasion Washington spent the night with Colonel Bower at his home in Reisterstown. The Colonel made Washington a present of enough cloth for a suit of clothes. The cloth was woven on Colonel Bower's estate from the wool of his own sheep.

When General Washington was leaving Colonel Bower asked him to name the village, which at that time was nameless. He gave it his own name, "Washington." This name was only applied to the northwestern part of the village—the part north of what is now known as "School Lane."

The southeastern part was called Reistersville, because so many families by the name of Reister lived in that part of the village. The Reisters were not as large landholders as other residents; but at that time three-fourths of the houses in the village were occupied by Reisters, and naturally the village took that name. It was not long until the whole village was called Reisterstown, and its name of Washington forgotten.

When General Lafayette visited the United States after the Revolutionary War he spent a night at the Forney Tavern. This was an old manor house, located on what is now Chatworth avenue and the Reisterstown Road. The Forneys were noted for the excellent meals they served. At the time of Lafayette's visit it was quite the fashion for Baltimoreans to breakfast in Reisterstown Sunday mornings. The Forneys always had a house full to breakfast that day.

CHURCHES.

The first church was a Lutheran church. There is no building on the site of this old church, which was located in what is now the Lutheran Cemetery, the oldest cemetery in Reisterstown, and situated on what is known as the School Lane.

In 1774 the Baptists built what was called a clapboard meeting-house, about two miles north of Reisterstown.

In 1866 the Lutheran Church was built, Reverend Dr. Howe being the pastor at that time. The congregation was organized in 1855, and worshiped in the Odd Fellows' Hall until their church was built.

Seventy-seven years ago all the denominations in and about Reisterstown worshiped in the same church, holding their services at different times. This church belonged to the Methodists. People for miles around came to Reisterstown to worship.

The only mode of travel at that time was horseback. Everyone rode. There were only two carriages in the neighborhood. One of these was owned by a Miss Taggart, and the other by a Mr. Hollingsworth.

ROADS.

The road from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, passing through Reisterstown, was a stage road. Like all the old stage roads, there were relays of horses along the line. Later there was a stage from Baltimore to Westminster. This stage took two days for the round trip. The stage driver was also the mail carrier.

In 1797 a charter was granted by the Legislature of Maryland to macadamize the road as far as the Pennsylvania line. The Reisterstown road is one of the oldest paved roads in the state; for the charter to pave the Frederick road was granted by the same Legislature.

Mr. Louis Ritter drove the first carriage over the road after it was completed as far as Reistestown. Mr. Ritter desired to attend a ball given at Reisterstown to celebrate the completion of the road as far as that village. The road was not open to the public, so he had to obtain permission from the superintendent to drive his carriage over the new road. The superintendent, fearing the workmen along the line might cause Mr. Ritter trouble, rode behind the carriage.

After the road was opened large six and eight-horse wagons from Pittsburgh passed through Reisterstown on their way to Baltimore. It took a week to make the journey. They hauled produce to Baltimore, and took a load of emigrants back. They always spent the night in Reisterstown at one of the taverns. The emigrants carried their own bedding, and when they stopped at an inn they spread their bedding on the floor and slept there.

Many of the present residents remember the days of the stage coach and big wagons; also the Forney tavern and others, where the emigrants spent the night.

In 1895 the electric road connecting Baltimore and Emory Grove, by way of Reisterstown, was completed. At the present time Reisterstown is connected with Westminster and Hanover by automobile bus.

SCHOOLS.

The Hannah More Academy.

The Hannah More Academy owes its existence to Mrs. Ann Neilson, who gave ten thousand dollars for the erection of an academy on a lot of ground given by her for that purpose. She lived to erect the building, naming it Hannah More. It is a private school for girls.

The Franklin Academy.

In 1773, for the sum of one dollar, John Reister deeded to a board of trustees the ground for the erection of the Franklin Academy. This academy was built and equipped through private subscriptions. It was a school for the children of the town and

neighborhood for many years, its organization dating back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Like similar schools throughout the State, in those days, a tuition fee was exacted.

In 1870 the trustees deeded the building and grounds to the Baltimore County School Commissioners. The building was inadequate for the demands of the community, as it consisted only of a small brick building. The commissioners built a two-story addition to this. Mr. F. S. Landstreet, a graduate of the Franklin High School, contributed five thousand dollars towards the erection of a new building for the high school. In the fall of 1905 the foundation of the building was laid. When completed it was occupied by the high school grades; the elementary classes using the original building.

In the spring of 1913 ground was broken for another addition, which was completed and ready for occupancy January 5th, 1914.

The first principal, after the school was given into the hands of the Baltimore School Board, was Joseph Whittington. The Franklin High School is the oldest high school in the county.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

GRANDMOTHER'S SCHOOL.

My grandmother went to school in a little log school house. All day long she sat on a stool and looked at her one book while she waited for her turn to say her lesson. There were no desks in her school and no pictures on the wall but there was always a bunch of sticks near the teacher's desk to remind grandmother to keep very quiet.

I am sure she was often very tired for there was nothing for her to do or to look at. Of course she could listen to the other children say their lesson and grandmother says sometimes she went to sleep listening.

Her book had no pictures in it and no nice stories about fairies and elves, and gods like we have in our books. No, indeed, grandmother learned her "a-b-c's" first, then she learned "b-a, ba; b-e, be; b-i, bi; b-o, bo; b-u, bu." Wasn't that a funny reading lesson?

Grandmother made her own writing book out of sheets of paper which she had to rule. Her pen was a goose quill sharpened with a knife. Her father made the pen for her, and every night she took it home to be sharpened. She made her ink, too.

Grandmother had lots of fun at recess, playing games, jump-

ing rope, and swinging in the grape vine swings which the boys made in the grove back of the school house.

The girls used to sweep the rooms and make it tidy while the boys cut wood for the fire, which was a big open fire in the great fire place on one side of the room. The teacher had his desk near the fireplace and she could keep warm. But the children were often cold, especially those who sat in the corners.

When grandma did not know her lesson she had to sit on a one-legged stool or wear the dunce cap.

There were no desks in the room, but there was a shelf around two sides of the room and the older scholars sat at this to write and study. Grandmother was glad when she was big enough to have a place at this shelf.

Grandmother says she had a jolly time at school even if her back did ache from sitting all day on a bench with no back. But I think my school is better than hers.

Grade III. Reisterstown.

Class story worked out from information children obtained at home and from old people in the village.

GLYNDON.

The history of Glyndon does not differ materially from that of Reisterstown. There was a time when Indians roamed through all this region, when the deer, bears, rabbits, raccoons, opossums, squirrels and foxes were plentiful; there was a time when the pioneers came and drove both Indians and wild animals farther inland; there was time when the village began and this is the way it happened:

Dr. Lear and John Neal owned the land where Glyndon is now. Later a railroad, the Western Maryland, passed through their land to Baltimore. The people in the neighborhood and Reisterstown wanted a station built, so in 1860 Mr. Lansen Shipley built a station and a home under the same roof. This was called the Reisterstown Station, or Emory Grove Postoffice for many years. In 1874 this property was bought by Mr. Patrick Dyer and in this house John Dyer was the first child born in Glyndon. In 1875 Mr. S. P. Townsend bought about thirty acres of land from the owners of farms noted above and started a town. He built a row of cottages, a postoffice and hall, a large house for a boarding house or kind of suburban hotel, a warehouse, a store and a fine house for himself. Dr. Lear also built houses and laid out roads and avenues. Many people were at-

tracted to the quiet spot. Soon the comfortable cottages were either sold or rented and neighbors were sharing experiences over the back fence or chatting pleasantly across the spacious front lawns.

The new town needed a name because it had a postoffice. Many people wanted to name it Townsendville, after Mr. Townsend, but he objected so much that the name was abandoned. He then asked the privilege of naming the village. This was granted. Then he sought help from his friends, among them General Hood, and Mrs. Hood, who said she would be glad to aid. So she secured the co-operation of every one in and about the village, asking each one to suggest suitable names. These she wrote upon slips of paper, tossed them into a hat, and then one slip was drawn from the lot. Upon this slip was the name—Glyndon. All a game of chance, and yet fate was fair, indeed, for what more musical name could have been chosen than Glyndon. Glyndon! It almost sings itself as you say it.

Many people from the city sought this delightful home-like place for a summer home, away from the dust and heat of the city, and many came to be near the Emory Grove Camp Meeting Ground in the vicinity. The old Temperance Camp, now called Glyndon Park, attracted a number also. Three churches, a school, a club house, and many other buildings have been added to provide comfort to the permanent residents whose numbers are gradually increasing.

Adapted, *Lulu Hamack*.

BEFORE THE RAILROADS—TAVERNS AND THEIR PATRONS.

The only avenues of trade between the waterfront and the West, before the railroads were built, were turnpikes, and the Reisterstown and Westminster turnpike was one of the main channels over which the long caravans of covered wagons, loaded with the products of the West, journeyed to Baltimore from Pittsburgh and Wheeling, and returned loaded with merchandise for the frontier men.

People who sought a home in the West traveled over the national routes, and with their worldly possessions stowed in the wagons, would trudge along beside them, the women and children riding. At nightfall, when the tired teams would reach the taverns, there to join with scores of others, an animated scene was presented. Drivers were unharnessing their horses and

making "confusion worse confounded," until the watering and feeding of the animals finished, they would partake of their suppers and join in the sports for the night.

A tavern on the line of traffic was a source of profit, and although there was a tavern for almost each mile of turnpike, they all flourished.

From the records available it appears that about 1830 there were no less than five "Taverns" in Reisterstown.

At the intersection of the Westminster and Hanover turnpike was Ducker's Tavern. It was owned by Captain Jeremiah Ducker, who was also one of the leading merchants and landowners in town. He was one of the old defenders, having served as captain of a company of militia in the War of 1812, participating in the battle of North Point.

Following the turnpike, the next tavern was located where the hall is now situated. This tavern was in charge of George Fisher.

"Forney's" was a household word with the traveling public, for its reputation reached from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. It was located on the Reisterstown turnpike, north of Chatsworth Avenue, and was dismantled about thirty years ago.

It was always under the management of the Forneys, who catered to the wealthier class of visitors.

These were the days when trolley cars were unknown, and intercourse with the city was by private conveyance or by the four-horse, leather spring mail coach. The fashionable people of Baltimore hied to "Forney's", sure of enjoying hospitalities obtainable nowhere else outside of Baltimore. Among the prominent guests who have been entertained there, were General Lafayette and Hon. Henry Clay, events which contributed to local pride.

The "Yellow Tavern" was located on the site of the present Central Hotel. This was one of the oldest taverns between Westminster and Baltimore, and was quite popular.

The "Yellow Tavern" was always a popular stopping place for the market wagons that journeyed from the Blue Ridge to Baltimore, and many wonderful "stories" have been told around the old-fashioned ten-plate stove that gave warmth to the travelers while storms raged without.

Where the postoffice is now located, and including the grounds of the Gore and Stocksdales was the Sumwalt

Tavern. It was own by Mr. Sunwalt, who was also one of the largest land owners in the town.

Passing out of Reisterstown, the next tavern was William King's, now known as Hooper property, which closed its doors about the beginning of the Civil War.

The "Calico" House, or the Fourteen Mile House, came next. It is still standing, though long ago went out of business as a tavern. It is said of William Dwyer, the manager of this tavern, that when his bed time arrived, he would put the decanter of whiskey and a pitcher of water on the bar counter, and, telling the guests to help themselves, would retire, and woe to the one who dared to disturb his rest.

"Great's" was the next on the turnpike. With the decline of custom it closed its doors as a tavern and was remodelled, becoming a handsome private residence, and is now owned by Mr. Gilmore.

The "Eight Square House," near Owings Mills, was run by Daniel Shugars. It has long since passed out of remembrance as a tavern, and is now the property of H. Y. Dolfield.

The tavern at Owings Mills was known as Conn's, who conducted it for a long time and sold out to Henry Filch, who conducted a tavern and store, finally closing out as travel diminished.

These taverns of Reisterstown and vicinity sheltered the travelers of the older days, and contributed to the prosperity of the community. Only the oldest inhabitants remember them, and they recall the days when the streets of Reisterstown were all day long filled with trains of loaded wagons passing to and fro.

Regular transportation lines were maintained to transport goods from the West over the turnpikes. Long lines of old-fashioned Conestoga wagons, drawn by from four to six horses, daily wended their way between these points, loaded with flour, leather and other goods and produce, to be unloaded at the water's edge in Baltimore and returned loaded with dry goods, groceries, and other things for people along the Ohio River. The owners of these teams followed them in old ram-shackled buggies, stopping from place to place, trading horses and indulging in all kinds of sports. The hired drivers would have a jolly time as their employers. When time came to retire they would unload their bedding on the tavern floors and turn in for the night.

In the winter farmers along the route would put extra teams on the road and engage in the transportation of merchandise.

These teams were known as "militia," and were held in derision by the regular teamsters. The roads were kept in good condition, and a trip between Baltimore and Pittsburgh took from two to three weeks.

Emigrants going West used this method of transportation, and often a hundred or more men, women and children would take turns in riding and walking on or beside two or three of these wagons, on which would be loaded their boxes and luggage, whiling away the time in singing and merry-making, as they trudged along.

At night the large tavern yards would be filled with wagons, the horses haltered to either side of long troughs filled with feed, there to remain during the night, while the tired drivers joined in the fun long into the night.

It was no uncommon sight to see from fifty to a hundred of these canopied wagons lined on either side of the turnpike, leaving only passage room for vehicles to pass.

With the completion of the B. & O. R. R. to Wheeling, this means of transportation rapidly passed away, and with the withdrawal of the four-wheeled freighters from the turnpikes, the glory of the old taverns passed away. The modern hotel, with its improved methods, has been evolved from the old-time county tavern.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

MONTROSE—ONCE THE HOME OF A KING.

About three miles north of Reisterstown, in the most picturesque part of Baltimore County, is situated Montrose, famous as having on it the only buildings erected by a king on the soil of the United States.

Then, too, there is a historical romance connected with Montrose which is of general interest.

In 1803 Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon of France, lived in Baltimore and was married to Elizabeth Patterson, the beautiful daughter of William Patterson, a wealthy resident of Baltimore.

The Emperor was very angry when he heard of the marriage and refused to recognize it. In order to persuade his brother to give up his beautiful American wife, Napoleon made him King of Westphalia; but he would not permit Madame Bonaparte to land on French soil.

The French government bought Montrose in the name of Jerome and furnished the money to erect the buildings at the time, when the intention was to settle an income on Jerome and allow him to live in the United States.

Jerome and his American wife were not to enjoy together the mansion being built for them, for shortly after their marriage they sailed for France with the intention of establishing Madame Bonaparte's rights as a member of the royal family.

Napoleon, however, hearing of this, forbid her landing on French soil. She was compelled to part with her husband and make her home in London. Jerome continued his journey and was crowned King of Westphalia, giving up his beautiful wife to please his brother.

Madame Bonaparte, with her son, returned to the United States and lived at Montrose until 1840, when they moved to Baltimore.

Montrose contains six hundred acres, and is bordered on two sides by county roads and on the third by the Western Maryland Railroad. The soil is very fertile and large crops are annually gathered. The orchards of peach, apple and pear trees are of the finest varieties.

The entrance is by a winding road leading from the Hanover turnpike at Woodensburg. This road is about a half mile long and is noted for its beautiful scenery.

The villa is situated in a grove of trees, which if they could speak, could tell of rare events that have occurred within those ivy-covered walls. As you approach the mansion, a long boxwood walk attracts the attention. It is known as "Josephine's Walk," the boxwood borders of which were planted by Jerome more than a century ago. This was Madame Bonaparte's favorite walk. In front of the mansion is a large circular drive lined by rare plants, perpetual blooming roses, making the air sweet with their fragrance, and fringed by a border of box wood.

Passing around the mansion one almost believes that he is in another clime, when the stately evergreens, long rows of hydrangeas, poppies, hollyhocks, everblooming roses and other plants of marvelous beauty catch the eye; among these is a yew tree that was planted by Jerome and said to have been brought by him from France.

The mansion, which is built of granite, has a half basement and three stories. There are twenty-four rooms besides halls,

pantries, bathrooms, etc., and verandas and courts appear in unexpected places.

The banquet hall is especially interesting with its waxed floors and recessed windows. Standing on the threshold of this hall one can picture the stirring scenes of long ago, when the fashion and beauty of the olden days were entertained in these halls.

Nowhere in the State of Maryland is there landed property that has more romance associated with it, or which was the home of one who has filled so large a part of history, and commanded the sympathy of so many in this country as well as in Europe, as Montrose, once the home of Elizabeth Patterson, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

THE ELMS.

Bordering the Westminster turnpike for about one mile, at Glen Falls, a small station on the Western Maryland Railroad, two and one-half miles west of Reisterstown, is located a property famous as having once been the home of Francis Scott Key, Jr., son of the author of the national poem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The "Elms", named from the long rows of stately elms which lined the winding driveway leading from the turnpike to the mansion, now embraces about two hundred and twenty-five acres, though at one time it was part of a large tract of land from which was taken the historical estate, "Montrose," formerly the home of the Bonapartes. The colonial mansion, two and a half stories high, with wide dormer windows, was built the latter part of the eighteenth century, and bears the impress of the expensive primitive methods of the early colonial homes. The walls are stone, reared on a foundation three feet thick.

The nails used in the building are all hand made. The shutter-hinges were forged by the smith and screwed into the casements. The interior woodwork is a marvel of patience and skill, having been finished and carved by hand with chisel and gouge.

There are fifteen rooms in the dwelling, and when built it was by far the most important estate in the section, with but few surpassing it in the State.

The mansion fronted on the old "Rolling" road, but when the Westminster and Reisterstown turnpike was built in 1805-08, the rear of the building faced the new turnpike, to reach which a winding driveway was made, and lined with elm trees.

After the change in roads, additions were made to the original building, porches and verandas being added so that what was formerly the rear of the house has been made the front entrance. In the kitchen is the "dutch oven," which was such an important part of the domestic life of our ancestors, and there still hangs in the large fireplace the old-fashioned crane and hangers on which were hung the pots and kettles used in preparing the meals.

The lavish entertainments given by the different owners of the "Elms" to the young people of Baltimore and the surrounding country are talked of by the older inhabitants to this day.

To the left of the turnpike at the foot of the hill, on the bank of the main branch of the Patapsco River stands the stone walls of the old grist mill, built at the time the mansion was erected, to grind the cereals raised on the farm, as well as those of the neighbors. Long years ago the old mill was made into a dwelling and now stands deserted.

Francis Scott Key, Jr., owned and occupied the "Elms" from 1835 to 1850. Mr. Key was a type of the old school of Maryland gentleman. He was generous, impulsive, fond and good living, and entertained lavishly. He dressed in colonial style, wore knickerbockers, blue coat, with brass buttons, buff vest, low shoes with buckles, powdered wig with queue, walked with a stout cane. He was very affable and genial. He came to Reisterstown for his mail, and was acquainted with everybody in the village, and always had a pleasant word for all he met.

Francis Scott Key was a frequent visitor at the "Elms" while his son owned the property.

Mr. Key sold the property in 1850. The late John J. Gray became the owner, in 1869, and the property is at the present time in the possession of his daughters, the Misses Frances and Ellen Gray.

Time in its flight has gradually worked many changes in the original surroundings. The stately elms have succumbed and locusts have taken their places; the gate-keeper's lodge serves the purpose of a tenant house; the original outbuildings have given place to modern structures, and, except the colonial mansion, which still defies the ravages of time, the glories of the past are written in memories.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

BEGINNERS IN PIKESVILLE.

It was a beautiful day in early June. It was blossom time. Trees, shrubs, plants vied with each other in their floral array.

Birds sang cheerily to their mates, for did not cherry blossoms promise cherries by and by? Wild cherry, oak, poplar and chestnut trees lined the roadway that stretched far to the northward and far to the southward. In the June sunshine up and over the hill the road stretched like a yellow ribbon with the great trees casting their grateful shade along the way.

Several horsemen came into view and as they drew near one knew that both man and beast were weary with a long jaunt across the country. They had been traveling since early morning and now were looking for a place to rest and to feast before completing their journey to Baltimore Town. These gentlemen were returning to Baltimore Town from York along this road, which we now call Reisterstown pike.

Under the cooling shade of the great oaks they sat and rested. Finding the spot a pleasant one they began to explore a bit, hoping to quench their thirst at a spring or stream. They found both not so far away. Near the foot of an old tree a spring of bubbling water greeted them, and all around were signs of fertile soil. Attracted by the beauty of the spot one man said, "If I ever leave Baltimore Town, I shall come here to build my home. No fairer spot have I seen on this journey."

"Nor likely to see again," said another.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Some time after, on one clear morning, strange things were happening in this woods. A man and his son had appeared here one day not long before, tied their horses and looked about for a spot on which to erect a cabin. "Here, father," said one, "is a nice knoll. Can't we build our house here?"

"Yes, son," replied Mr. Beacham, for it was he who had said to his roadside friends, "Here will I build my home, here will I stay."

Father and sons worked here many days, cutting down trees and at last the log cabin was built. When it was ready Mrs. Beacham and some smaller children came to live here. This was about 1770, five years before the Revolutionary War. The original house is still standing, an old landmark in the village of Pikesville.

Here the Beacham family lived quietly and happily. After a time another family settled in the same neighborhood, though some distance away. They, too, built their house by the roadside. A few others came out in the wilderness as time went

on, but as late as 1813 there were only six or seven houses scattered along the pike.

HOW THE VILLAGE RECEIVED ITS NAME.

West of the Beacham home was a very large tract known as the Sudbrook estate, owned by a Dr. Smith. It is now the McHenry farm. Dr. Smith had a dear friend who was fighting in the War of 1812, the second war with England, whose name was Brigadier General Pike. At the storming of New York, now the city of Toronto, Georgia, Pike was killed, April 27th, 1813. Dr. Smith was much grieved at the loss of his friend, and wishing to honor him, proposed the name of Pikesville for the little village, so the village was named after a brave gentleman who gave his life for his country.

A SLEEPY VILLAGE.

Pikesville did not grow very fast, although no pleasanter spot for a home could be found. It was a sleepy little community, quite content to spend the days in peaceful rest. Mr. Walker, of Baltimore, owned a large estate east of the village, and deciding to buy a tract of land known as the Geissendaffer estate, he cut out an avenue through the center of the property and called it Walker avenue. He did more than this; he laid off the land into building lots, for in his mind's eye he saw a fair little village springing up in this fair spot. Strange to relate, this is just what happened. The village grew slowly, but it grew surely.

Many people traveled along this road in those days on their way from Baltimore to York. Very often they spent the night and rested their horses at Pikesville. It is surprising how many roadhouses and taverns were scattered along the route of travel, but horses as well as travelers needed rest. So, in 1794, a large brick building was built known as the "Old Burnt House" Tavern. Men of the village gathered here to hear the news of the outside world. Can't you see them sitting around the door under the big oak trees, chairs tilted back, or swinging idly on some discarded box, listening to the gossip of the town eight miles away, or the happenings on Soldiers Delight Hundred or at Joppa, the county seat? This old building is now the home of the "Shut-in-Society."

In 1819 the sleepy old town became a military post, the United States arsenal being established here. Many years later, when a number of men who had fought in the hard battles of the

Civil war—(you will hear all about it sometime)—needed a home, and the United States made the arsenal into a home, calling it the “Confederate Soldiers’ Home.” Some day we will visit there, for there are many interesting relics of other days to be seen, and the old soldiers have interesting stories to tell.

You would expect this quiet town to be a village of churches. Many of the villagers attended St. Thomas’ in the Valley, others went to Baltimore Town.

Very early in the history of the little village, the people felt the need of a church close at home. The first church here was the Nettam Baptist Church, a little stone church built in 1834. Then the Roman Catholics wanted a church and established one in 1848. Later James A. McHenry gave the Presbyterians a small piece of land upon which to build a church which they called Sudbrook Presbyterian Church, after the estate of this name. This was built in 1868. The Episcopalians found it a long way to go to their church, and they bought this from the Presbyterians in 1876, and called it St. Marks. Some Methodists found that they were far from their church, so they built a little stone church for themselves in the village in 1875, and called it “Ames Chapel.” Twenty years later the Southern Methodists built a church at Sudbrook, not so far away.

As we look about the village today we find a bank, four general stores, one coal and wood yard, one saloon, one school, one volunteer fire company and a telephone exchange, many churches and many residences which give the place the air of prosperous ease and comfort and noticeable from the first. No factory whistles call the men to work, no chimneys send out smoke to taint the air, yet every man is busy. Almost all the men in Pikesville have trades. Many of them work outside the town on the fine farms of the neighborhood. There are carpenters, paper-hangers, painters and plumbers who help us in our village house-keeping. Besides these there are seven storekeepers, four doctors, several florists, a shoemaker and a blacksmith.

An electric line passes through the village, the Western Maryland Railroad touches it on its western border, and the Westminster jitney does a thriving business while automobiles find the nearby roads most attractive.

Adapted, Isabel Disney.

Pikesville, 1770.

I. HISTORIC BUILDINGS.

1. Name—Old Beacham Homestead.

Date—1770.

Historic significance: The first house erected in Pikesville. It is built in the style known in colonial days as a "double cabin," consisting of two sections, or cabins, some ten or twelve feet apart and connected by the roof, which extended across the open space between.

Location—A part of this old house is still standing. It faces the Old Court road about one hundred yards northeast of the Reisterstown road.

2. Name—Old Burnt House Tavern, now called the Old Sudbrook House.

Date—1794.

Historic significance: Used as a tavern by a Mr. Richardson. A number of years later it burnt out, hence its name. It now belongs to the McHenry estate and is loaned by one of the heirs, Mrs. R. Brent Keyser, to the Maryland Branch of the Shut-in-Society for a fresh air or a holiday home for its pensioners.

3. Name—The United States Arsenal now the Confederate Soldiers' Home.

Date—1816.

Historic significance: Erected by the United States Government as a place for storing military supplies for use of forces operating in the vicinity of Baltimore. It was abandoned as a military post in 1880 and turned over by our Federal Government to the State of Maryland. No use was made of it by the State until in 1888, when it was given up for the use of a home for the Confederate soldiers.

The old powder magazine, built in 1816, still stands on the same grounds.

4. Name—Old Fort Garrison.

Date—1693.

Historic significance: Used for defense against Indians and in French and Indian war.

Location: On the Moore estate.

II. HISTORIC SITES.

1. The Matthai Farm.

Entrance to this is old and artistic; located directly on the Reisterstown road. Built long before the Civil War. Back of

the entrance is the old mansion built during the Civil War. At one side can be seen the old slave quarters, built in 1733, and used as a lodging for the plantation slaves. To the front is a tree of immense size. Near this tree is where Harry Gilmor was captured while making raids through the country. He was arrested as a Confederate spy.

2. The old Sudbrook estate.

This was originally owned by Dr. James Smith, now owned by the heirs of Howard McHenry. The home on this property is famous in history during the Civil War. The only spot not owned by the McHenry's is an old tomb. This is where Colonel Johnson, a young officer who fought in the Revolution, is buried. The date on the tomb is September 1797. Just back of this tomb is an old vault where the Southern mail was hidden during the Civil War.

3. Grey Rock Farm.

Originally owned by the famous Howard family. It is said that John Eager Howard was buried in the little graveyard on this farm.

4. Indian Hill.

So named because it is supposed that Indians lived here. This is believed because some of the Indians' fighting implements have been found here. Located in the southeastern part of the village.

III. CHURCHES.

1. Old Nettam Baptist Church.

Date of building 1834, said to be the oldest church in Pikesville. First pastor, Joseph Nettam, from Chesterfield, England. Location, Old Court road.

2. Stone Chapel M. E. Church.

Date of building, 1786. One of the oldest Methodist churches in the country. Located upon a site that was once occupied by a college. Location, about two miles northeast of the village of Pikesville.

3. St. Thomas' Episcopal Church.

Date of building, 1743. It was first known as a "chapel of ease for the forest inhabitants." In 1745 Lord Baltimore made Thomas Cradock the first rector. In 1755, after the defeat of Braddock at Pittsburgh, large parties of Indians passed near St. Thomas' Church plundering and murdering. The men of the congregation carried their guns to church with them. Later

on Mr. Cradock opened a school for young men here, and among his pupils were some of Maryland's oldest and best families. Location, some distance above Pikesville on the old pike.

IV. SCHOOLS.

1. Name, Pikesville School. First school house in 1829. Historic significance: Erected by Dr. James Smith, founder of the village. The first school master was a Mr. Colley, who died way back in the '40's. Location, Old Court road, adjoining the old Nettam Baptist Church.

2. The second school house was built in 1859. First teacher was a nephew of the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

The third school building was erected on the site given by the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers and adjoins the old United States Arsenal.

Ella L. Smith.

THE McHENRY HOME.

The old McHenry homestead lies just to the west of Pikesville. The estate originally consisted of more than a thousand acres, but it could not be called a plantation. Nor could the house really be called a manor house, because it was built after colonial times, and in rather a different style. The whole place figured in Civil War times rather than in Revolutionary. About the year 1860, Mr. McHenry decided to enlarge his home. He wished to have this added portion of stone, and four stories high. By the time the plans were fully decided upon the war was raging, and an event occurred which prevented Mr. McHenry from carrying out his plans as he wished. The whole family were staunch sympathizers with the South. Miss Cary, a sister of Mrs. McHenry, made her home with them. She was accused of committing several acts which deliberately violated the strict military regulations then in force. One of these had to do with carrying a flag through the Union lines. To avoid the trouble which was threatening, Mr. McHenry, taking his family and Miss Cary, went to Europe until the affair was somewhat forgotten. The house was under way when they started, and was completed as soon as possible. Consequently, it consisted of two stories instead of four. In 1904 this stone part, which contained about forty rooms, burned, while the older frame part was uninjured. It is still standing—a delightful, rambling old place, with its handmade doors and old English

kitchen finished in brick. The McHenry family has not lived on the place for nearly twenty years, but they have not lost their fondness for it.

It is historically significant as one of the relay stations in the underground mail system which the South maintained during the war. The mail was often kept here for several days at a time, while an exchange of carriers was made or while the carrier arranged his disguise. One carrier who died only a few years ago, was fond of telling how he disguised once as a veterinarian, and at another time as a peddler. The hiding place for the mail was a secret vault in the stone wall of one of the old buildings. This vault was opened from the cellar. The walls of this building fell in some years ago, but the stone foundation remains. The Northerners knew that the mail was kept somewhere on the place, and soldiers were frequently sent to search for it. They never found it, however. They always believed it was hidden in a dry cistern in the cellar of the McHenry home, and several searches were instituted. At one time, we are told, three soldiers came, entered the house and proceeded to the cellar, followed by Miss Cary and other members of the family. The story runs that Miss Cary, very much enraged, insisted on pushing down into this cistern the man who stood on guard while the other two were searching below. Her plan was to tightly cover the cistern then in order to prevent the men from escaping. It is said that a good deal of persuasion was necessary in order to dissuade her from doing as she wished.

A few hundred yards from the house is one spot on the estate which does not really belong to the McHenry family. This is an old private burying ground of the Johnston family of Baltimore County. Today it is an overgrown mass of gum trees, honey-suckle, mock-oranges and myrtle. One stone remains, which was broken a few years ago when a tree fell across it, but which was immediately restored. It consists of an oblong stone an inch or so thick, and about the size of an ordinary library table. It rests horizontally on four supports, about fifteen inches from the ground. It contains these words:

"In memory of Captain Caecilius Johnston son of Thomas and Anne Johnson of Baltimore County, who departed this life September 26th, 1797, aged 26 years and 11 months.'

Margaret F. Coe.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

1812.

The Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, of Pikesville, was owned and occupied by the United States Government as an arsenal many years ago.

Shortly after the close of the second war between the United States and England, the War of 1812, our Government, fearing another war, decided to erect suitable places for the manufacture and storage of military supplies. Among the sites selected for such a post was Pikesville, then a hamlet of about a dozen houses, but its situation being on one of the main turnpikes made it a desirable location. A piece of land, adjoining the village on the southeast, was purchased by the Government from Dr. James Smith of Sudbrook.

The site contained between fourteen and fifteen acres, for which \$895.00 was paid. Dr. Smith may be termed the founder of Pikesville as he owned at that time three-fourths of the land upon which the village is situated and also gave to it its name, "Pikesville," in honor of the brave General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who was killed at the storming of Little York, Canada, April 27, 1813.

The purchase was made in the year 1816, and the erection of the building was commenced. In about two years the work was finished and opened as a Government post, with Lieutenant Nehemiah Baden as its first commandant.

Dances and picnics were held in the old arsenal and were attended by the aristocracy of the neighborhood.

Captain Baden was succeeded by many officers. Colonel Hughes, who was a native of South Carolina, was the commandant from 1856 to 1861. He resigned his commission in the regular army and entered the service of the Confederacy at the beginning of the Civil War.

At the commencement of the Civil War the arsenal was seized by the "Garrison Forest Rangers," commanded by Captain Wilson C. Nicholas, a local company in sympathy with the South. They were driven out by the Federal forces, who were ordered to take possession of the arsenal. During the war the post was occupied by regiments from Wisconsin, Indiana, Philadelphia, the First and Second Maryland, and others.

In 1878 Congress passed an act authorizing the gift of the entire property to the State of Maryland for the use of the State

militia, provided the property be accepted before March 1, 1880.

The Legislature of Maryland was asked to convey the property known as the Pikesville Arsenal to the Association of the Maryland Line, for the establishment of a soldiers' home for the Confederates in the State of Maryland.

The bill was passed in February, 1888, and the property was transferred to the association and also an appropriation of \$5,000 per year for the repair and support of the home.

OPENING OF THE HOME.

At the time of transfer the entire group of buildings was in need of a thorough repair. Work was commenced in April, 1888, and in June the opening and dedication were held.

It was determined from the first to make the institution a home for those who sought its protecting care. This view has been held in the furnishing of the rooms and the rules enacted for the government of the inmates.

The separate buildings have been named for distinguished Maryland Confederate soldiers and sailors and the rooms have been furnished as memorials by friends and relatives of some loved one who gave his life for the cause.

Each room is furnished in a neat and attractive manner. The name of each room is placed over the door, so it can be seen at a glance.

Perhaps the most interesting point in the home is found in the Relic Hall, a large room on the first floor of the Trimble Building. Here are gathered together many things that once belonged to the heroes who wore the gray.

The Home has filled its purpose in providing for the wants of those who wore the gray and followed the stars and bars through the battle cloud.

The inmates wear their gray uniform and slouch hats, and every one of them, even to the crippled, has some daily task, according to his strength. The work is all detailed and every department has its squad. Whatever the service required of the old soldiers it is willingly done, and the Home always looks neat and the inmates are contented with their lot.

The Home is a delightful place to visit and visitors are always welcomed by the old soldiers, whose delight it is to entertain their friends with stories of the brave deeds in which they took part in the days long passed.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

Grandfather sat in his armchair and looked away across the country. At his feet were the homes of the suburbanites—tiny toy houses in little square lots; to the east, across the lovely rolling country, lay the fertile fields of well-kept, thriving farms, while farther still to the south, a fairy city on the horizon, lay Baltimore Town with its harbor of white-sailed ships.

It was very still. Grandfather's home stood so high on the long hill that a car whizzing along far down on the road sent up only a faint singing sound to the ears, and the "honk honk" of a machine sounded no louder than the croaking of a marsh frog.

Clang! Rattle! Bang! musket and sword rounded the corner, and a soldier in full uniform bounded up the steps, and ran full tilt on the porch. Grandfather started, but did not seem alarmed. You see, the soldier was very small, eight years old, and short for that, but there was no mistake about his profession. A sword hung at his side, a gun pointed across his shoulder, and a trumpet was slung on his back.

"Oh, grandfather," he panted, "I have just escaped. The Yankees nearly got me."

"Well, well, Captain Brant, a good run is better than a bad stand. But sit down, you look warm and tired, and a little rest will do you good."

"Those Yankees are fast runners," continued the young captain, stacking his sword and gun against the railing of the porch, and taking a seat with great dignity. "How about the time you ran away: Tell me about it, won't you, grandfather?"

"Ha! Ha! that was a fine getaway, to be sure," exclaimed the old man. "Let me see! It was in May, 1861—I had graduated from the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and studied two years at the Columbia College of Medicine, fully intending to be a doctor. My, what a bean pole I was—six feet tall and only weighed 121 pounds."

"But the story, grandfather, the story!"

"Yes, yes, Captain! It was on my birthday, on the twentieth of May, that I left home to join the army. I had been north to the Pennsylvania line, trying to keep the Yankees from coming through Maryland. I was at home again, however, helping father in the fields, when I heard that men were coming to arrest me for burning bridges. I decided to go south at once, and really get into the fight. I can see mother now, standing at the back

door of the old home. Ah, it burned down twenty-three years ago. I said: 'Mother, I am going south—good-by!' and I kissed her. She thought I was fooling, and did not answer."

"Did you ask your father?" said Brant.

"Oh, no," chuckled the old gentleman. "He would have said that I couldn't go." Brant chuckled, too.

"Well, did you walk?" he next inquired.

"No indeed! I rode my horse, and took my gun with me. Mother thought I was going to see the Burgan boys, and I rode slowly down the road."

"Slowly? When the Yankees were after you?"

"Of course. If I had gone fast, people could have said that they had seen a man running away, and I would have been caught. Well, after hard riding, I reached Frederickstown at noon, and from there rode to Harper's Ferry. As I rode along the bank of the river in the direction of the bridge, I saw about fifty men in uniform riding down the two paths towards me. I could not go forward, and I would not go back—there was but one chance, and I took it. I made my horse swim across the river. The Yankees saw me, and began to shoot," the white head ducked involuntarily, "but I got into the water, and held on to the horse's tail, until I reached the shore. Here I was within the Southern lines and safe, so I went to Shepherdstown."

Brant laughed. "You fooled the Yankees that time all right. But didn't they go to your home for you?"

"They did indeed, and that was a joke. When they came they asked for Mr. Thomas Gatch. 'He is at Towson,' said father, never thinking of me. So to Towson they went, only to find my Uncle Thomas, a blind man, and they couldn't take him, for as he said, how could a blind man fight in an army and burn bridges."

Brant nodded his dark head in grave satisfaction. "And so you got away."

"Yes. I went to Romney, and was made captain of forty men."

"And had a fight?"

"My first battle was at Greenstown. I fought with a hatchet, but the Yankees had long range guns, and we soon fell back. They killed the brother of our commander that day. Then we fought at Romney, West Virginia; at Charleston, at the battle of Bulwer Heights and at Manassah."

"Did you camp out at night, or sleep in tents?"

"We camped mostly without tents. Once I was on picket duty in the Alleghanies from Sunday to Thursday, with snow on the ground and nothing to eat but hickory nuts. Cold? I should say so. Some of Stonewall Jackson's men, who came from Georgia and had never seen snow before, froze to death."

Brant sighed. "It's a wonder you lived to be my grandfather," he said.

"Laddie," answered the old man, his blue eyes alight with the fire of memory, "I was a very weak boy when I went into the war. I had been sickly all my life. But I came out a strong man, and I have never been sick a day since."

"When I grow up I shall be a soldier," said Brant.

"Then you had better come to supper and grow fast," came from a voice behind them, and the two brave soldiers turned to find grandmother standing on the porch and laughing at them.

Carolyn Oycman.

COLONEL JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

About one and one-half miles north of Pikesville lies an estate known as "Grey Rock." It is of interest to us because many years ago "Grey Rock," originally known as "Howard's Square," belonged to Joshua Howard, the grandfather of one who has written his name on the pages of our national, state and local history—General John Eager Howard.

Joshua Howard, the first of the name to settle in Maryland, received a tract of land granted by the crown in 1698, under the name of "Howard's Square."

Joshua Howard left his father's house, near Manchester, England, "when very young," without permission and joined the army of the Duke of York (afterward James II), during the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and then emigrated to America, rather than return home to face his father's displeasure.

He married in this country Joanna O'Carroll, whose father emigrated from Ireland. Joshua Howard died in 1768, and his son Cornelius married Ruth Eager and inherited "Howard Square," and his wife was sole heiress of the Eager property in Baltimore Town. Mr. Howard obtained large tracts of land in the country, consolidating the tracts under a larger grant called "Roslyn."

Mr. Howard was greatly interested in the growth of Baltimore Town, adding to it in 1765 that part south of Saratoga

street, between Forest (now Charles street) and Liberty, including Conway and Barre streets. He also made a survey of the town.

An old diary says that in 1812, an old house which belonged to him stood opposite Hanover Market, and his barns and stables covered the site of the market. When a number of French Acadians found refuge in the town during the French and Indian war, he allowed them to sleep in his barnyard, which they covered with hay and straw.

John Eager Howard, the second son of Cornelius Howard and Ruth Eager, was born June 4, 1752, on the old estate of his grandfather, Joshua.

He was a man of few words, and seldom spoke of his family or descent; but he once said to his own son George that none of the Howard families in Maryland were related to his own. A framed coat-of-arms, painted upon copper, and inscribed, "Howard, Earl of Arundel," hung over the desk in his private office, however, showing that he had some pride of descent.

John Eager Howard had no profession. He adopted that of military life, and when the colonies rebelled against English rule, flying camps of militia were formed in Maryland and he accepted the office of captain in one of these, under Colonel I. Carvel Hall, a commission dependent upon his ability to recruit thirty men. He raised the company in two days and joined the army. He served until the militia was replaced by regular troops which Congress required each state to furnish.

Captain Howard was appointed major in one of the seven Maryland regiments. Two years later he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the Fifth, and finally succeeded to the command of the Second Maryland, Continental Line.

At the battle of Germantown, while major of the Fourth Maryland Infantry, he showed the cool courage for which he was ever after distinguished. Colonel Hall was disabled and Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Smith, having been detached to Fort Mifflin, the command devolved upon Major Howard, and well did he perform his duty. Major Howard is related to have "pursued them through their encampment; passing with his regiment amidst their tents, and advancing about a quarter of a mile further towards the main body of the British army, where they took position until the unsuccessful attack upon Chew's house caused a retreat."

Colonel Howard took part in the fight at Monmouth, in 1778, and remained with the army until the Maryland and Delaware troops were sent south to the relief of Charleston, South Carolina.

Before going South, Colonel Howard stopped in Baltimore to arrange his personal affairs, because, as he afterwards said, "our march southward seemed to be a forlorn hope, and my return very uncertain." He sold some property and left fifty "half joes" in the hands of a friend, in case of his being taken prisoner. He also offered his property near Baltimore, called "Lunn's Lot," for sale, at the sum of \$506. The offer was not accepted and Lunn's Lot is now covered by the streets and modern buildings of Baltimore, and the value is reckoned in millions instead of \$506. It was during the southern campaign that Colonel Howard achieved his greatest success.

During the retreat of the American army at the battle of Camden, Colonel Howard succeeded in keeping a few of his men together, and being joined occasionally by other officers and men, reached Charlotte, about sixty miles distant, three days after the fight. When asked what he and his men found to eat during those three days, he answered briefly, "Some peaches."

At the battle of Cowpens Colonel Howard won the title of "The Hero of Cowpens." In this brilliant action at one time he held the swords of seven British officers who surrendered to him personally. He also rescued the British General O'Hara, who clung to his stirrup asking protection from the enraged soldiers.

The effect of this victory was felt throughout the country. Congress voted medals to General Morgan and Colonel Howard and William Washington.

In the engagement at Guilford Court House, Howard was again in the thickest of the fight, and the old Maryland regiment threw themselves upon the enemy, driving them headlong from the field.

At Eutaw Springs, Howard and the brave Marylanders again distinguished themselves. Of this engagement Colonel Howard wrote, "Nearly one-half of my men were killed and wounded, and I had seven officers out of twelve disabled.

Colonel Howard was wounded at the battle of Eutaw by a ball which passed through his left shoulder blade. It was so long before this wound was dressed that the surgeon told the

attendant to watch him closely during the night, lest the wound should bleed afresh, as in that event the patient would die, if not immediately attended to.

In the morning the Colonel surprised the surgeon by telling him that he had overheard his instructions and had decided to remain awake himself.

After receiving this wound he was furloughed home and was ill nearly a year at the residence of his friend, Dr. Thomas Cradock.

At the close of the Revolution, Colonel Howard returned home, and like Washington, never received any pay for his services.

He inherited from his father the fine estate of Belvedere, and built there a fine mansion, which was torn down years ago to make room for the extension of North Calvert street.

Howard's Park was indeed a princely estate, including all that portion of Baltimore extending from Jones' Falls on the east to Eutaw street on the west, and from Pratt street to the northern limits of the city. This tract now includes all the most beautiful streets of Baltimore.

Colonel Howard married Miss Margaret Chew, daughter of Chief Justice Benjamin Chew, of Pennsylvania. Their home soon became the center of attraction for the residents of Baltimore, and was the scene of many gay social events. When Lafayette paid his last visit to this country, he was honored with a splendid entertainment by the Howards, which was one of the most brilliant given him while in America.

Colonel Howard was governor of Maryland from 1788 to 1791. He was also United States Senator for a number of years.

In the War of 1812, when the British were threatening Baltimore, Colonel Howard was a member of the committee of vigilance and safety. One of the members suggested that it would be well to capitulate and save the city from destruction. The Colonel's answer was worthy the hero he had proved himself: "I have, I believe, as much property in the city as any of the committee, and I have four sons in the field, but sooner would I see my sons in their graves, and my property in ashes than listen to any suggestion of capitulation."

After the death of his wife, his health began to fail, and after a short illness, he died, October 12, 1827. He left to his children a handsome estate, and to his fellow-citizens a beloved memory and an honored name. His funeral was attended by all

classes of people, including President John Quincy Adams, and all the high officials of the state and nation, who came to pay this last tribute of respect.

Colonel Howard is buried in the old St. Paul's graveyard, in Baltimore City. In Baltimore are many public buildings, churches, squares and streets for which he gave the ground; and any effort to remove any old market, engine-house or graveyard, to use the valuable ground for other purposes than it was donated, has been prevented by the expressed will of the donor, "that in the event of any change from the purpose of the gift, the ground was to return to his descendants."

Benjamin C. Howard, who married Jane Gilmor, was the third son of Colonel Howard. He was for several years a member of Congress from Maryland, afterwards a reporter for the United States Supreme Court.

His county seat was "Roslyn," an estate lying about a mile west of Pikesville, the private entrance opening upon that part of the Old Court road, now called Naylor's Lane, the country road leading from Pikesville to the Western Maryland Railroad.

Mr. Howard commanded the esteem of his neighbors, rich and poor alike. It was his personal influence with Colonel Harry Gilmor, his nephew, that prevented the latter from destroying the United States Arsenal (now the Confederate Home), in Pikesville, which was occupied by troops, when he made his raid into the village, on the 11th of July, 1864.

Mr. Howard told Colonel Gilmor that the larger part of the residents of the village were Southern sympathizers and the Union force would retaliate by destroying the village.

Nellye M. Gorsuch.

COLONEL JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

A Story.

"A few drops of blood; that is a small thing to give," said the old man jokingly as he bared his arm to the lancet. And the physician smiled, remembering what John Eager Howard had offered of his life's blood in the years gone by.

"Yes," said the doctor, "back of this insignificant spilling of blood is the old wound you took as your share from the battle of Germantown."

And after the bleeding, as he lay there in the stillness of his room at Belvedere, his mind went traveling back through all the long years.

He saw a little frame house on a wide stretch of farm land—the old home of the Howards near Pikesville. In the great family Bible he had read, “Born June 4, 1752, John Eager Howard,” with the names of two brothers and two sisters. Those dear childhood days, how sweet the memory of them.

Then he remembered himself as a tall young man going to join the American Army as captain in a regiment made up of men from Baltimore and Harford Counties. Ah, the days of battle and of victories won! He thought not of defeats.

There was the battle of Germantown, when the call came to him to take the sick colonel’s command and lead the men in the thickest of the fight.

He remembered his liking for meeting the enemy in bayonet charges. Cowpens, Guilford, Eutaw, he lived through them all again. He could hear Morgan saying to him at Cowpens, where he had charged without orders, “You have done well, for you are successful; had you failed, I would have shot you.”

From this war of his youthful days his mind leaped to the War of 1812, that came when he was too old to enlist, but he had sent four sons instead.

He remembered his indignation when some property-holders of Baltimore had proposed to yield when the city had been threatened. He had said, “I have as much property at stake as most persons, and I have four sons in the field; but sooner would I see my sons weltering in their blood, and my property in ashes than so far disgrace the country.”

Yes, he had been a soldier, through and through, yet he remembered other days, when the people of his state had chosen him as governor for three successive years, and later (he had served in the State Senate as their representative in the Senate). Then he had been elected United States senator. He had served his country in peace as in war.

He remembered his relations with George Washington, and how he had offered him a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of War.

In all these honors of state he cherished the love of his friends,—*honor* with *love*.

But, woven into the fabric of all this dream of service to his country, was the *warp* that made it possible and now the memory of home became again both warp and woof.

He thought of the beginning of his beloved Belvedere, the vast estate with its mansion shaded by grand old trees, not so

large now, for he had given much of it for the improvement of Baltimore, and in other ways.

He had laid off a spacious lot for a public market—Lexington Market; had given ground for a court house, for the rectory of the old St. Paul's, and for Washington's Monument. But he begrudged none of it and neither did his children, who were as open-hearted as he.

He smiled as he remembered the stage coach journeys, in the days of his youth, from Baltimore to Philadelphia to see Margaret Chew. He thought of the journey they took together with Belvedere at the end of it; and the years that followed, when the rooms were filled with music of young lives and hearts.

And what a genial hostess Margaret proved to be in those days when "hospitality was part of the religion of wealth."

The guests had come from near and far to Belvedere. Among them he remembered Lafayette, a few years before, in his second visit to America. That was the year before Margaret died, in 1824. She had gone ahead of him, the silver-haired Margaret. "I'm looking forward to another journey," he whispered softly, "to see Margaret Chew."

Lilla Conrey.

THE McDONOGH INSTITUTE AND FARM SCHOOL.

Situated on a high knoll commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country are the attractive buildings of the McDonogh Institute and Farm School. The farm lies about one-half mile west of McDonogh Station on the Western Maryland Railroad and near the upper waters of Gwynns Falls.

The founder of this school, John McDonogh, was a poor boy of Baltimore, who went to New Orleans, accumulated a fortune in real estate and then planned to devote it to the education of poor orphan boys. Twelve years before his death he made a will, dividing his fortune of two millions equally between the two cities, Baltimore and New Orleans. He also indicated the type of education desired for those boys who could avail themselves of this opportunity which he offered. Those who may profit by this gift to the city are, first: Baltimore city boys; then those of the State; then those outside of the State. The entire expense of maintenance and education is borne by the school, and great care is exercised to find the really worthy.

Poor orphan boys of good health and character, between the ages of twelve and fourteen may become applicants, but only

those who pass creditably a competitive examination are appointed. Even after the first year's appointment, each boy makes a yearly application to the trustees for re-appointment, where he may remain until sixteen. Many ambitious boys secure scholarships which afford them the opportunity to remain an additional year. There are strict rules to be observed by one and all. A boy may be dropped at any time if his influence is detrimental to the welfare of the school.

Here is a letter from one of the boys which will tell you something of the life at McDonogh:

My Dear Aunt Nell:

I am enjoying the work here at McDonogh School very much. We have classes in English, Geography, History, Arithmetic and Spelling. Some of the boys are planning to take the business course here at the school and hope to go into business as soon as they leave. I am trying very hard to stand well in each study, as I want to go to college some day. Professor Lyle tells me that I can do it, and I am sure I can make my own way through college by doing some work of some kind. You know, Aunt Nell, I am not afraid to work, and we have to work here, too. Each day we have some farm work to do as well as classroom study. I like the work in the open air. Then there is always something interesting going on in the barn yard among the chickens, pigs, ducks and calves. I never thought I would learn to feed the calves, but I have trained a fine little bossie to drink.

You never saw such a program as we have to follow each day. Every hour, yes, every minute of the day is planned from the time we get up in the morning until we go to bed. We have a time to work and a time to play, for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so they think here at McDonogh. There is the military drill, which the boys like. You know we wear a khaki suit, and I heard some visitors say the other day that we made first-rate looking soldiers. But that's not all, we have a basket-ball team, a football team, a baseball team, and many of the boys play tennis, soccer and other games. I am working like a Turk to get on the baseball team, but I don't know that I will ever make it.

You know, Aunt Nell, that I can't come home in the summer except for a very short time. There will be no lessons then, but there will be garden work and farm work to do. I do not know what will be my summer work, but I hope it will be something that I can do well. I hope it won't be weeding onions, but that will just be my luck. But never mind, weeding can't last forever.

It is time for drill now, so good-by.

Your loving nephew,

TOM.

A second letter from Tom tells us of the holidays and special days of the school.

Dear Aunt Nell.

Of course you read in the catalog just when and how long each holiday time would be, but when it really comes to you it seems different somehow. I thought the two weeks at Christmas time the nicest vacation I ever had, but when Sam Hines asked me to spend the Easter Sunday and Monday with him, I had such a good time that I wished the holidays were longer. Did you know that the length of a McDonogh boy's summer holiday depends upon his conduct and standing of the year? Well, I haven't forgotten this, and I have worked hard to earn my holiday with you and Uncle Jim. I never was so happy in my life, I think, as when the list of those who earned a month's holiday was read and my name was among them. Now I can help Uncle Jim in the store, and maybe we can find time to go fishing in the Chesapeake.

Visiting day is a great day here at McDonogh. There are two of them, one in October and one in April. Don't you remember when you came up here with me how many homesick boys there were? Well, we get over that before April comes. So when you come again you will find a smiling crowd, with not a single sad-faced Tom among them.

Did I ever tell you about Walnut Day? It comes in October, when the nuts are ripe. The boys travel in parties, the younger in company with the older, sometimes walking for miles through the country looking for walnuts. We carry our lunch, and at noon we stop

for camp just as a company of soldiers would do. This is a jolly occasion for "nutting days are the best days of all the year." As we march along, we give our school yell, and from over the hills comes the echoes of "Mc-Mc-Don-O-oo! I tell you the neighbors must think we are wild, for we whoop like Indians."

There is another day which is kept with a good deal of ceremony. That is "Founder's Day," which occurs every year on Friday before commencement. It was established the first year of the school, and has been continued ever since. On this day all the pupils take the train to Baltimore, where they go to decorate the grave of John McDonogh, the founder, who lies buried in Greenmount Cemetery. They also decorate the graves of Dr. Barnum, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Waring in Greenmount; Mr. Allen's in Tagart Chapel and Mr. Tagart's and Mrs. Young's in St. Thomas' churchyard.

Will you come to see us march solemnly to Greenmount? If you will wave your handkerchief to your McDonogh boy you will see a big broad smile, from

Your lovinig nephew,

TOM.

McDonogh School has been the recipient of several bequests. In 1881, Dr. Barnum left his entire fortune for supporting classes in manual training in connection with the school. Through his beneficence a printing office has been in operation since 1883. Now a number of boys are taught to set up type and to do press work. In the office a small weekly paper called "The Week," is published, all the work on which is done by the boys. They also print the catalogues of the school, the yearly report of the trustees and whatever other printing is needed. There is also a Barnum wood shop, equipped with modern motor-driven wood-working machinery.

In 1892 a Mr. Samuel H. Tagart left the school another large bequest. A chapel, known as the Tagart Memorial Chapel, has been erected near the main building in his memory. Two rooms in the main building of the institute have been fitted up as memorial rooms with suites of Tagart furniture—one a drawing room, the other a bedroom. In the chapel a number of marble tablets have been put up in memory of those who have aided

the school in some way, either by bequests, or as teacher or trustee. There is also a memorial window in memory of Mrs. Young, the first matron of the school. When the chapel was built, at the request of Mrs. Allen, the remains of her husband were removed from St. Thomas churchyard, and placed in the chapel. A beautiful chime of bells has been placed in the tower of the chapel by Mr. German H. Hunt, Jr., in memory of his father.

The school is undenominational, but the rector of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church is chaplain. Prominent ministers from Baltimore often speak to the boys at the Sunday services.

At the commencement in June, 1916, announcement was made that the trustees of McDonogh had arranged to deed to the trustees of the Jane Bay fund, one acre of ground where the Oliver Mansion and shops (which were recently burned), had stood, upon which the Jane Bay trustees will erect a two hundred and forty thousand dollar building. The boys who attend here are to be known as the Jane Bay boys, and there is to be an interchange of rights and privileges between them and the McDonogh boys. The Jane Bay boys are to be taught by the McDonogh teachers.

Through the generosity of friends a number of valuable prizes, such as silver cups, money, watch and chain, flags and medals are given yearly to the pupils for success in different studies.

The McDonogh School was first opened in 1873, with twenty-one scholars. It will now accommodate one hundred and fifty in the buildings which were on the farm at the time of its purchase. The permanent buildings of the institution were begun in 1881, and completed a few years later. Mr. William Allen, whose remains rest in Memorial Chapel, was principal of the school from the time of its opening in 1873 until his death at the McDonogh in 1889.

The graduates of the school are much sought after for positions of trust, and many of them have become highly successful in different walk of life.

Adapted, E. Florence Mallonee.

TRAVEL ON THE TURNPIKE.

If I were to ask you what you see on the pike as you walk back and forth to school, you would say first of all, automobiles, motorcycles, the auto-bus, and then, horses, buggies, carriages,

farm wagons, and sometimes droves of cattles, or mules. But if I were to ask your grandfather what he saw when he was a little boy, I would have a different story.

In those days there were no automobiles and very few railroads in our country, and the railroad which we see just outside our school yard was not there. Most of the people in this community for many miles around were farmers, just as they are now, and sold and exchanged their products at the market in much the same way. Now the only market for the people of Maryland and southern Pennsylvania as well, was Baltimore, and the road on which we travel every day was the chief thoroughfare. Since the only means of transportation was by horses and wagons, this road was paved for the purpose. It connected the Pennsylvania town of Hanover with the Maryland town of Baltimore, a distance of about forty-five miles, and was called the Baltimore and Hanover turnpike."

Every day along this pike passed many farm wagons with their loads of hay, grains, vegetables, fruits, butter, eggs, poultry, and, in fact, every kind of farm product. Quite a picture they made, this long line of high-topped white covered wagons, drawn by six, four or eight slow-moving horses, as they made their way over the hills to dispose of their products. Then, too, there were droves of cattle, sheep, mules, horses, and even droves of turkeys which had to take the long journey on foot.

The people who traveled in those days were also compelled to go in slow-moving wagons, or stage coaches, as they were called. These stages were built to carry twenty or twenty-five passengers just as our auto-bus does at the present time. They, however, were drawn by four or six horses and made two trips each week. You may easily imagine how tired these people became on this long journey, for the horses could not go fast, the roads were not always smooth, and there were no soft-cushioned seats to relieve the jarring over the stones.

Of course, this trip of forty-five miles could not be made in one day; it was really a two days' journey, and the little village of Fowlesburg marks the half-way point, hence, the end of the first day's journey. Houses, called taverns, were prepared to accommodate, not only the people of the stage coaches, but the farmers who drove the wagons or the cattle; and to provide shelter for the horses and other animals. One of these taverns, the "Blueball," stood where Mr. Fringer's house now stands, the

barn just across the road sheltered the horses, and the cattle, sheep or turkeys found a resting place in the closed fields nearby.

As traffic increased, the house now occupied by Mr. Fowble was also used to accommodate the travelers. These people enjoyed the evening of rest by telling the adventures of their journeys, "spinning yarns," and in various other ways, in spite of the fact that the beds were not always comfortable, the rooms crowded, and some of the men sometimes compelled to sleep upon the floor. For, as you can imagine, taverns in those days were not furnished to accommodate strangers as are hotels at the present time.

Along the pike at certain distances were toll-gates, where all travelers had to pay toll in order to help defray the expense of repairing the road. One of these toll-gates stood at the house where Mr. Fowler now lives, and was kept by a Mr. Fowble, who was also the owner of the last named tavern. This Mr. Fowble was the father of Grandfather Fowble, whom we all know, and who still lives in the house which was once used as a tavern. Great-grandfather Fowble built the large stone house just below the toll-gate house.

Finally, as our country progressed and railroads became more numerous, the towns of Hanover and Baltimore were connected by the railroad which we see from our school room window. Great-grandfather Fowble gave the land in the community over which the railroad was built, and the railway station and postoffice were named for him. With this better means of travel and transportation, the traffic on the pike rapidly lessened. The taverns were no longer needed, the "Blueball" was torn down and Mr. Fringer's house now stands on its foundation. The toll-gate was also removed, but the toll-gate house still stands as a reminder of the stage coach days, and the stone house, with its thick walls and deep windows, is a lasting monument to the man from whom the little village of Fowblesburg derived its name.

Grace L. Ingham.

OWINGS MILLS AND THE TOLL-GATE

In the line of the Western Maryland Railroad and one mile southwest from Gwynnbrook, and twelve miles from Baltimore, is located Owings Mills. The town owes its name to Samuel Owings, who established a flour mill here on Gwynn's Falls in early days. Later three mills were developed, called the upper, lower and middle mills. The upper was a flour mill; the lower

mill a plaster mill, the middle mill, a grist mill, which is now owned by E. L. Painter. Samuel Owings erected another brick grist mill to meet the needs of the community, but this building was torn down in 1848, and the bricks used in building the house in which John E. Freese now lives.

Around these mills as a center the little village straggled into existence, and today it counts a population of about three hundred. Gwynn's Falls road and the Westminster turnpike, earlier known as the Hookstown road, pass through it.

Not far from the school which has been named Pleasant Hill, because of its location upon a hill commanding a good view of the landscape, an old landmark has but recently passed out of existence, viz.: the old toll-gate.

THE TOLL-GATE.

Not so many years ago as we traveled to Reisterstown and places beyond, or the people of the country traveled to Baltimore on the Reisterstown road, properly named Westminster turnpike, and earlier known as the Hookstown road, we stopped at certain distances and paid toll at the toll-gate house which stood at the side of the road. Indeed, if we did not, a long pole swung before our horse and carriage would have prevented our going further until the toll exacted was paid.

The amount of toll was small—a few cents for each person, a penny, perhaps, or a nickel, and a nickel for each horse and the same for the vehicle, but if one passed that way often, the payment of toll amounted to a nice little sum. It seemed larger, too, for it all came in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters. The toll-gate keeper kept it in a strong box until ready to deposit it in the bank in the name of the owner of the road. Now, most of our roads are owned by the county and state—public roads as we call them, at the service of everybody, and everybody helps to maintain them by paying a small tax each year for the privilege of using them. When the old dirt roads were improved and made over into the turnpikes of an earlier day not enough money came from the people of the community to pay for their up-keep, so some one person or persons took the road and managed it. You can readily see that the turnpike was, in a measure, a private road, and any one using it must make some return for the privilege—hence the toll-gate, with its fixed charge for man and beast. With the passing of the toll-gate, and nearly every one has disappeared in Baltimore County as well as in all the country, you may know

that roads are being directed by county and state officials and paid for from public funds to which your father and mine adds a small sum yearly in the form of a tax.

The first toll-gate at Owings Mills was built in 1856, about sixty years ago, when your grandfather was just big enough to toddle to the front gate and see the teams go by. There have been six gate-keepers at this toll-gate, the last one remaining eighteen years. In all that time it was his business to keep his ears open to hear the rumble of wheels, to touch the lever that swung the pole across the road in front of the approaching vehicle, to stand ready to receive the change, to bid the travelers good day as they went on their way.

This gate was taken down May 25, 1915. Ten days later a barbecue was held in celebration of the event. Speeches were made on "Old Roads and New," "The Sign of the Toll-Gate," "Speedways," and "Auto Needs." Sandwiches and ice-cream were served, and a game of baseball was played, witnessed by about ten thousand people. Thus the passing of the sign of the toll-gate was duly celebrated.

Adapted, Clara B. Hill.

THE HISTORY OF MY HOME TOWN—ARLINGTON.

At the close of the eighteenth century, northwest Baltimore, beyond the present location of Druid Hill Park, was a series of out-lying farms and wooded estates, among the trees of which occasional mansions, surrounded by cabins, stables and kennels, bespoke the life and pastimes of the country gentry who rode behind the hounds or rivalled each other for the honor of crowning the fair queen of love and beauty at some tournament or fair.

The old Reisterstown turnpike, which straggled up Stony Hill and on through Pikesville to Reisterstown, was a lonely and uninteresting thoroughfare on which long lines of white-hooded country wagons weekly threaded their way to Baltimore markets from Manchester and other distant places. Each day a lumbering stage coach jolted over the rough road en route from Baltimore to Reisterstown. Would-be passengers met the coach at the old "Hand House," on Paca street, or they could book passage where the Commonwealth Bank now stands, on Howard street, when the stage would call for and deliver them at any point along the route to Reisterstown.

By the roadside, on the brow of Stony Hill, an enterprising Pennsylvanian opened a tavern for man and beast. "The Three

Mile House" proved a convenient place for countrymen to put up for the night as it insured an early morning start for the distant farm or when coming into the markets.

Ere long "The Hammet House" opened its doors directly opposite the wayside tavern, and here the county squires and huntsmen were lavishly entertained in tap-room and dining-hall of this aristocratic hostelry. Many rollicking tales are told of this rendezvous for Baltimore County sports who here regaled themselves when returning from the tournament or chase.

About 1785 John Hook, of Manchester, decided to no longer drive his country van o'er the weary miles from Pennsylvania to Baltimore, so he, with his wife, the young daughter of Daniel Boone, settled in a log house on the Reisterstown road near "the bridge" or the present neighborhood of Wylie avenue. Life proved very lonely here for these pioneer settlers, but John was saving money, so they endured much. Other members of the Hook family and their friends built for themselves cabins or farm houses in the neighborhood, until in 1800 fifty or more families were scattered between Pikesville, Baltimore, Pimlico road and Liberty pike. This little settlement became known as "Hookstown," and the Reisterstown turnpike, the "Hookstown road."

Among others came Father Henry Smith, a retired circuit rider of the Methodist Church, who built for himself a substantial home on Hookstown road near the five mile stone, and named it Pilgrims Rest. His books, which have become classics in Methodist circles, were written here. He, together with others of the Hooks settlement, founded a Methodist Society about 1811. Prayer-meetings were held in a log church near Pilgrims' Rest, on Church Lane. In 1822 a stone chapel replaced the log meeting house. Here a gallery in the rear was reserved for the negro slaves, who always worshipped with their masters. The singing as heretofore was without music, and one hymn book served for four or five members. This meeting house was named McKendree Chapel for a loved bishop of that day. The village graveyard gradually grew around the chapel and still endures, an old landmark, now myrtle and ivy-grown, where many moss-covered tombstones mark the last resting place of Hookstown's early settlers. For many years the chapel's deep-toned bell called the villagers to prayer, but in 1894, the old building was razed to the ground and McKendree Church, as it stands today, was erected beside the parsonage near Pilgrims' Rest.

Each day the stage coach dropped the village mail at the postoffice and store kept by Joseph Feelemyer and here, too, chance visitors alighted to meet their waiting friends. The old postoffice still stands in its modern dress on the turnpike near Church Lane, and is today occupied by members of the Feelemyer family.

For many years the village school was a log house on Church Lane near McKendree Chapel, and the master "boarded 'round" and made himself generally useful in neighborhood affairs. Pilgrims' Rest was a rare retreat for such men as the "master" or traveling preachers. When Dr. Hill, with his trunk, descended from the stage coach into Hookstown it was at Pilgrims' Rest that he found a welcome accorded him until he became established. In 1895 a modern district school was erected on the turnpike above Church Lane.

THE NAMING OF MY HOME TOWN.

As the wheels of time jogged on many changes came to the little village of Hookstown on the crest of Stony Hill. For years it had reposed quietly within its boundaries with nothing more enlivening than the advent of the horse-cars to Pikesville and the laying of the Western Maryland Railroad tracks to Westminster. But one day, in 1870, a racing company purchased a track of land on the old Pimlico road, from Roger's avenue beyond Hayward Lane and established its tracks. They negotiated with the railroad to place a platform known as Pimlico Landing, at Church Lane, from which point a board walk was laid on Hayward avenue to the club house. But, alas, Hookstown now threatened to be submerged into Pimlico, at which the good old Methodist community rebelled. Indignation meetings were called in the log school house on Church Lane, and one citizen, Mr. Oakford, offered a site on Garrison avenue, about one-half mile below Pimlico platform to the railroad, on which to build a station to be named for the town. To this the railroad agreed, but the citizens unanimously protested that Hookstown was no longer a suitable name, as the Hooks had either died or removed elsewhere; so another meeting was called, each citizen being advised to come prepared to offer a new name for the old settlement.

The evening came, the meeting was called, and the secretary placed the various names upon the blackboard. Belvieu, Belvidere, Ashburton, Auburndale and others were suggested and voted upon. The interest was tense as the voting was close, and

all seemed uncertain what name to select, when an aggressive little Jew, well known and popular in the village, arose to his feet and shouted, "I vote that we name him 'Arlington' for the home of the great George Washington!" The absurdity of his gross ignorance of history made a hit, and the place was unanimously named Arlington. The name was in due time placed above the door of the little railroad station, and Arlington took its place among the railroad towns of Maryland.

LATER DAY TRANSPORTATION.

The little settlement of Hookstown jogged on for many years aroused only by the advent of the stage coach, but one day, in 1870, a horse car plodded up Stony Hill and on to Pikesville, carrying passengers from Cumberland street and the Hookstown road on to Pikesville for the small sum of 25 cents. For 15 cents they were dropped at Rogers avenue in Hookstown, so the stage coach soon felt the competition, for people crowded around the egg-stove in the Pikesville car and talked of the progress of time as they jolted over the miles of lonely country roads. For several years a number of representative citizens of Hookstown and Pikesville, headed by Patrick Walker, had been negotiating with land-owners for the right of way, and had at last succeeded in laying a single track from Baltimore to Pikesville.

To many who traveled on the near car-line the trip to the city was a long talked-of event, and Maying parties found their way from the city to Seven Mile Lane in search of the sweet blossoms that skirted highways and hedges. Picnicers, together with those on business bent, made the car-line a very popular thoroughfare out of the city. About this time the steam railroad laid its tracks through the village en route to Western Maryland, but made its first stop out of the city at Pikesville.

But other things were destined to awaken the sleepy town; a racing company had established its tracks on the Pimlico road, between Rogers and Hayward avenues, and they negotiated with the railroad to place a platform at Church Lane, near Pilgrims' Rest, from which point they laid a boardwalk out Hayward avenue to their tracks. A railroad station was erected on Garrison avenue in 1872, and many forsook the horse cars to steam quickly to adjacent towns and distant places. The Pimlico company now laid a switch to connect with the railroad near Church Lane, but when the electric cars were established, about 1892, it was only used to convey freight to the track. For a stated sum

neighboring farmers were permitted to side-track fertilizers and other chattels for private use.

The electric railway used the old horse car route to Pikesville, along which a modern thoroughfare, known as Park Heights avenue, has been developed. A branch railway to West Arlington has been connected with the main road at Belvidere avenue for the convenience of cross-country residents.

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

Great was the excitement in Baltimore and old Hookstown when the soldiers were expected to pass this way during the Civil War. Trenches and other barricades were thrown up to prevent them getting into the city, and so fearful were they of spies and foul play that each person passing through these entrenchments must show a pass from the provost ere he could go on his way unmolested. On the Hookstown road, just above the village postoffice, a company of Union soldiers were encamped on the Mephani property, and their breastworks stretched from side to side of the old turnpike. All along the line to the next intrenchment below the village at Stony Hill feeling was tense, some for, and some against the Union. Young Tom Richardson and his brother were among the first to volunteer in the Southern army and were to see active service at Antietam. Old Mother Richardson was anxious that they should not want for food and clothing, so nothing would do but Father Richardson should mount his fastest horse and carry these home comforts to the absent boys. Bright was the morning when he halted in front of Joseph Feelemver's postoffice to receive messages of good cheer and well wishes for the absent heroes. Many eyes followed the handsome old patriot as he galloped off for the long ride to Frederick and Antietam. All went well until he neared his journey's end. He could almost hear the cheery greeting of his soldier boys, when the order, "Halt!" fell like a knell upon his ears. "Dismount!" came the next command, and in a twinkling he was surrounded and stripped of all that had been so carefully packed for the absent lads. In vain he insisted he was no soldier, only a weary traveler to a distant town. In vain he swore allegiance to their cause; he was tried and convicted as a spy to hang by the neck from a wayside tree until he was dead. And that was not all, when anxious friends heard of his tragic death, they came to carry back all that remained of the loving father, husband, brother and friend, who had so lately ridden gayly out of Hooks-

town on his errand of love. But, no, the orders were, "He must hang until the crows have picked his bones." Again and yet again his brother pleaded that the body might be decently buried in the old burying-ground at Hookstown, but to no avail. At last the broken hearted brother returned to his saddened home. As he rode alone over the dusty highway and thought of the injustice of his murdered brother's fate, his tender, loving, sociable and pleasure-loving nature was changed and a rentless desire for revenge possessed him. He returned to his native village a hardened man who lived for many years a hermit on his estate on Rogers avenue, feared by all new comers to the town, but pitied and esteemed for old times sake by the older inhabitants who remembered the sad tragedy that had wrecked the happiness of the only brother of the suspected spy.

Olivia O. Osborn.

TOWSON.

1750.

THE JOURNEY.

A sailing vessel was plowing its weary way across the Atlantic Ocean. Weeks before it had left an English port bound for America, and now the tired, homesick faces of the passengers brightened as they saw the shores of the new country stretching far to the northward and to the southward. Among those eager to land were two sturdy German fellows, one accompanied by his young English wife. They thought to make their fortunes in this fair land, so wended their way by stage coach and horseback into southern Pennsylvania.

Not satisfied with their home there they traveled south by wagon into Maryland. The wooded hills, the green valleys, the life-giving streams all beckoned to the strangers to come and stay; and this they did.

We can picture to ourselves the journey through the wilderness, can we not? A rude wagon, and no roads, such as we have today. The way was rough, indeed. Often trees had to be cut down to make a way for the wagon through the woods. All the time they were on the watch for a pleasant spot in which to start the new home. Each day they hoped to find it. Each night they camped near a stream. They cooked and ate their meals around a great log fire. All night the howling of the wolves could be heard, but the bright light from the camp fire kept them at a safe distance. As they rode along plenty of deer, squirrels and

turkeys were seen, which gave promise of plenty of game for later hunting days. At last they came upon a spot, fairer than any they had yet seen. They said, "This is where we will build our new home." It had taken them many days to make the journey. You could go as far as they had come in two hours today.

About seven miles north of Baltimore Town on a ridge overlooking three broad valleys, now called Green Spring, Long Green and Dulaney's, they stopped for the night. In the morning, instead of moving on as they had been doing for weeks, they decided to remain. Trees were cut down and hewn into logs. Soon the first little house found itself upon the ridge. This first house stood upon the site now occupied by the Bosley's Hotel. In this home lived Ezekiel Towson and his wife Catherine. Thomas, Ezekiel's brother, made his home with them.

Other men came. The second house was built, then another, and another, and another, until the settlement deserved the name of village. It will not surprise you to hear that the settlers one and all agreed that the name of the village should be Towson-town, in honor of the two who had built the first little house on the ridge.

A great family of jolly boys and girls made the Towson homestead merry, for there were twelve children in all. You will like to hear about Nathan, one of these youngsters, who loved to go hunting, who feared no danger, who showed bravery in defending the weak, and was ever generous and open-hearted.

IN THE NEW HOME.

In the early days of the settlement what did the people do? I am sure that Ezekiel and Thomas spent a good deal of time in hunting game, which abounded in plenty. Squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys, deer and even bears. An old record entered in 1771 showed that Samuel Worthington, a justice of the Levy Court, paid Thomas Towson the bounty on one hundred and thirteen squirrel skins. This is proof positive that he was a good hunter.

It is likely that they also cleared the land and raised corn and vegetables. The cornfield and "truck patch" or garden were full of stumps and not at all easy to plow, but the soil though full of roots was rich and the products repaid their efforts.

Just as soon as the boys and girls were large enough to help there was work for each and every one. In the spring the corn had to be planted by hand and covered with a hoe. As

soon as the corn came up the children became watchers of the cornfields to keep away the squirrels and crows. They seemed to know that a nice kernel of corn lay at the root of the little green sprout. And later in the season, when the corn had filled the ear, the crows sought the golden grains. The children made as much noise as possible to scare the little thieves away. While they did not relish this tiresome task, they thought of the sweet roasting ears and did not refuse. By and by the scare-crow made his appearance in the fields. You can see where he gets his name—"Scare Crow."

Ezekiel and Thomas were busy in the out-of-door life, while Catherine looked after the growing household. If one of the girls could speak of those times this is what she would say:

"Our cabin was small and not any too comfortable. We had one beautiful thing, and that was the open fire. The fireplace was so large that great logs were burned in it. It was so large that two of us, one at either end could sit inside on the end log and watch the flames as they swept up the chimney. Here we sat with father and mother and listened to stories as the rosy light played upon the rude walls.

Of course all our food was cooked by this open fire. Often mother would scrape down some hot coals and place them on the lid and under the long handled skillet to bake the cornmeal cakes, or roll the potatoes in the ashes where they would bake to a turn. Brick ovens, built in the wall, followed as a matter of course. There was a big crane upon which kettles were swung. We always had plenty to eat and food never tasted so good as that cooked by the open fire. The food was simple, but wholesome, consisting of game, cornbread, hominy, fruit and vegetables.

I do not recall where the corn was ground, but I am sure it was taken to the mill on horseback. The hominy was made at home, and it is possible that the corn was pounded or crushed by some simple home device such as many early settlers used.

We were always glad to have visitors, for they brought the news from neighboring communities and made the days seem shorter. Strangers often stopped with us and we made them welcome.

When newcomers came into the neighborhood they were welcomed by all of us. Often every one helped them to build their houses and shared with them the best that our larders afforded.

Adapted, *Lilla Conrey.*

NAMING THE VILLAGE.

"Get ready for the meeting tonight, Ezekiel. Put on thy new shirt," said Catherine.

"Yes, that I must, my dear. All our neighbors will be here shortly," answered her husband.

In less than an hour they began to come into the little log house, made larger since its beginning, for there had been four rooms added, two below and two other bedrooms above.

"How are thee, neighbor Gray?" said Ezekiel to one of the farmers.

"Right well, Ezekiel; how is the wife, and how are the five little ones?"

"Well and rosy; this air on the ridge is good for them," said Ezekiel, looking proud.

"How are thee? How are thee?" was repeated again and again, as the front room became crowded, for now there were twenty or more houses near the Towson house, and the men had come out tonight to decide on a name for the little village. The meeting was called to order by Farmer Gray, the oldest man in the neighborhood.

"Neighbors, ten years ago, two brave men and a brave woman came up over these hills in a pioneer wagon. They stayed, and with brave hearts and busy hands started this settlement. Now there are twenty houses instead of one, and we must have a name. What shall it be?"

Then a tall, lanky farmer arose, and in a drawling voice, said, "What shall it be but Towsontown? It would be a shame to give it any other name."

They voted, and every man said, "Let it be Towsontown." And so it was named.

OLD SETTLERS.

"There's one thing I'd like to know," said Dorothy, and grandma, smiling, asked what that might be.

"What became of Thomas and Ezekiel Towson? Where did they die, I wonder. I'd like to put some of my pink roses on their graves."

"Well, honey, nobody seems to know when they died, but I can tell you who bought the old inn and the land from the Towsons. It was Solomon Schmuck, from Baltimore Town. He didn't keep it long, but sold it to his brother-in-law, George Shealy, from Baltimore Town. Then George Shealy moved his

family into the old hop-roofed house the Towsons had built.

"Why, *we* live on *Shealy avenue*," said Dorothy.

"Yes, and in the little graveyard across the road, you will find Solomon Schmuck's grave and George Shealy's."

"Oh, grandma, come, let's get some of my pink roses, and go over there," begged Dorothy.

"All right, deary, as soon as I finish this seam," said grandma.

So some of Dorothy's beautiful roses were laid on the graves of the two old settlers.

Lilla Conrey.

TOWSON'S TAVERN.

What is your father's trade or occupation? As we make the list it reminds us of the old rhyme, "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," for not one has been omitted. In the early days we find that all pioneers first of all engaged in hunting and fishing, then gardening and farming, and later added the other trades and occupations. We need not forget that on the large manors and estates all the wants of the household were supplied first hand. Those were the days when they spun, wove and made garments, tanned the leather and made the shoes they wore. Already they were producing more than they needed in the home and Ezekiel Towson found a market for his produce in Baltimore Town, just as his neighbors did. Off to the Baltimore markets rattled the heavy wagons of those days, with fruits and vegetables, and many of them passed through Towson town on their way to the growing town on the Patapsco.

As I have said, the Towsons were genial and friendly folk and many were the neighbors who stopped to rest at their home. One day an idea popped into his head, "Why not an inn, a tavern?" Here was his large family with many wants and needing more money to supply those needs. What could be better than an inn.

At once he made preparations to meet the needs of the travelers along this route. A large stable was built in the great yard in which to house the oxen and horses; an addition was built to his house, for he must have room for both man and beast. So Towson's Tavern came into existence. The large yard of the inn was crowded every night during the busy season with wagons and the house was filled with their owners, a jolly company, who sat around and told tales to regale their spirits as they rested in this pleasant place.

Naturally Ezekiel Towson would be interested in the roads leading to his tavern. We find mention of his name in connection with a road tax of £7 allowed a man named Welsh in the year 1796 for keeping the road in repair from Ezekiel Towson's tavern to Walter Dulaney's ford on the falls of the Gunpowder, the road known as the Towson and Dulaney turnpike.

In 1799 the York turnpike was being laid out, and Ezekiel Towson was very much dissatisfied with the line proposed, because it did not pass the door of his hospitable inn. A turnpike laid out from York all the way to Baltimore Town and not pass his door was enough cause for a grievance. So he petitioned the General Assembly to change its route in his favor. The law-making body decided to grant his request, believing it a just one, and since he was willing to give up to the public that part of the land over which it would pass. It is interesting to read the enactment: "The York turnpike road when altered shall pass by or near the buildings of the said Ezekiel Towson; that is to say, beginning for the said alterations at the place where the said turnpike intersects the orchards of Johns Hopkins, and running thence with a straight line until it intersects the old York road at or near Ezekiel Towson's tavern,—” So the York road, as well as Dulaney's Valley road, passed the old inn. Two other roads of later date enter the town, the Hillen road and Charles Street avenue.

A HAPPY EVENING.

In the center of the table was a large brass candle-stick in which a candle burned and sputtered. Around the table sat some rosy-cheeked boys and girls studying their lessons for the morrow. There were nine of the twelve Towson children; the youngest three had been put to bed.

"Nathan, how does thee do this sum?" asked a bright-eyed jolly looking little chap.

"Come, and I'll show thee," answered the brother, "though if thee'd think, thee could do it alone."

"No, I couldn't, Nathan; it's terrible, and I've tried and tried," said the little fellow.

Finally the lessons were finished, and they all sat around the big fireplace, roasting apples and telling yarns. Little Tom's face glowed in the light from the big log, as he held his apple on the end of a pointed stick, close to the flame.

"Mine's cooked," said Mary, "I can tell because it's soft, and it smells so good I can hardly wait t'll it gets cool enough."

"Tomorrow night we will pop some corn, may we, mother?" asked Bernard, who, after burning his tongue, had succeeded in getting his mouth full of the juicy dainty.

"Yes, if thee wants to," answered the mother, who was taking out the warming pan from under the logs. "But hurry now, and get ready to go upstairs, for I will soon be warming the beds."

A half hour later, a soft little voice in the darkness upstairs said, "Nathan!" "Hush," said Nathan in a whisper, "thee'll wake the others. What does thee want?"

"Will thee show me how to do my sum tomorrow night, and will thee remember the pop-corn?" said Tom half asleep.

"Perhaps, if thee goes to sleep right away," answered Nathan, and then all was still in the Towson house.

Lilla Conrey.

NATHAN TOWSON.

You will like to hear about Nathan Towson, now grown to manhood, for it is General Nathan Towson who sheds lustre upon the name. You remember that he was one of twelve who made merry in the small house on the ridge. He was born in January, 1784, and at the time of which I write he was a youth of nineteen. Somewhat of a rover, he had gone South and was in Louisiana when the United States purchased this large tract of land from France. Many French inhabitants felt that they still belonged to France and were not at all sure that they wanted to belong to the United States. So volunteer companies were formed to enforce any American claim should any difficulty arise. Nathan Towson joined one of these and was soon promoted to the command of the company. He returned to Baltimore County in 1805, and turned farmer. Another account says he returned, not to anything exciting but to settle down to his trade of carpentering and pump-making. I think perhaps he engaged in all three for a man was apt to be "Jack of all trades" in those days.

Five years later, or in 1810, war was declared between England and America, and Nathan was filled with patriotism and wished to fight for his country. He gathered together a band of young men, eager like himself to fight for their country, and evening after evening he drilled them on a lot near his father's

house. On this lot stood a well-stocked powder magazine belonging to the United States Government. Epsom Chapel now marks the spot.

But Nathan must get his commission from the law-making body before he could be a real captain. Two young men of influence undertook to get it for him. Colonel Randall brought him the good news that he had been made captain of artillery. This is the story they tell:

The young soldier lad was busy laying a barn floor when a messenger bearing the good news came into the village.

"Where is Nathan Towson?" he asked. "Laying a floor in my barn," said the owner. "Well, I've good news for him. His commission has been granted. Come see how he takes it when I tell him the news."

So they went together to the barn. Nathan nodded pleasantly, but kept on working. He was just in the act of driving a spike through a rough unhewn board when Colonel Randall announced, "Towson, I have your commission." His form shook with pleasure at hearing the news, but he never lifted his head until the spike had been driven home, when, casting his hammer on one side, Towson stood erect, and throwing back his head, said proudly: "That is the last spike Nathan Towson will drive until he sends one into the touch-hole of the enemy's cannon."

It did not take him long to gather his company together, and they were off the very next day, sailing from Baltimore to Elkton, then marching to Philadelphia, where they joined the Second Regiment of Artillery, under the command of General Winfield Scott, who was stationed upon Lake Erie. The following incident is related of him:

"While Towson was stationed at Buffalo on Lake Erie, a sort of truce was declared so that officers of both armies might indulge in social festivities. On one occasion a British officer insulted one of the ladies present, for which offense Towson promptly knocked him down. A duel was the result, in which Captain Towson had a finger shot off, while his opponent was laid low with a more serious injury."—*The Union*.

When the War of 1812 closed we find our young hero a lieutenant colonel for his brave and faithful service. General Scott gave him and his company warm words of praise. This was not the only war in which he served his country. Trouble arose with Mexico and the United States found it necessary to settle

the difficulty in this way. He was now made major general. We should be proud of General Nathan Towson, who rendered good service to his county and country. When the war was over he lived in Washington, but he never forgot his childhood home, often coming over to visit old landmarks and old friends of his youth.

Among other places, undoubtedly he stopped at Schmuck's Tavern, used as a recruiting station during the war of 1812. This building was built and owned by his father, and stood the test of time until recently, being torn down as late as 1915.

Lilla Conrey.

TOWSON, THE COUNTY SEAT.

Towson was selected as the county seat of Baltimore County in February 1854, just one hundred years after the French and Indian war began, by the voters of Baltimore County.

Every one in Towson was very happy that this honor had come to their town, and a celebration was held with much enthusiasm. An old frame building belonging to the late Henry H. Chew, on the top of Perrigo's Hill, was set on fire to honor the occasion, and the surrounding country was ablaze with other bonfires, showing that the citizens of the towns in the vicinity rejoiced in the good fortune of the chosen town.

Of course, a courthouse is necessary in the county seat, and the corner stone of the new Baltimore County Court House was laid October 19, 1854. On May 18, 1857, it was completed and ready for the county officials, and the county court.

The structure is of gray stone, quarried in Lime Kiln bottom, with trimmings from Beaver Dam quarries, so you see it is a home product and we should be prouder of it than ever. It is surmounted with a cupola and has an imposing colonial portico on its facade. In 1910 additions were made to the main building, which enhanced its attractiveness, being now one of the finest types of colonial architecture found in the county. Soon after the new court house was completed a landscape artist was employed to cut down trees, to add shrubbery, to layout walks, and to improve the beauty and charm of the court house square. When you visit there one does not know which to admire the more, the fine old building, or the grounds which surround it. Each adds to the charm of the other, making the "seat of government" beautiful and attractive.

Lilla Conrey.

THE FAMOUS OLD STAGE.

The old stage is a thing long to be remembered. All the attaches of the court house remember the days when court was late because the stage was late; when snowdrifts in the yard blocked the stage and therefore the administering of justice. They recall the hundred of up-country couples who came down to Towson to be married, and they smile when they think of the political destinies of the county that were settled on the ride from Lutherville to Towson.

The stage line started about 1875, between Rider's Postoffice and Towson. The first owner and driver was William Wesley, who gave up the operation of the line several years after he had established it. The first stage was a large substantial vehicle, built like a phaeton, and was the product of an old country wagon shop.

In those days there was no car line between Towson and Baltimore, and the folks living in the neighborhood of Lutherville and down in the tidewater part of the county had to come out on the Northern Central to Sherwood, where the stage picked them up. Later, when the horsecar was built, a good many of them preferred to come out on the steam road to save time, for it took a long time to make the journey to Towson by horsecar.

When Mr. Wesley gave up the stage it was taken over by William P. Cole, who was then in the livery business. After a few years' operation of the line, he was succeeded by Benjamin F. Bayne, who in turn sold out to a man named Rudiger.

With the opening of the electric line between Timonium and Towson the stage breathed its last. It competed with the car during the Timonium Fair, but when the fair ended the days of the stage ended, and Julius Rudiger, Jr., its owner, flicked his whip over the horses' backs for the last time.—*Baltimore Sun*.

ROADS—OLD AND NEW.

We have already heard how the York turnpike and Dulany's turnpike were of such advantage to the early settlers. Now roads wear out and grow old as well as other things, so you will not be surprised to learn that the citizens of Towson and Govans, her neighbor, desired to have the York road rebuilt by the State Roads Commission. Once upon a time when the Conestoga wagons came down from Pennsylvania to Baltimore, the road was the usual dirt road, often muddy in the rainy season, and dusty in the dry. It was kept up by a system of toll, being under

private enterprise. Toll-gates were established at various points along the way. Until recently, not longer ago than ten years, a toll-gate house and toll-gate was operated in Govans. Five Mile House, Seventeen Mile House were stopping places on the York pike in the old days.

Up and down this road ran the omnibuses from Baltimore to Towson. A mail route was established in 1854, when the town became the county seat. The mail was carried in omnibuses leaving Baltimore in the morning and returning in the evening, every day except Sunday. In 1863 the York Road (horse) Railway was opened, and better mail service was the result. Today, with the electric line passing to and fro and a special mail car, three deliveries a day are made in Towson.

Since the road has been rebuilt of concrete as far as Towson it has become the thoroughfare for automobiles in great numbers. A jitney line, operating as the Towson and Cedarcroft Bus Line, makes several trips daily.

Perhaps the oldest road is the Joppa road, which runs through the town from east to west. This road was laid out, it is said, when Joppa was the county seat, and gave promise of being the great city of Maryland. In looking at the map of the county we are led to believe that all the old roads led to Joppa, as they did—and each one claimed the name of Joppa, so we have Joppa here and Joppa there. Joppa road is now a macadam road and leads to the beautiful Green Spring Valley on the west, Baynesville, Carney, Perry Hall on the east.

One of the most interesting roads is the Old Court road, which was so named because it was the road leading to the county court.

The Hillen road is an important thoroughfare. It is a popular automobile route from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and hundreds of cars pass every day. Wouldn't our grandfathers and grandmothers of an earlier day hold up their hands in dismay at the swiftness of the horseless carriages of this day and time?

Dulany's Valley turnpike is still a toll road, one of the few remaining in Maryland. It is a relic of "ye olden time," which will soon disappear, I have no doubt.

Two electric lines now lead to Towson, one on York road from Baltimore city and one connecting Cockeysville and Towson. Two electric lines afford convenient transit, one plying between Baltimore and Towson, and the other between Towson and

Timonium. A steam railroad gives the village the air of a town, though suburbanites find other ways more advantageous.

FIRST THINGS.

Towson has had a day of first things. Let us recount them.

Some men bought fifty acres on the west side of the village and laid it off into building lots, making wide avenues and planting shade trees. A land owner on the east side laid off a large part of his land into avenues and building lots.

The court house and jail were finished soon after this, 1854-1857.

The first newspaper published in the town was the Baltimore County Advocate, edited by a Mr. Church.

The first postoffice was in Towson Hotel, and the mail was carried on horseback. An omnibus line was afterward established, the omnibuses leaving Baltimore office in the morning and returning in the afternoon, every day, except Sunday.

The first public schoolhouse was a building on Delaware avenue, back of the old Ady Hotel. The first teacher was a Mr. Johnson; the second, a Mr. Flayhart.

The first church was built on the foundation of that old powder magazine on the Epsom lot, near which Nathan Towson had drilled his men.

In those days brick ovens and wood stoves were used for heating and cooking, the children studied by candle light, the streets were at first unlighted, water was brought from the spring, the people went to the city on omnibuses.

But now we can say:

From the old horse cars to steam cars and electrics.

From the omnibus mail route to the carrier system.

From kerosene lights to gas and electricity.

From brick oven to gas stove.

From the old oaken bucket to the hot and cold water spigots.

Towson has made these strides with the rest of the world.

TOWSON TODAY.

Towson interests us because it is the county seat. We expect to see a court house and a jail, as these distinguish it from other small towns, but there are other buildings worthy of your notice. The Masonic Hall on Washington avenue, the High School Building and Trinity Church property on Alleghany avenue, the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception on Prospect Hill, Towson National Bank, the Odd Fellows' Hall and the

postoffice. All of these buildings are modern, but in spite of their newness the town still wears an air of antiquity.

The residents are merchants, florists, dairymen, coal and lumber dealers, blacksmiths, carpenters, plumbers, bakers, printers, lawyers, physicians, ministers and county officials.

The surrounding country is hilly and rolling, the slope growing more gentle as you travel southward. From Prospect Hill in the north of Towson, you have a fine view of three valleys—Green Spring to the northwest, Dulany's to the north and Long Green to the northeast. The general slope is from northeast to southwest.

The Gunpowder River, rising near the Pennsylvania line, flows southeast and empties into Chesapeake Bay. The land is drained further by three small streams rising in or near Towson—one flowing northeast and emptying into the Gunpowder four miles from the town; another, Towson Run, flowing southwest into Lake Roland; and Herring Run, flowing southeast into Back River.

The nearest lake is Lake Roland, two miles west of the town. The lake is about one and a half miles long and its greatest width is about a half mile.

The soil consists of a kind of loamy clay and mica. The farms yield fine crops of wheat, rye, barley and buckwheat; the gardens, great quantities of white potatoes, corn, beans, cymplings, tomatoes, cabbage, celery and pumpkins; the orchards bushels of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, damsons, quinces, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currant; while the poultry yard and dairy play a fair part in the industrial interests.

Many of the people of the surrounding country engage in farming, gardening, carpentry, stone-masonry, bricklaying, dairy-ing, poultry raising and stock farming.

Other beautiful towns dot the country around; some of them are Ruxton, Sherwood, Lutherville and Govanstown.

Lilla Conrey.

THE ROAD TO MARKET.

It was five o'clock on a summer's morning? The sun was already high in the sky looking out over the rich brown fields and the green woodlands. The birds were singing cheerily in the trees. The chickens, ducks and turkeys were busily awake in the farmyard, and the great market truck piled with fruits and vegetables stood ready before the farmhouse door.

Charlotta came out of the house and climbed into the seat. She wore a clean blue linen dress and looked like a very fresh and ready morning glory. Soon brother John and mother came out, too. Big sister Louise smiled good-by at the doorway. John started the machine and they were off.

Charlotta gave a little jump of joy. "What a nice time to ride," she said.

"It is nice to leave home at five o'clock," said her mother. When I was a little girl we used to leave home at half past two to get to market at six o'clock." "Why?" said Charlotta. "Can't we get to market in an hour?"

"Yes, now we can—but we couldn't then. The road was either so rough that we could not drive fast or so very deep with mud that our horses could scarcely pull the wagon. It used to take two horses to pull a load half as large as this one. I was just as old as you are the first time I went to market with your grandmother. We left home at two o'clock. It was a cold morning and very dark. Trees lined the roads on either side so that we could scarcely see to drive. It had rained and the mud splashed over us as the wagon bumped along from one hollow to another—now up—now down—while we held firmly to the sides of the wagon to keep from falling off. We were so glad to turn into the road—it was called the Baltimore and Jerusalem turn-pike then—and see the other wagons creeping slowly along, lighted by lanterns."

"Not so many as there are now," said John, as he skillfully swung the big truck out upon the smooth macadam, and wound his way among the wagons and other vehicles.

"Good road, this," he said, critically. Mother, I wonder how many years they spent filling the hollows with small stones and calling it "fixing the road." Honk! honk! Down the long "Herring Run Hill," and up the next hill whizzed the big car. Now it passed the new brick houses opposite Mr. Erdman's old stone house. "Those new houses look very nice," said mother. "I remember when this hill was as high as those houses. It used to take three teams of horses to pull one wagon up that hill on a snowy day," and here, "as they passed through Georgetown, the mud was so deep that our wagons would sink to the hubs of the wheels."

"Oh," said Charlotta, "why didn't they repair it?"

"The people did pay to have it done, but somehow they could not make a good road. Do you see that little brown fence?"

"There stood the toll-gate house when I was a little girl." "A toll-gate? Why, to ring a funeral bell?" asked Charlotta. "Oh, no! Everyone who passed had to pay the toll-gate keeper to let him pass through. The keeper was supposed to collect the money to pay for fixing the road. Such a funny round little man lived in that brown house. He always wore brown clothes and talked in a high squeaky voice. I used to be just a little afraid of him. I didn't know, you see, whether he was a brownie, or not."

Charlotta laughed. "Why don't they have the man now with his funny little house? Doesn't it cost money any more to keep the road in repair?"

"Now the road is owned by the State. We pay taxes to the state and some of the money is used to care for the road," answered mother.

"Yes, and it is well cared for," said brother John, as they began to rattle over the city streets.

Caroline Oyeman.

A VISIT TO HAMPTON, AN OLD MARYLAND ESTATE.

Shall we visit one of the fine estates not far from Towson, where lived one who dreamed of a "garden of delight" and helped to make the dream come true? The garden and the house may be seen today, and as we wander about the place we are in the land of yesterday.

From Prospect Hill one catches a glimpse, two and a half miles to the northward, of the Ridgely Mansion, the home of Charles Ridgely, governor of Maryland nearly a hundred years ago.

Think of an estate of three thousand acres, but in those early days large land grants were given. A large part of the estate is now let out in farms. The Chew estate was formerly a part of the Hampton, but was given as a marriage portion to one of the daughters of the family. Should you like to have a nearer view of Hampton? We will drive over and Jack, one of our little friends who lives on the estate, will show us about the place.

Here is the mansion itself. As we enter the great hall we see a large oil painting, a young girl with a harp, the grandmother of the recent owner, Jack tells us. "And the very harp she played is over in the music room," he says.

There are two original paintings by Dolci, "The Magdalene" and "St. Catherine," bought in Rome; another by Charles Volkmar, a Baltimorean, "The Storm," which was exhibited at the

Centennial of 1876 in Philadelphia, and obtained a prize, a Venetian scene, and many family portraits. We see a statue of Charles Ridgely by Rhinehart. Jack shows us two curious chairs, covered with spun glass, warp of glass, woof of silk, made in Turkey. There are great vases, wonderful mirrors, and many other treasures of art.

Outside we see the gardens laid out in terraces in the Italian style. We visit the green houses and the great family vault.

Jack tells us that the great mansion was finished in 1787, that it was six years building, the family of Captain Ridgely living in the old farm house until the mansion was completed.

The brick and slate of the building were imported from England, but the stone was quarried here. The builders could work only by broad daylight for fear of wolves. Just think of it—only two and a half miles from your home.

We hear that the mother of the present owner, Mr. John Ridgely, was a granddaughter of John Eager Howard, a former governor of Maryland, and a hero of the Revolution. Jack tells us also that Cowpens, the Howard estate east of Towson, was given its name by the hero himself to keep in memory the battle of Cowpens, in which he played such a noble part.

As we say good-by to Jack, we thank him heartily for our pleasant visit to one of the largest and most beautiful estates in Maryland.

Other estates in the vicinity of Towson we might visit. There are the De Ford and the Abell estates on the West Joppa road, the Hambleton estate and "Brooklandwood," the home of the Browns, near Green Spring Valley, the Jenkins estate in Green Spring Valley, "Dumbarton" the Rieman estate, and "Stoneleigh," the Brown estate on the York road.

Lilla Courey.

HAMPTON HAPPENINGS.

A STRANGE HOUSEWARMING.

Mistress Ridgely pulled a rose from the old bush by the porch, and, as she drew it through the folds of her snow white lodice, thought not of the pink in her cheeks to match the rose, but that in the stately mansion yonder where she must now abide she would miss the clinging touch of the old vines and shrubbery.

For months had the workmen toiled in building with bricks imported from England and with stone quarried from the estate, and now the beautiful structure stood, a monument to their

strength, their art, yes, even to their courage, for at the first hint of twilight came the low, distant howling of wolves from the surrounding forest. Then every human creature must seek safety behind the old homestead doors. Even in this retreat as darkness fell upon the earth the weird night call of the hungry ones struck terror into gentle hearts—and this, nine miles from Baltimore Town. But now in the broad light of day, the young wife of Charles Ridgely, one of Maryland's old governors, wended her way past the slave quarters on the Hampton estate. Stopping now and again on an errand of mercy or with a kindly word to some old mammy, she received homage from all. At the entrance of the great hall she was met by her lord and master, just arrived in his coach and four from Baltimore Town.

"The hour draws nigh, Elizabeth, when we are to entertain our friends. Art thou still of the mind of yestereve, or may we not receive together?"

"Charles, I know thou wilt give me this my petition, for thou hast ever been gentle and gracious to me."

And so it happened that of all house warmings this at the Ridgely mansion was one of the strangest—when Captain Ridgely upstairs with his friends made merry around the punch bowl, the while his fair wife and her guests, one of whom was a Methodist preacher, held a prayer meeting in a room below.

A TRUE MISSIONARY.

A sad time came when the white-haired mother had left her girls. Margaret had not married, but had filled her days with ministrings. Especially did her heart yearn to help those to whom she felt a peculiar relation, for from a mere child she had thought to remove what she considered a blot on the memory of her house. For three years after her mother's death she continued to help in every possible way the negroes living on the estate. Then, no strong tie binding her, she left her home of luxury, and went into that far, dark land for which hands seemed to beckon and voices plead that she might lead into true life and liberty members of the race which her fathers had held in bondage.

OLD NANCY.

Old Nancy was dead, she who had served her white folks long and well. In her arms she had held children and children's children; soft baby fingers had lovingly patted the old black face, and now in the great hall her body lay in state.

White and black bowed together, and as all listened to the low, reverent tones of the minister, each heart prayer was a longing for as fair a record.

Through the Italian garden with its terraces and conservatories they bore old Nancy and laid her in the family vault with those she had served.

THE PORTRAIT.

One sultry summer morning more than a century later, a white-haired mother with her three daughters sat in the wide hall where they had sought the breeziest spot on this hot day. One maiden had been reading aloud as the others knitted or sewed.

Statuary, paintings from famous artists and other works of art would reveal to a visitor somebody's gift of selection and arrangement. The girl had stopped reading, and her eyes rested thoughtfully on a large painting opposite—the portrait of a young woman playing a harp.

"Now, Margaret, do refresh us by your thoughts about the first mistress of the hall," said Julia.

"They were hardly thoughts," answered the girl, "but rather emotions, for I could almost hear the strains of that old harp wafted down to me through the ages."

"Just step into the music room and let us hear what your sympathetic touch can conjure from the identical harp," chirped Martha.

But the mother smilingly said, "Nay, the real is often that which we cannot see or hear. Margaret's way of hearkening to Mistress Elizabeth's messages may be the true way."

Lilla Conrey.

OLE MAMMY TALES.

CONJURING.

The negro cabins on one side of the land stretching northward from the old Chew mansion were smiling in the sunshine of that afternoon in July. So was Pappy Gab'l, the old white headed darky, who at that moment appeared in the doorway of the cabin with its rose bush in front. Each little house had its garden made gay with hollyhocks, marigolds, sunflowers and larkspurs, but Mammy, who had nursed Mas't Ned and Miss Mary all through their babyhood,—well, she was different from the "other niggahs" and must remind them of it in various ways. The rose bush with its delicate pink blooms instead of the gorgeous reds and blues was one emblem of her superiority.

From Mammy's chimney a festoon of smoke was trailing skyward, and there was a sort of relation existing between that trail of smoke and Pappy Gab'l's smile. There was to be possum for supper,—possum, juicy and brown, the thought of which might make anybody smile.

As pappy Gab'l stood there, a little figure darted out from the group of pickaninnies playing in the lane and came towards him, slipping past the old man into the cabin where Mammy was "fixing" the possum.

"Dat boy done smell dat possum 'foh it's cooked, and, of course, Mammy she'll have him and Susy come to suppah."

Sure enough, as the sun was dropping down behind the pines, there was Susy putting the finishing touches to the cabin supper while Mammy was "superintending" in the big house kitchen.

When she had finished her important task, and had waddled in all her dignity past the hollyhocks and marigolds into her own little cabin, she saw in the faces of two of its occupants, at least, a welcome. Pappy Gab'l's placid, expectant countenance and Dan's side glances at the oven from which the possum was to issue, told her why.

When they were in the midst of the feast, Mammy noticed that Susy was only pretending to eat.

"What ails you, Susy?" she asked. At first Susy said, "nothing," but being pressed she opened her heart to Mammy and Pappy Gab'l. She spoke in a low, earnest voice, while her eyes had the eager, half frightened expression that might come from seeing objects and activities not akin to this world of ours. From their depths shown out wonder at the strangeness, horror at the sense of danger, awe at the assurance of a supernatural power.

"You know, Mammy," she was saying, "Ag managed de washin' at de big house, befoh I did it an' she didn't want to give it up, no how, an she's real mad 'cause missus give it to me, an' I so scahed foh feah she conjuh me I can't sleep at nights. I'm just suah she has de evil eye."

"Lan' sakes, Susy, you don't say!" exclaimed Pappy Gab'l rolling his eyes.

"Yes, it's honest true, dem what has de evil eye does awful things. Dah was Miss Patterson's Julie. She done de wash dat used to b'long to old Kate, ana' dat same day, befoh de clo's

was in de rench watah, Julie was took with a pain in her lef' leg. An' it got worse an' worse, an' after a while it bust."

"An' dah was Myry Johnson. Her sistah-in-law had a grudge agin her foh somethin' or otah, an' one night Myry found a bundle on the floah. She done opened it an' dah was some old rags and some stones. But she knowed she was conjuhed, an' true as I'm heah, Myry was daid befoh de yeah was out."

"An' dah was my aunt's husband's fatah, he nevah did no ha'm to nobody, but you know why his cabin burnt down,——"

"Now see heah, Susy," interrupted Mammy. "You spilin' dis possum. It may be true, all you been sayin', but de Lord an' ole Missy an' Mass'r has allus took good caah of us, hasn't they?"

"Ye-es," admitted Susy.

"Then, just eat some of this nice possum," persuaded Mammy.

And Susy, her heart unburdened, drew a long breath, and ate her supper.

Lilla Conrey.

MAMMY JUDY.

A comfortable looking old mammy was Judy. Her broad, good-natured face of ebony darkness set off the white of her eyes in their manner of rolling from side to side, a habit she had instead of turning her head to look at you. Her teeth, still sound and dazzling, had occasion to show themselves many times in the course of a day, for a kindly heart and a sense of the humorous found vent in frequent peals of laughter, often veritable thunder claps. Matching the good humor in her face and the jolliness of her laugh, the robustness of her figure stood out before you in all its mightiness as she approached with waddling gait. Dressed with all cleanliness and neatness, with never a gap between buttons, or an untidy meeting of waist and skirt, for mammy always had her dresses made "plenty big," in her large spotlessly white apron, she always had the appearance of having just emerged from a giant bandbox. Never having to bother with skillet or dishpan, with washtub or iron board, but just to look after two "bressed jewels" all the day, the keeping tidy was for mammy one of the comparatively easy things of life. The "bressed jewels" presented two far more difficult problems, the daily solving of which required thought. But labor ungrudgingly given for love's sake, with much fun and sympathy thrown in, sows gray hairs and wrinkles sparingly, so mammy kept her

youth, her happiness, and her important place in the family. It is true she had to keep an eye "on Hen," her grandson, but that duty was of secondary consideration.

As she came that morning through the gateway, her ponderous form seemed to have broadened alarmingly, for, with some labor, she pushed herself between the gateposts. All along the path you watched her coming and still you wondered at the amazing breadth of her, till, chancing to see two tiny feet pattering below the spacious skirts, you discovered little Ned walking, as part of mammy, under the great white apron.

As they came up the marble steps and entered the great hallway, Ned, peeping out, spied "Hen," who was descending by slow degrees in the scrubbing process. And "Hen," knowing that mammy was there looking at him, added not a single arm movement to the minute. "Henry!" she called, and slowly the fat cheeked, flat nosed cherub turned and looked down at her.

"Henry, you suttanly foolin' you' time. What ails you? Did you say yo' prayers dis moahnin'?"

"No'm," he coolly answered, "I nevah says 'em on Satuh-days."

"Henry," said mammy in horrified tones, "get right down, dis minute an' say yo' prayers."

Then the queer little figure doubled himself up on the first dry step, and, planting his elbows in a puddle on the step above buried his face in the small, soapy hands.

Silently mammy and Ned watched until he had finished. When he turned and looked down at them mammy, rolling her eyes solemnly, said, "Henry, does you know what will happen if you don' say yo' prayers?" "Go to to ment," he answered, as if he were calmly and deliberately pronouncing his own doom.

"An' you don' want to go dah, does you, Henry?"

"Yes'm," he chirped, as he went on with his scrubbing. "I fink I d like to go jis to see what it' like."

But something, it may have been mammy's great concern for him, or the prayer he had said, or some of the fire of his daring words had put nimbleness into the fingers and sprightliness into the funny little body, for very soon the stairs were finished, and with his mouth all apucker for whistling, his fat cheeks puffed out to their fullest—down the lane went "Hen" to show Billy and Ned a rabbit trap he was making.

Lilla Conrey.

THE BREAKING UP OF CAMP.

It was peep of day, with life just beginning to stir on the camp-meeting ground. The bugle call for awakening had been sounded from the depth of oaks and chestnuts and the brothers and sisters must assemble in one grand body before the pulpit tent.

Until a late hour of the preceding night, the long backless pine board seats had been occupied by the "cullud" folk, some listening earnestly to the exhortations of the preacher, nodding their heads solemnly in affirmation of his words of wisdom or shaking them dolefully at thoughts of their own or of others' shortcomings, while others, the younger ones in the audience, entered also into the camp-meeting spirit in which the sense of freedom and the wearing of holiday clothes played an important part. As the hours had passed on toward midnight children slept on mossy beds under trees, and even a dignified old mammy here and there showed signs of succumbing in frequent nods and jerks, and escapes from headlong precipitation into cavernous depths under benches. Somebody had started a hymn, which was taken up by a trembling treble from the amen corner. Joined by one and then another the rhythmic melody had reached heights of jubilation interspersed with shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Bress de Lawd, I's His!"

The preacher had raised his hand as if calling for silence, and the song died out with a few lingering sobs and bursts of emotion. They must rest now until the break of daylight, he had told them, and then meet for the last farewell. Soon the pine seats had become white streaks in the moonlight, and the rows of canvas tents a miniature city wrapped in slumber.

But now, in the early morning, the tents had given up their occupants and these in a body awaited the opening note of the farewell chorus. The signal given, the leaders started down the wide central aisle between the rows of benches. In and out through the aisles glided the figures in graceful lines, the old women in their bonnets and shawls as for a journey, young girls in their brightest ribbons, old men and youths and children, not one losing step or making a false movement in the passing of the lines. And through it all the hand shaking and the marching were in perfect unison with the accompanying refrain, "Fa-ge-well, bruddahs, fa-gewell, fa-ge-well!"

To the eye of the onlooker there were artistic groupings and picturesqueness of grace unsurpassed by Greek or Norwegian folk dance. To his spiritual sense there came evidence of religious fervor where human souls came heart to heart with the God over all.

To the participants in this grand finale of a session set apart from the rest of the year, who knows what was given of uplift and inspiration, of needed change in lives which for many meant drudgery and suffering and the bearing of burdens.

Lilla Conrey.

COLONEL HARRY GILMOR.

During the war between the North and the South, called the Civil War, small bands of men under adventurous leaders acted as scouts, riding in every direction, burning bridges, cutting wires, capturing railroad trains and carrying off horses. One small party, under Harry Gilmor, is noted for its daring raids made in different parts of the county. Once they came within five miles of Baltimore and burned the country home of Governor Bradford. Other raids were made in the neighborhood of Towson, Mt. Washington, Reisterstown and Fork.

Earl Southard, of the fifth grade, writes the report of a story still told of Colonel Harry Gilmor in the neighborhood of Fork:

"On one of his raids through this section he stole a horse from Mr. John Slade and gave in exchange an old plug. He seemed always in need of fresh horses, and did not hesitate to take them wherever he could find them."

It was in this neighborhood, also, that the Union soldiers were worried by his command of sixty men. The Union soldiers were on the watch for the fearless Confederate raider, and were encamped on a bank in a field belonging to Mr. Frank Morgan; but tired and worn after nights of watching they fell asleep, and Gilmor escaped from his enemy.

It is also told that as he passed the home of Ishmael Day, now the home of George Dilworth, between Fork and Kingsville, he saw an American flag floating from the building. You must remember that the stars and stripes were used by the Union soldiers while the Confederates had the stars and bars. Just at the time of this war the stars and stripes seemed hateful to them. One man in Gilmor's band said he would tear down the

flag and tie it to his horse's tail. This was too much for Ishmael Day. The insult to the flag roused his wrath, and he shot and killed the man who attempted it. Gilmor's band, however, set fire to the house, burned it to the ground, and killed the horse upon which Day tried to escape. He dropped down behind some brush, where he was safely hidden while the raiders dashed on to some other deed of warfare.

Passano, in "Maryland, Stories from Her History," tells a most interesting story of one of his raids as told by Gilmor himself, which I hope you will read. It shows the fearless character of the man whose business it was to "look up the enemy" as he says. War is not all glory and romance. We can smile at some things which are done, but they are few in number. War is the killing of men, a poor means used for the purpose of settling some disputed question. The soldiers are not to blame, they are sent to war to fight. Great nations, like small boys, still like to fight, but that is because the old idea of "might makes right" still exists in the minds of some leaders. If people everywhere thought more of the horrors of war, of the bloodshed and cruelty and less of the gay uniforms and brass bands which appear on dress parade, it would not take long to develop world peace. That nation will be great which shall lead all the nations of the world to be as eager for peace as once all nations were eager for war. Then we will pay tribute to our heroes of peace as we now give praise to our heroes of war.

Isobel Davidson.

A WAR INCIDENT AT BAYNESVILLE.

One summer evening every one was sitting on their porches awaiting they knew not what, for these were war times and no one knew just what would happen next. A faint drum beat was heard in the distance. Every one became excited, running to and fro, talking in loud tones, saying foolish things, and even shedding tears. "The soldiers are coming! The soldiers are coming!" cried the men. "Hide the silver!" cried the women. But every one had lost his head, and instead of putting their valuables away in safety they were strewn about in great disarray. The houses looked as if they had been wind-swept.

The sound of the drum came nearer and nearer. The panic became greater, but amid the excitement one old man stayed in his own front yard, calmly waiting the coming of the soldiers.

His neighbors called, "Come in! Come in! you will be shot!" but the old man only shook his head and stood there like a sentinel on guard. A large troupe of soldiers appeared around the bend. They saluted the old man, and the general, who was none other than General Harry Gilmor, told him that no one would suffer any harm if obedient to his commands. This is the way of war, and this was a touch of military power exercised by this brave scout. Some of his soldiers went to the different houses with the same message. Doors were opened by many, but hurrying soldiers did not wait for doors to swing wide—they had no time for that—in their haste they simply knocked a door inward and entered without ceremony. Many were rude, taking advantage of the helplessness of women and children, and demanded food. No doubt they were hungry, and the women responded with alacrity, getting them the best their larders afforded; bread, butter, meat, preserves and fresh fruit and vegetables from orchard and garden. All this took a much shorter time than in the telling. Soon the soldiers are on the march again, and it was a comical sight to see them marching away with bread, butter, vegetables and fruit under their arms. As they marched away they lifted their hats to the ladies and smiled and thanked them for the good things they now had in their possession. They had taken it, willy-nilly, but now that they had it their natural courtesy returned and they left as gay as you please. Just outside of Baynesville they sat down in a hay field and ate their suppers in a merry mood, recounting the ludicrous happenings of the last few hours, no doubt.

But what of the homes so lately visited by the band of raiders? Each house now looked as if a hurricane had indeed swept through, for the soldiers in their haste had upset tables, chairs and dishes and this, added to the disarrangement due to panic upon their approach, caused considerable discomfort and disquietude, spoiling the spirit of the coming Sabbath as well as the usual good Sunday dinner.

I haven't a bit of doubt, however, but that the small boys and girls were glad to go supperless to bed on that occasion, and perhaps if the truth were told, they rather envied the soldier lads who could so easily obtain a supper upon demand.

Adapted, Julia Cassen.

THE STORY OF A PHILANTHROPIST

MOSES SHEPPARD.

One day while riding down a shaded roadway, about one mile from Towson, I caught a glimpse of a beautiful building set well back from the road in most attractive grounds. Upon inquiry I learned that it was the Sheppard Hospital, an important and useful institution. Since then I have learned something of the man who made this institution possible. "A man of deeds and not of words," was Moses Sheppard.

He was born in Pennsylvania in 1773, but his ancestors came over in the Mayflower. His grandfather was the first minister at Cambridge, Mass., so you see he came of good New England stock. However, young Moses was soon left to shift for himself, as his parents died while he was a small boy. He drifted into Maryland and before long he was engaged as a mill hand at the Jericho Mills, not so far from Baltimore. From all that I can learn, Moses did not like the whirl and stir of the mill any too well, and like most boys, sought the city, becoming an errand boy in a grocery store. I think he must have swept the store with a will and run errands swiftly, tied packages deftly, for in a short time he was promoted to the position of clerk. That must have been a happy day for the lonely lad, but not half so proud could he have been as when he became a partner and finally the owner of the business. In 1820 he established on Light street the first private tobacco inspection warehouse in Baltimore. He had made a fortune slowly, comfortably, and retired from business in the full vigor of manhood to devote himself to doing good.

"A man of deeds, not of words," he helped the poor and needy without display. He sought out those who were worthy, and to them he gave such aid as they needed to get right with the world again. He followed the old Biblical injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," and often his friends or those who did not understand him were annoyed at his secrecy. He hated any show, any pretense, and a parade of any kind. Doing good to him meant service rendered to others without the usual commendation of his fellows; indeed, he seemed always to shun and to fear words of praise from others. He found his keenest joy, not in co-operation with others, but in being able to provide the opportunity or open the door to young people of promise. Many orphan girls and boys have reason to be grate-

ful to this cold, quiet man who never even let them know the name of their benefactor. Some he educated in whole or in part until able to take care of themselves; to others he advanced sums of money sufficient to enable them to begin business in a moderate way.

He was a plain, blunt man, quiet in his habits, thoughtful and forceful in speech, yet underneath this quiet exterior there beat a warm, sympathetic heart, particularly for those who had to encounter some of the same struggles which he had met and conquered by force of character. He had been denied the opportunity for much school life, his education being gained almost wholly at first-hand through contact with men and things. And he mastered both! He was very well-read, and in later life spent a good deal of time recording his views of life. Long before he died he planned the institution which bears his name, but quite in keeping with his desire to serve the community quietly, he proposed that the plan should not be perfected and made public until after his death. He provided in his will that the mass of his fortune should be devoted to the hospital which bears his name.

Isobel Davidson.

A VISIT TO ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, YORK ROAD.

One autumn afternoon, when the leaves were gold and red, we walked up the path leading to the big house which sets well back from the road. You can see St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum as you ride by, and somehow the word asylum makes you think all sorts of sad, hard things, and you wonder how anyone can be really happy in such a place. But that is because in the long ago, large homes, or asylums as they were called, were not very home-like. Often we read of children who were not well taken care of in homes of this kind, but it is not the case at this big, splendid home. Here one hundred and forty-eight little boys, ranging from three to fourteen years, find a home, who might not have another, certainly none so good and comfortable.

Come with me and we may see what those boys are doing. Real boys they are, doing real things. Some are at play out on the playground, some are out walking with a sister. Just before we left this party returned laden with great bunches of autumn leaves, all yellow and gold and red; a bit of the forest to place in the schoolrooms, for you must know that these little boys go

to school five hours a day, just as other boys and girls. There is a kindergarten, too, where the very little ones learn to sing pretty songs and tell pretty stories and play games. But it is not all play and outdoor walks at St. Vincent's. It couldn't be. The boys would get tired of "all play," for though the rhyme says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we can easily turn it around and say, "All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy," too. Some of the boys work while others play, then their playtime comes when others work, for every one has a chance to learn how to do things with a sister to show them how. There is a bread team, the scrubbing team, the wa'ter team, the dusting team, as well as the football team, basket-ball team and other teams.

One hundred and forty-eight boys need plenty to eat, and when you peeped into the great bins, which held the oatmeal, the cream of wheat, the corn-meal, the corn flakes and other cereals, and compared this quantity with the box of breakfast food which mother has on her pantry shelf; or when you peeped into the fruit room and saw shelf after shelf filled with preserves, pickles and fruits of every kind; peaches, pears, plums, cherries, tomatoes, you realized how much it takes to feed hungry boys. The cereals are all cooked in the fireless cooker, so that it is not much trouble, for it cooks all night and is nice and hot in the morning for breakfast of cereal, bread and coffee and fruit.

We saw the room where the flour is kept, great bags of it, just enough to last for a short time, the sister said. Whoever saw a boy who did not like plenty of bread and butter? In this room the bread is made by the boys under the direction of a sister. But I am glad they do not have to mix it. Little arms even on a fourteen-year-old boy would grow tired mixing all that would be needed at one baking. There is a mixer run by electricity, and all that is needed is to pour the flour, water, salt and the yeast into the hopper and turn on the current until it is mixed into dough, and made stiff enough to be made into loaves.

At one end of the room are shelves built into the wall upon which the loaves of dough are placed over night and left to rise. In the morning all the pans are popped into the oven and there it is left to bake until each loaf is a nice golden brown. Then out of the oven—which, by the way, has many shelves and room for many pans—the golden loaves come, and are carried away by the bread boys to the pantry, ready to be served when the meal

time comes. Then it is cut into slices by a bread-cutting machine, and carried to the long tables in the dining room by the "little waiters."

We arrived in the dining room shortly before tea-time, and several little fellows were arranging the tables and placing the food in its proper place upon each one. At each table a larger boy takes charge during the meal and sees that small boys are taken care of in the right way. Of course a sister is always there, too, but some of the care falls to the boys themselves. The boys all looked healthy and well-fed, as if the dinner of meat and three vegetables and dessert, often cake; and the tea, with bread, milk and fruit, together with the breakfast, was just right for most of them. You will be glad to know, too, that about twice a month a treat of candy comes their way.

Not only do the boys help prepare the food, but, as fate will have it, the dishes fall to their lot as well. I am sure they dislike this task quite as much as ordinary boys in the usual home; but in this "Big Home" everyone must learn to do all the duties that a home requires—it is a part of their training—so each week groups are detailed for certain tasks, and dishwashing is one of them, for when we eat there are dishes to wash, as a matter of course. Some day, perhaps, they will have a dishwashing machine, who knows? Then the boys will have something else to do instead of dishwashing. But dishwashing is not all. There are floors to scrub, windows to wash, porches to sweep, falling leaves to gather in the fall, and weeds to pull in the spring. There is always plenty to do. Still we can remember that "many hands make light work" and let us hope that no little fellow works harder than he is able to stand. A task happily done is almost play, and many things are done cheerfully. After the evening tea is over everyone goes to chapel; then comes bedtime. Bedtime means a scrubbing time to these little boys. I hope they like it. Most boys don't, but it is a good habit to instill, nevertheless. Each must wash his face, and hands, and ears, and scrub his teeth, take a shower bath in summer, and a tub bath three times a week in winter. So you see, there are no dirty hands to be seen on the little sleepers. No wonder they can keep the beds so clean, for only clean little bodies jump into them at night.

Come with us and peep into the dormitory, with its long rows of pure white beds, so spotless and well made, that you wonder how little fellows could ever have done it all. Yet, each boy

makes his own bed, and if he is too little an older boy helps until the child learns how. The room is so airy and bright with so many open windows, rarely closed, even in winter, that it is as fresh as a sleeping porch.

There are two dormitories, one for the smaller boys, and one for the larger ones; both spotless and perfect. It must be a pretty sight to see each small boy in his little white bed. I wonder whether they ever play as most boys do, and talk some, as they drop off to dreamland, one by one, in this great room? Yes, I think they do, for these are real boys who do real things; at bedtime, as well as other times. In the morning when the rising bell rings, does any have the chance to be "a dillar a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar," or "lazy bones" and come down to breakfast late? I am sure not, unless one is ill and then he is taken to the infirmary at once.

There is a fine room which is fitted up as the infirmary, where all sick children are kept until well. A nurse is in charge, who has a room just outside the door. A tiny kitchenette has also been provided and the dumb-waiter from the kitchen below brings up the necessary food which the nurse prepares daintily to coax the appetite of the little sick child. But there has been very little sickness in the home, and only one death in seventeen years, which is a good record.

Should a fire break out in the building at night, the children can escape from one dormitory by means of the spiral slide, and from the other by way of the usual fire escape. The first time a little fellow goes out by way of the spiral slide he is afraid that something will happen—he knows not what—the second time he is less timid, and the third time he likes it. Last winter when a fire did break out in the main building, the house was emptied in a minute and a half. Pretty quick time, wasn't it? This was the result of frequent fire drills, of course. Some one who saw all those little fellows standing out in the cold, raw, March air in their night clothes said it was an interesting sight, so well-trained were those "soldiers of the little white beds."

Who furnishes the clothes these boys wear? we asked. A sister told us laughingly, "You should see my bill for wearing apparel. I have just ordered five hundred complete outfits for my family. Each boy is provided with three complete outfits, including shoes, hats, coats, suits and underwear; one for Sunday, and two for second best." As we went into the children's re-

ception room we saw great bolts of cloth which were to be made into blue blouses for every-day wear. Still I did not feel as if every child was dressed like every other child. Different ages call for changes, so there is variety in dress which makes it a bit more like a real home.

Once a month the boys are permitted to have visitors—relatives, or guardians, or friends. A room has been fitted up as a children's parlor or receiving room. Guests are admitted by a sister, who is present at this time. I don't know whether any little boy can entertain his friend by taking him out to the playground for a game of marbles, should he be interested in marbles, or show him the chickens that lay the eggs for the cake they eat, or the cows that give the good, rich milk they drink, or the fields where the wild-flowers grow. I am afraid not, but all the little boys of the home come to know them very well, as they stay here all the year round.

Not far away from the main buildings are the gardens, where the fruit and vegetables are raised, the fields where the corn and potatoes are grown. A farmhouse in which the farmer lives is nearby. There are chickens, pigs, cows and horses for the children to love, and all over this small farm they are permitted to go, both for work and play. So these boys have both indoor and outdoor life, and they are learning how to do many things with their hands, learning to be thoughtful and kind, and helpful. This home gives them a chance to live and to learn.

How did anyone ever come to think of taking care of little orphan boys in this way? Once upon a time, a very good man was very much interested in boys, small boys as well as older boys, and particularly those who had no father or mother to look after them. This was Father McGillen, of St. Vincent's Church, in St. Vincent's parish.

About 1840 he organized an asylum for the small boys in whom he was so much interested. At first it was a church society, but it is no longer so. It works in connection with the church, but it is chartered by the Legislature, so it gets some money from the State. Boys from anywhere in the city and the State, needing just such care as the home gives, may be received here if the board of directors approves. When a boy enters here he becomes a ward of the asylum until he is fourteen. Everything he wears, everything he eats, everything he has, is provided by the ones who support the institution. Many little boys

are taken from St. Vincent's Infant Asylum in the city and placed here when old enough. Mr. Deupert, who has been president of the board for thirty years, or more, is like a father to the children, and they look upon him as their friend. Seven years ago, finding its city quarters too cramped, the institution was moved to its present attractive location.

Isobel Davidson.

THE HISTORY OF GLEN ARM.

FROM MANOR TO VILLAGE.

Katherine and I were walking leisurely along the road, enjoying the balmy spring air, and did not notice the big automobile coming quietly towards us, until we realized that same one was speaking. Then we looked up, and saw an elderly man, leaning out of the automobile. "Could you ladies tell me if this is Towson?"

"No, sir, it is not. Towson is about six miles farther on. This is Glen Arm," we replied.

"Glen Arm, what a pretty Scotch name! 'Thank you!' he said, and the machine went on.

"Did you hear what he said about the name 'Glen Arm' being a pretty Scottish name?" I asked my friend.

"Yes, I wonder if it is Scott'sh," she replied.

"Do you know I never thought of that. Let us see if we can't find out. For one really should know something about the place in which one lives," I said.

With this object in view we decided to ask Mr. Burk, the station agent, who knew a great deal about such things.

"You want to know where Glen Arm got its name," he said. "Well, it was named by a Mr. Thomas Armstrong, at one time treasurer of the Maryland and Pennsylvania Railroad, for his old home in Scotland."

We then asked, "But, Mr. Burk, when was that? Tell us all you know about Glen Arm."

"Tell you all I know about Glen Arm? There isn't very much to tell you. However, here it is: All this tract of land around here was owned by a Mr. Benjamin Wilson, who obtained it by a patent. Later it was divided into three manors, but was still owned by members of the Wilson family. The name of one of these manors was "Land of Promise." There is an old manor stone, which is at the end of Mr. Shanahan's lot, and Mr. Walter's field, right there near the schoolhouse."

"What do you mean by the 'old manor stone?'" I asked.

"It is a large gray stone placed in the ground at that spot and is one of the oldest landmarks in the country. All surveys were made from it. The 'manor line' runs from this stone to Mr. Streett's lane, between his and Miss Beatty's farm, and forms a straight line out to the Dulaney's Valley pike.

"This land was in the possession of the Wilson family for years. But about thirty years ago they began selling it off in small tracts. Mr. Adam Reier was one of the first ones to buy. Later tracts were sold to Mr. F. B. Hooper, Mr. Andy Shearman, Mr. Shanahan and Mr. A. A. Piper."

"But was the railroad always here?" I asked.

"Oh, no, indeed, there was no Glen Arm until that came through, which was in 1882, for it was then that Mr. Armstrong named the station Glen Arm, and the postoffice took the same name. The first station was located at the Glen Arm crossing, but which most people now call "Leight's Crossing." Mr. John Mullenaux was the first station agent, and he was also the postmaster and storekeeper. About three years later it was moved to its present location. I am the sixth agent in all these years—two up at the old location and four down here. Mr. Ambrose was the second agent here, and the station burned down during his time as agent. Then Mr. Hooper had the station in his shop until they moved the old station down from Baldwin."

"But when was this station built?" asked Katherine.

"It was built in 1909, the old station was sold to Mr. Adam Reier for \$25, and he now uses it for a warehouse, after having moved it across the track."

"What about Mr. Hooper's shop? When was it started?"

"Oh, Glen Arm never was of any consequence until the shop started. However, here comes Mr. Hooper and he can tell you. Mr. Hooper, these girls want to know when your shop started."

"They do? That is easy to tell them. It began in 1900. I bought the land from Mr. Caleb Wilson, and built the shop from the stones that were in an old house, commonly known as "Eden Castle," which stood near where my own house is now."

"Was your shop then just as it is now?" I asked.

"No indeed, I have an old picture of it that I will show you sometime. I have added to it four times as my business has increased. Just lately, you know, I have put in my new power plant."

"But what about the school? Where did the children go before this one was built?"

"At first they went to Greenwood. Later Miss Louise Stiegler taught over Mr. Reier's store, which was then on the corner near his house. This school lasted until the new one was built in 1903."

"Well, that is all, I suppose, Mr. Burk, and thank you very much."

Then we started homeward, but we could not help thinking of the difference between the time when Glen Arm was a manor and now when it has a railroad by which we can go to Baltimore in forty minutes; a population of two hundred and fifty, and pretty homes dotted around on the hills. *Grace Burton.*

THE INDIAN CAVES.

It was the first day of May. It was a perfect May Day. The sun shone clear and bright. Everywhere the birds were singing as they went busily about their work.

I was on my way to school, but walking very slowly, for I wished to enjoy all the beauty of the morning. Upon reaching the schoolhouse I was greeted with the cry: "Oh, Miss Smith, please take us Maying this afternoon." Another pleaded, "Oh, yes, please do, we will work twice as hard if you will just take us." I felt that I could work with right good will if I knew I was going to have the afternoon in the woods, so I said, "All right, where shall we go?"

No one could answer that question until one little boy piped up, "Please take us to the Indian caves." Immediately some one asked, "Where are they?" "I never heard of them before." I had been there, and I thought Walter's suggestion a very good one. So we decided to go to the Indian caves.

At one o'clock everyone was ready and off we started, taking the road through the woods. As we walked along, picking flowers, the children were eager to know all about the Indian caves.

"Miss Smith, why do they call them the 'Indian caves'?" said a bright, third-grade boy.

"Because the Indians once lived in them. We know this because people have found tomahawks, feathers, arrows and flint stones in and near the caves."

"And were the arrows like Hiawatha's 'winged with feathers and tipped with flint?' " asked Howard, who had always been very much interested in Hiawatha.

"Perhaps they were. You see at one time the Indians are supposed to have lived all about here. This was, of course, many, many years ago. I have heard some one say that they named the valley in which Mr. Bonaparte's farm is, 'Snow Bird Valley.' Isn't that a pretty name?"

So we walked, picked flowers, and talked until we came to Mr. Hartley's mill.

"See, children," I said, "The caves are over half-way up that steep hill."

"O, but how will we ever get up there?" exclaimed Mamie.

"Walk up," said Walter, "I've been up there lots of times. Just watch me!"

So saying he started up the hill and we scrambled after him as best we could. With much laughing and talking we finally reached the level place near the caves and stood looking around the country. Everyone agreed that it was worth the labor, for besides the pretty view, it seemed that the prettiest flowers and choicest ferns grew near the caves.

But the children wanted to explore the caves. So we entered and walked in them for a short distance, but it was so very dark we soon came out. We think it must be much darker now than when the Indians lived in them. However, they extended back some thirty or forty feet, and one cave seemed to lead into another.

The buzzards had found this a fine place for a home, and so had built their nests there. One brave little boy crawled back into the cave and came out with two large buzzard eggs.

"What are those birds flying around in there?" asked Mary.

"They are bats, and bats and buzzards have taken possession of the Indians' home."

"But why did the Indians leave it? I think it would have been nice to have lived here, and a fine place to hide," said Charles.

"I cannot tell you just why they left it, but I imagine it was because the white people came and settled too close to their home. Let's all of us imagine we were here when the Indians lived here. What do you see?"

"I see a papoose hanging on this tree. The poor little baby is crying, but the mother wants to teach it not to cry, so she

doesn't pay any attention to it," said one of the older pupils.

"I see two Indian men fishing in Mr. Hartley's mill stream."

"I see some little Indian boys making bows and arrows like Hiawatha's."

"I see some Indian women working up this ground with their digging sticks. They are getting ready to plant corn."

Thus the answers came, each one eager to tell what he saw. We lingered, filled with the charm of the place, until the sun was quite low in the heavens, when suddenly we realized it was time to go home. Going down the hill was, of course, easier than coming up, and so we soon reached the road again, but paused a few minutes to see the stone with the hole where the Indian women pounded their corn.

With our arms loaded with dogwood and wild honeysuckle we started homeward, still thinking of the Indian caves, now inhabited by buzzards and bats.

Mary V. Smith.

SUNNYBROOK—PAST AND PRESENT.

One would travel a long distance in order to find a more beautiful place than Sunnybrook. It is a very small village along the Jarrettsville Pike, fifteen miles northeast of Baltimore, and three miles from the railroad station at Phoenix. From this high point miles of country are seen stretching away toward the south, east and west. On a very clear day, the Catholic Church at Towson, which is seven and a half miles distant, can be seen from the porch of Sunnybrook school.

An old gentleman sat on the porch of a farmhouse at Sunnybrook one afternoon in April, watching a group of children at play. Suddenly they spied him, and in an instant they gathered about him, saying, "Grandfather, please tell us a story."

"You shall have a story—a true story," he said. Many years ago, when I was a very little boy, I sometimes went to Baltimore with my father in his market wagon. In those days we did not travel on the Jarrettsville pike for there was no such road. It was not built until some years later, in 1864. We used the road that connects with the pike at the blacksmith shop, and it was known as the York road.

I remember passing through Sunnybrook on those trips, but it was quite different from what it is now. There was no church, no school, no store, no blacksmith shop, not even a house except the old log house in Mr. Wolfe's yard, and Soter's house, and

also King's house, which was used as a hotel then. We always stopped there to water our horses.

The house in which Mr. Soter lives is the oldest one, and it was built over a hundred years ago, before I was born.

"Grandfather, who lived in that house?"

"That was the home of Colonel James Sterrett. He owned about fifteen hundred acres of land, part of which is now Sunnybrook. His estate was called Wellington. The land on which the school, the store and the blacksmith shop stand belonged to Colonel Sterrett. The farms belonging to Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Phillips were also a part of Wellington.

There were two other men whose names are remembered as large land-owners in the neighborhood of Sunnybrook. They were Mr. Britton and Mr. Gorsuch. The Britton property extended from the cross-roads toward Warren and the Gorsuch property included Mrs. Davis' farm and Mr. Frank Smith's. Mr. Lynch was an early owner of the Herron property."

"How did Sunnybrook happen to grow?" one of the children asked.

"We shall see how that happened. When Colonel Sterrett died about sixty-three years ago, his property was left to his son, John Sterrett. He did not wish to keep so much land, and there were people who wished to buy, so he divided his land into smaller farms and sold them. Mr. Hall and Mr. John Brown were two of the purchasers. Mr. Hall built Mr. Phillips' house, and the little house in Mr. Wolfe's yard was built by Mr. Brown.

"While the land on the east side of the Old York road was being built up, the land on the other side was also. Two of the first houses built on that side were Mr. Meisner's house and Mrs. Davis'.

A great deal of the Britton estate was sold to the Curtis and Piersol families. The Britton mansion which is at least a hundred years old is now occupied by Mr. John Piersol. "The first buyers of parts of the large estates sold some of their land. In this way more houses were built and Sunnybrook continued to grow.

"In 1860 the people desired a schoolhouse better and nearer than the old log one that the children attended. It still stands on Mr. Shipley's place. The county bought a lot from Mr. Brown and built a one-room frame building. It was located at the lower end of the school lot near the cross-roads. The first teach-

er was Mr. Harrison Curtis, and he taught there for eight years. About twenty-two years ago the present school was built. The old one was bought by Mr. Curtis and made into the house in which Mrs. Kelley lives.

"When the first school was built, there was no church, so the people of the Methodist denomination held their services in the school house for five or six years. Then, in 1865, a small church was built which was named Fairview. In 1903, twelve years ago, the present one was built."

"I think Fairview would have been a pretty and suitable name for Sunnybrook, grandfather," one of the boys remarked.

"Yes, it would have been," grandfather replied, "but there was a reason for naming the place Sunnybrook. In 1870, a post-office was established at King's hotel, and on account of the little stream that runs nearby the postoffice was called Sunnybrook. That was the year in which I came to live here. Our mail was brought to the office twice a week, and later on, every day."

"How much better it is to have the mail brought every morning by the mail carrier! I'm glad I am living in these days," said one of the older boys.

"The rural free delivery at Sunnybrook is eleven years old—just your age, John," said grandfather. "The postoffice, later on, was removed to the old store, which stood on the lower end of the store property. The first storekeeper was named Lidden, and there have been quite a number of storekeepers since. Nine years ago last March the store burned down. Then Mr. Wesley enlarged a hall on the store property, into a store and dwelling. This hall had been used for oyster suppers and entertainments. Now the hall over the blacksmith shop serves those purposes."

"Grandfather, I have often wondered what that old shed on Mr. William Pocok's lot was used for. It must be very old."

"That is a very old building. It was the first blacksmith shop at Sunnybrook and it was built fifty years ago. There was once a house near the shop, but it was destroyed by fire. Mr. Hilgartner had the present shop built nine years ago.

"The same year in which the new school house was built. Dr. Percy Smith had the first doctor's house and office built. Dr. Smith sold to Dr. Dugdale. Later the late Dr. Josiah Payne came."

"We hope Sunnybrook may continue to grow, so that when you become its old folks you will tell a greater story."

Mary Evans.

NEWMARKET.

1806.

New Market, or Maryland Line Postoffice, is the village "farthest north" in Baltimore County, being only a few hundred yards from the Pennsylvania border. It is thirty miles from Baltimore and is reached by the Northern Central Railroad. An old hotel was erected here in 1806, just after the York turn-pike was completed, and many have been the travelers between York and Baltimore who have stopped here. The oldest house in the village was built a year or two earlier by John Walker. Two churches, a public school, the postoffice in the general store, are the public buildings. The Rutledge family date back many generations in the vicinity of New Market. Thomas Rutledge was born in Baltimore County in 1759, and was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

Frank was a little boy who had lived in Baltimore all his life. Once in a while he went to the country with his mother or grandmother to spend the summer holiday. Summer had come again, and with it Frank's ninth birthday, and the promised visit to the country.

This summer grandmother had chosen to go to New Market on the Northern Central, a ride of an hour or a little more from Baltimore. The place was new to Frank, and he was quite sure there was little to interest him in so small a town. It was their first day, and a very discontented little lad stood digging his toe in the soft earth along the old-fashioned porch where grandma sat.

"Well, what is the matter, Frank?" asked grandma.

"Don't like it here. There is nothing to see, nothing to do," grumbled the lad of nine.

"Wait and see," said grandma.

"You know I belong to a history club, grandma, and I promised to bring back something worth telling in the fall. Each boy and girl in the club is expected to bring back a good story about the place they visit. A history story, too, grandma."

Grandma smiled as she thought of her nine year old grandson, a member of a history club. With a merry twinkle in her

eyes, she said, "More days are coming after this one. Give yourself time. Don't be so impatient. But how far have you gone today? How many questions have you asked? How many? Not one, my son, I fear. A true member of a history club does not begin by bemoaning his fate, but by poking about in every lane and hedgerow. It may prove a needle in a haystack here in this spot, but I believe you will find that even New Market has something for you, my little historian. Take a walk in the village and keep your eyes and ears open.

Just then Cousin Nell appeared and invited Frank to walk to the postoffice with her.

"On the way," said grandma, "show Frank the stone with M on one side and P on the other, and if you have time take him over into Pennsylvania. He is looking for signs of other days and times. Show him all that New Market can show of a past."

Down the street they went, Frank happy now that he had a companion.

Upon his return he plied grandma with questions, "Grandma, I didn't see any State line. Where was it? Nell said it was there, and I thought I should surely walk over something when I went into another State. I couldn't see any difference when Cousin Nell said, 'Now we are in Pennsylvania.'"

"The State line is an imaginary line separating the states, but Maryland and Pennsylvania have something more than just an imaginary line on the north to mark the boundary," answered his grandmother.

"What," asked Frank, "the stones marked M and P?"

"I think you will have something to tell your history club when you return from this little village farthest north in Baltimore County; something about the Mason and Dixon's Line. Here we are on the very border of this famous line."

"Famous? Tell me about it," and Frank was all attention.

"A long time ago when Pennsylvania and Maryland were first settled, grants of land were given freely by King Charles, then king of England. You know the tract called Maryland was given to Lord Baltimore, and a similar one was given to William Penn, afterwards called Pennsylvania. At first no one cared in the least about the boundary between the tracts, but as the country became more thickly settled trouble arose among the people near the border. Each one claimed trees and land of the other.

Michael Cresap, an early pioneer, was one of the fighters for the Marylanders. Disturbances went on until there seemed no other way to settle the constant disputes among neighbors except to have the land surveyed.

Two men, named Mason and Dixon, were sent out to survey the land and make a line to separate the two States. This would help the people on the border to know whether the valuable trees and the game of the forest belonged to Maryland or Pennsylvania. They began where the waters of the ocean touched the Eastern Shore, and worked in a straight line westward, placing at the end of every mile a stone to mark the route. On the Maryland side was marked an M, on the other they carved a P. One of these stones you saw this afternoon, for New Market is not more than a quarter of a mile from the border, or the Mason and Dixon's line.

"So," said Frank smiling, "I have crossed the Mason and Dixon's line; I have traveled on foot into Pennsylvania; and here I am again in Maryland, my Maryland."

"Yes, and you have learned why it is called Mason and Dixon."

"Anything more, grandma?"

"You have heard us talk about the Civil War, when the slaves were set free?"

"Yes, Miss Jones told us about this on Lincoln's birthday. I remember, and we have been told parts of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Then I saw it in the movies, too."

"Very well," said grandmother. "Pennsylvania was a free State as were all the Northern States, while all the States South were slave states, though Maryland was called neutral, and the Mason and Dixon line was the dividing line during the war. All States south of the Mason and Dixon line were called southern and slave States and all north were termed free States. A great many people in Maryland sympathized with the North, a great many favored the South. Many slaves escaped to the north through Maryland, and many Northern soldiers passed through here to the South. The house next door was one time used for a hotel, as you know. Often the guards posted along the Northern Central Road came here for food and rest. You can imagine the lively war talk at times as they sat around the hotel steps, for each side thought his cause just and right.

"I'd like to go over there some day, may I?"

"Of course, tomorrow, if you like. Some time soon I hope Uncle Will may take us to another interesting place, a tavern, as it was called in the old days. This is 'The Ball,' on the pike about two miles from New Market, where it is said that Lafayette stopped on his way from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Some day you will learn why we are glad to remember this Frenchman, who was a good friend to all the colonists in the great war that made us all Americans."

"Grandma, I have changed my mind about New Market. I couldn't have come to a better place for a story than this. Tomorrow——"

Just then Cousin Nell, who had stolen in quietly and sat listening to the conversation, interrupted by saying, "How would you like to take some snapshots of the historic spots tomorrow? You know a picture talks almost better than words, though not better than grandmother here, our real historian."

He put his hand confidently in hers saying, "I'd like that better than anything," and to grandma, he whispered, "do you think I am a real historian, too?"

Isobel Davidson.

CATONSVILLE.

EARLY HISTORY—1770.

Catonsville possesses no colonial history. The site of the village, previous to the Revolutionary War, was probably inhabited by the Susquehanna Indians, as relics of Indian life are occasionally discovered, and one can well believe that the Indians as well as the early inhabitants, found the Catonsville hills a happy hunting ground for deer and other game. The old grants of land made by Lord Baltimore along Hunting Ridge, Buckridge and Bear Thicket, were of such an extent that their original limits are unknown. Large tracts of 2,000 acres and more were not unusual in those early times. The frequent mention of Anne Arundel County in the old land grants indicate that many of the settlers came from across the river.

The earliest settlements in this neighborhood were at Johnny Cake Town, which is along the route of the old National turnpike, and along the shore of the Patapsco River. On these farms tobacco was raised extensively, especially at Johnny Caketown, and the old Rolling road at the western end of Catonsville is where the tobacco planters of "ye olden times" rolled their hogsheads of the precious weed to the colonial seaport at Elkridge.

It was then possible for small sailing vessels to come up the Patapsco as far as Elkridge Landing, one of the oldest towns of Maryland and Baltimore's foremost rival. It was from this port that tobacco was shipped in great quantities.

Catonsville includes a part of the land that was granted to the Baltimore Land Company, and which subsequently passed into the hands of that sturdy old revolutionary hero, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. In 1775, Richard Caton, a young Englishman of good family, but poor, sought and won the hand of Mr. Carroll's daughter, Elizabeth. The Carrolls were devout Catholics, and Mr. Caton was a member of the Church of England, Mr. Carroll strenuously opposed the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Caton, because he felt that because of different religious faiths, their marital happiness would be impaired. Miss Carroll refused to give up her lover, as love levels the barrier of religious difference. Miss Carroll is described as one of the most fascinating women of her day, and George Washington is said to have considered her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Mr. Carroll called in his friend, Thomas Cockey Dye, and induced him to argue the matter with his sixteen-year-old daughter, but to no effect. Mr. Dye informed Mr. Carroll of his daughter's intention, and the latter said, "go ask her who shall take him out if he gets into jail." She raised her hands with beaming countenance and answered: "These hands shall take him." Mr. Carroll resisted no longer. The marriage took place in 1786, and he gave the young couple a splendid estate, which embraced the present site of Catonsville.

Upon it a home was built just above the present center of the town. It was a plain house of stucco, not particularly elaborate, but the old mansion is said to have been imposing in its simplicity and was once the scene of royal splendor. They called it "Thunder Castle." Many famous men of the nation have been guests within its walls, Lafayette and General Washington both stopping here during visits to Baltimore.

We are quite certain that at the time the Catons settled at Castle Thunder the Susquehanna Indians roamed the forest, only gradually being driven back from the shores by incoming settlers. One of the old houses near Catonsville, "Hilton," the summer home of Major A. R. H. Ramson, still bears some indication of defense against Indian hostilities. Surrounding the barnyard is a high stone stockade. Both house and stockade are built on a

commanding and well protected eminence, reminding one of a medieval castle.

Castle Thunder no longer remains, as the estate was bought in 1907 from the McTavish family by Ex-Senator Hubner, who tore down the old mansion and erected a modern cottage in its place. It is a pity, however, that nothing is left now to mark the home of one of the earliest settlers in the vicinity. Let us hope that a tablet bearing the name of Caton and Castle Thunder may be placed upon the present site.

While Mr. Caton never promoted the building of Catonsville, yet the village took the name of its largest land owner, and it has grown along calmly and quietly from that day to this without any concerted effort on the part of the villagers. What helped this suburban town to grow? Could it answer like Topsy, "I'se just growed." Perhaps. Yet some of the things which have helped to make the history of this great nation of ours are likewise wrapped up with our little town of Catonsville. The welfare of the nation depends upon the life of the small community, and vice versa. Whatever affects the one affects the other.

The first settlements were made where land was richest and most productive, so here in this vicinity were the tobacco plantations bringing in wealth. Products raw and manufactured must be taken to a market, hence the roads and markets at the end of the route. This brought in the era of road building, and the National road, a gateway to the West affected our little village, as people could by means of the Frederick road travel to Frederick and thence to the West. This road did a great deal towards the development and growth of Catonsville.

I am sure you are wondering how the old National road, which does not come near Baltimore or Catonsville, could have helped our little town to grow, but people passing by found the village a pleasant place in which to stop, and, stopping for a day, stayed longer, some of them choosing it for a permanent home. Next came the era of canal building. I wish I had time to tell you of quiet travel upon the slow-going canal boats, but that will have to come at another time. Then came the era of railroads, the last and best of all. It is interesting for us all to know and of special interest to every boy and girl in Catonsville to remember that the first steam engine in America ran through Catonsville on its way from Baltimore to Ellicott City.

JOHNNY CAKE.

A name that makes you smile when you learn that it is the name of a neighborhood and the name of a road, and once upon a time the name of an inn. Johnny Cake makes you smile at almost anytime for it brings to mind some good meals you have made of it, I am sure.

Smile at Johnny Cake all you wish! Here's how Johnny Cake got its name, so 'tis said.

About eighty years ago, Mr. James Lee kept a tavern on the road now called the Johnny Cake road. It was about one-half mile from the place where the Belmont School now stands. In those days all the region from Baltimore to Frederick was called by this funny name. This tavern was the favorite stopping place of travelers between the above named points. Here they would stop and rest their horses. This picture shows the old well where the travelers watered their horses.

It is said that one of the ladies of long ago who served the teamsters and other travelers gave them delicious Johnny cake so often for breakfast that the fame of the inn spread throughout the countryside and they decided to name it Johnny Cake. I can think it almost named itself. Can't you hear them say, jokingly, "We'll stop at Johnny Cake," until Johnny Cake Town it came to be.

For a long time the Belmont School was called Johnny Cake, but Belmont avenue passing down one side, it seemed just as appropriate to call it by this more euphonious but less interesting name.

NANCY'S FANCY.

Nancy's Fancy! What an interesting name! I have been unable to find how the place on which an old stone house stands at the corner of Edmondson avenue and Nunnery Lane, Catonsville, came to be called Nancy's Fancy. We can almost guess it from the name, however.

The old original stone house still stands on the side of the hill, a monument to the past. It contains six large rooms. Look closely and you will observe that every part of the house bears witness to the fact that there were no machines in those days. The woodwork, the nails, the use of wooden dowels all indicate that the work was done by hand. In many old houses of that day, time was spent in carving the wood work with pretty designs.

Though there is none here we know that the building of this house took time. It did not go up in a night and has therefore stood the test of storm and age.

On many of the old places we find the family burying ground, so here at Nancy's Fancy we may walk among the old tombstones, many of them sunken in the ground or turning gray with age. The oldest tombstone which we are able to discover is in memory of "Catherine Kroft, Died 1785, aged twenty-two years, eight months and eight days." The Kroft family must have been the first family in the village, or at least among the earliest.

Data obtained by CATHERINE HAYDEN, VII Grade, Catonsville High School.

LYNDHURST.

On the east side of Rognel Heights, and facing Edmondson avenue, stands the stately mansion called Lyndhurst. This mansion lays no claim to the colonial period, since it was built a short time before the outbreak of the Civil War, but it is of sufficient age to interest us. During the Civil War the mansion was occupied by General Johnson, who was a general in this war. Later Lyndhurst fell into the hands of some people by the name of Bogue. At times the grand old house has stood tenantless, surrounded by its spacious grounds and fine old trees.

The trees about the mansion are of special interest. Two enormous box trees of which there are very few in this part of the country, grace the lawn. Many of the wonderful pine and spruce trees have been ruined by thoughtless people, who have sought Christmas trees even under the shadow of this fine old house. The vandals, for we might well call them so, finding the place vacant, cut the tops out of the stately pines and carried them away to grace their Christmas festivity. Nature has tried to heal the wound as best she could.

Perhaps the most interesting spot outside the house itself and the grounds is the old spring house. All houses of that and earlier periods had a spring house in connection, so Lyndhurst was no exception. Here was the spring bubbling up from the ground with its cool, refreshing stream and here was built the brick structure which we see today. Here the owners of Lyndhurst kept the food and milk for daily use. Here, too, they came for drinking water as this was the only source of their supply. Can you not see the servants carrying the water up the

hill to the house? Or, just as the evening shadows fall, can you not hear the laughter of the young people as they trip lightly to the spring for a cooling drink? No doubt but they dipped it from the bubbling spring, "Nature's Fountain," with "Nature's cup," a gourd dipper.

Data obtained by MARGARET VORDENBERGER, VII Grade, Catonsville High School.

AN OLD GATE HOUSE.

This gate house is at the entrance to Mr. Bernard C. Baker's residence, about a mile from Catonsville. It is a bit unusual to find a gatehouse in connection with an American home, and this is what Mr. Baker himself says about it:

"I am following an English custom, as all English places of importance are always provided with a gatehouse. In the olden days it was called a lodge. You recall in reading English fiction how often the old gatekeeper or the gatekeeper's daughter figured in the story. If a child were lost it was usually the gentle old man and his wife who kept the lodge who had her in safe keeping. The gatekeeper was usually one of the old retainers of the estate, and it has long been the custom for him to come out and salute the family whenever they enter the grounds. Even though the locked gate is no longer in evidence, the gatehouse and the keeper still remain as evidence of former grandeur and the days when every man's castle was also his fortress. Many American homes both North and South are provided with gatehouses, largely for the purpose of adding beauty and picturesqueness to the landscape. All are placed at the entrance to the driveway, as is mine, but I venture to say that not all would interest you as much as mine. At the very point where I wished to place the house grew a fine large oak tree. I looked upon this splendid tree as an old friend, and I could not have it displaced by a pile of stone and plaster, so what did I do? Why, I simply built around it, so there stand two sentinels at my gate—my old tree friend and the gatehouse."

Bessie I. Reinhold.

SIGNS OF HISTORIC INTEREST ON GLEN'S PROPERTY.

CATONSVILLE.

One day two young girls went out in search of some points of historic interest within the environs of Catonsville. Rolling Road, along which they tramped, was suggestive in name, at least,

of the early colonial days, when tobacco was the chief commodity, but they were bound for the Glen property as their goal.

They came to an old stone fence, which must have been built in the colonial period, and here was a stile. Here is a picture of the stile.

It was built before the Civil War, but just how long before the girls did not find out. It probably was used by the slaves as they passed back and forth across the fields.

Quite in keeping with the buildings of that day is the spring house of which you see the picture. All great houses were provided with spring houses as the means for bringing water into the house as we do today was not known.

Here, too, is a picture of a tenpin found in the old bowling alley on the Glen's property on Rolling road.

CATONSVILLE—TODAY.

As one views the country surrounding the town of Catonsville one is impressed with the delightful scenery. To the east one sees the monuments, spires and domes of Baltimore outlined against the sky. To the southwest, the blue waters of the Chesapeake, dotted here and there with the white-winged messengers of commerce bearing products from the four corners of the earth. From some points, and there are high rolling hills from which one may look, one may occasionally see the dome of the State House at Annapolis. On every side there are beautiful groves, cultivated farms, rolling hills, silvery streams to enhance the charm of the landscape.

Catonsville is a well known suburb of Baltimore, and as such has no marked industrial life. Most of its inhabitants are engaged in various pursuits in the city, so it may be said to be a town of suburban homes.

The best known manufacturing plant is the pottery factory of Mr. George De Kalb. This factory was founded about the year 1871. The clay used is obtained in Baltimore County, about three miles from Catonsville, at a clay bank known as the "White Ground."

At this plant flower pots are made exclusively, finding a ready market in Baltimore and the surrounding country.

Another industry which is not found directly in the town itself, but on the Frederick road leading to Catonsville, is the Hair Works of the Wilkens Company. Grocery, provision and confectionery stores are exceptionally good. There are small

drygoods stores and two good drug stores, as good as can be found anywhere. Now that the automobile has come the old inn and hotel service has been revived to meet the need of tourists.

One of the greatest advantages of a suburban town is its excellent roads and its means of transportation. In one sense the history of a town is the story of its roads. Laid out along the streams and the Indian trails, even in the earliest days the paths were trodden by those who came and went. Since that day one road after another has been added and maintained by the state, with an additional tax of ten per cent for their improvement from the people of the first district. Frederick road was established as the Frederick turnpike, running from Frederick to Baltimore. It has recently been macadamized as has also Edmondson avenue, the other main road leading to Baltimore. An electric line has been established upon each road, superseding a horse car line which, in its turn, superseded a steam road built in 1861, which ran trains between Baltimore and Catonsville. It is now used only for freight trains. Before the days of steam the old stage coach made its daily and weekly rounds between Baltimore and Cumberland, bringing the mail into the village of Catonsville. You will be surprised to learn that at first it was distributed at Ellicott City, then to surrounding points. Mrs. Smith's father was the first postmaster at Catonsville. That was in the days when there were about a dozen log houses scattered along the Frederick pike. Only one of those old houses is left—the old Schotta house. Now eight letter-carriers are employed to deliver the mail.

MODERN HOUSEKEEPING.

In the days of long ago you would have found every one trudging from the springs to the house with water for family use, for water was not obtained in any other way, but now all that one needs to do is to turn on the spigot. Even the pumps have been discarded, though the driven well was a great improvement over the water at the spring. Spring water could never be excelled, to be sure, but the pump added convenience to the householder. The water supply of Catonsville comes from the Catonsville Water Company, which gets its water from the branches of the Patapsco. The supply is more than sufficient for the needs of the village, and West Baltimore is supplied from the same source.

Excellent telephone and postal service are now to be found here.

In a village like Catonsville, where most of the buildings are of wood, there is as much danger from fire as in larger cities. The police and fire protection are under the direction of the Commissioners of Baltimore County, and both render good service. The fire department is one of the best, since here is located one of the best auto engines in the county. The police force—consisting of three patrolmen and one special officer—is large enough to take care of all miscreants.

A health officer looks after the health of the community, his chief business being to check epidemics and see to the proper disposal of garbage. Catonsville has long been known as one of Baltimore's most beautiful suburbs. Only six miles from the city many have chosen this as their home; others find the place a delightful summer residence. The beautiful homes and the ancient dignified estates that surround the village have made the place what it is, for long before it was built the stately old houses stood in their groves of tall oaks and the residences which have been built since now enclose the village like the petals of a flower around its center. The actual village is not a very large place, but the homes and settlements that girdle it for two or three miles outward from the center give it a population of more than 5,000.

To conserve the natural beauty of the town and its environs has become the ambition of the Woman's Civic League. It is their purpose to retain all natural beauty, to remove anything that mars the landscape, to add shrubbery at points along the roadway, to help those who desire aid in planning attractive landscape gardening for their lawns, to mark historic spots and thus to keep alive the connection between the fast-rushing present and the more or less romantic past.

As one rides about the town the homes of prominent residents are pointed out. Among them Ex-United States Postmaster Gary, B. N. Baker, formerly of the Atlantic Transportation Co., who opened the coastwise trade, and Ex-Senator Hubner. You have already been told of the residents of ancient days, for while the old home stands others have come to take their places.

SCHOOLS.

Catonsville has always been a noted educational center. St. Timothy's Hall for boys was founded by Rev. La Burtus Van

Bokkelen, in 1845, being the first church military school in the United States. Though beginning with nothing, great success was achieved. Soon the buildings were enlarged to accommodate the large number of students, no less than 150. The pupils were organized as an infantry battalion and an artillery corps, for which the State provided the muskets and cannon and other equipment.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861 the school was most prosperous, but when the call to arms came most of the boys enlisted, taking their guns with them, which were soon put to the stern uses of real war.

A few years later fire destroyed St. Timothy's Hall, but the old armory is still standing as a memorial of the past. Three years later the number of pupils had fallen off so considerably on account of the war that Rev. Bokkelen decided to turn to other means of earning a livelihood. Just about this time President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, a former pupil of the school, and this turned the attention of the United States military authorities to it, and General Lew Wallace, who was in command of the department, issued a strict order regulating the uniforms worn by the pupils of St. Timothy's Hall, then known as Catonsville Military Institute. A little later the school was taken over by the Misses Carter, of Carter's Bridge, Va., as a girls' school, which, too, has almost world wide fame. Girls from Maine to the Hawaiian Islands, and from Canada to Mexico have been educated here, enjoying the simple home life of the school. While St. Timothy's Hall was in its prime the Misses Gibson conducted a school for young ladies at Ingleside, which ranked in those days with the St. Timothy's of today. Another well-known school is Mt. De Sales, conducted by the sisters of the Visitation Convent, opened in 1852.

The old Ingleside School for Boys, conducted by Dr. Ebeling, where many noted Marylanders received their education, among them Isador Rayner, is worthy of much praise and honorable mention.

All this story of the schools of other days helps us to know that public schools were slow in development. At first the school was attached to the church—a church school—or if not that—directed by the minister of the parish. From this beginning grew the large and fashionable private schools for boys and girls, which flourished until after the war, and even until later days.

Today the school around which the life of the community centers is the Catonsville High School, ranking with the best in the State. It has not always stood where it does today. Here is a picture of the site of the old school. The school was moved from here to Winter avenue, and from thence to its present location, the building now being used for a colored school.

In 1908 a new building was erected on Frederick road, on the site of the old blacksmith shop of "Uncle Jack Adams," the colored blacksmith of the town before the Civil War. The old stone building, torn down to make way for the new brick structure, had been built around the log shop of earlier times.

Data obtained by *M. Molesworth and Marjorie Hoffman*.

CHURCHES OF CATONSVILLE AND VICINITY.

St. Timothy's.

The history of any community is centered about the village church. One of the earliest churches in the community was St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, established in 1844. A few people of the neighborhood, among them Judge John Glenn, the Gibsons and John K. Smith and family, met at the home of Rev. G. F. Worthington and elected the first vestry. Here was held the first service also, with about twenty-five present. A New York architect designed the church edifice, Gothic in style, and the corner stone was laid in the autumn of 1844. Two additions have been made since that time and a rectory has been added. The ground, one acre, was given by Rev. Bokkelen, and the rest purchased from Rev. Worthington, the blind preacher, making four acres in all. Standing as it does in a grove of handsome trees it is a place of unusual interest.

The German Lutheran Church.

Passing down Ingleside avenue, near the Old Frederick road, you will come upon a plain modest structure—the church home of the German Lutherans of this community. The plot of ground upon which it stands was purchased in 1849 for the sum of \$300, this sum being advanced by Mr. Lurman, a prosperous merchant of Baltimore, and a simple church building was erected by the members of the congregation who contributed some money, their labor and needed material. This church was the outgrowth of the effort of the traveling preacher, Father Hever, who made missionary pilgrimages through Baltimore and Howard Counties. At first a church school was directed by the pastors, but like all other church schools it was abandoned and a German-English

public school substituted in its place. Of the older school masters, Rev. C. C. Ide is well remembered as a most excellent teacher of fifty years ago. Rev. George Ebeling is a pastor whose name is much beloved in the community.

Grove Church:

This was a period of great church activity. Churches sprang up in every community and so we find this little church building started in the summer of 1856, a few years later than in Catonsville. The lot on which the church stands was given by Rev. Thomas Hand, grandfather of Rev. Philip Hand, who is at present a member of the Baltimore Conference. The little frame chapel was built in 1850-51, the forerunner of the present structure, and stood back of the present building. Grove Church is on the Johnny Cake road and about two miles from Catonsville, a real country church. On Sunday mornings you may see people wending their way to this little place of worship. In the olden days, some on foot, others in chaises and carryalls, and clumsier vehicles, but now only the carriage and automobile pass us on the road. As we sit in the pews the soft balmy air sweeps in at the window, occasionally rustling a page of a hymn book, but the stillness inside and out is broken only by the singing of the congregation and the words of the preacher. It is a quiet spot, a haven of rest, and the religious spirit touches one and all alike.

Data obtained by *Seventh Grade Children, Catonsville.*

ROLLING ROAD.

Once upon a time there was, what do you think? It might have been a good fairy, an old witch, or a little boy or girl, a queer old man, a fine house, a big mountain, a sly fox, but it wasn't. Once upon a time there was a field of tobacco.

There was not only one field, but many fields. Little boys and girls played near them. While they played, all through the long summer, the tobacco grew higher and higher. By and by it was time to bring it in from the fields and dry it in the sheds. Then, when everything was ready, the leaves were put into hogsheads. Hogsheads are great barrels, much larger than a flour barrel. It took many hogsheads to hold all the tobacco, and the children often watched them as they were rolled down the road. Some hogsheads had shafts on them, others had tongues arranged something like they are on wagons today. There was also a piece of iron fastened to each end of the barrel. Horses were

Looked up to them and as they pulled, the hogshead went rolling along the road. They kept on and on past the place where Belmont School now stands, and still on farther. Finally they reached a place where the boats came in—Elkridge Landing we call it now. The boats carried the tobacco away to be sold.

All this happened when our grandmothers and grandfathers were little children, but it is worth remembering because that is how the Rolling road received its name.

AN OLD-TIME WELL.

On Johnny Cake road, about one-half mile from Belmont School, is an old, old well which is still in use. It looks entirely different from the ordinary pump with which everybody is familiar. If we could see through the foliage of the tree on the right side of the photograph, we should find a handle or a crank. This handle is fastened to a roller to which a chain is also attached. As the handle is turned, the chain is wrapped around the handle or vice versa. In this way the water bucket is pulled up or let down into the well. Near the top of this comb-shaped shanty, the roller is held in place by suitable fixtures. Ordinarily a door closes the opening at the center of the picture. This well has been used for probably thirty years.

Bessie G. Reinhold.

THE HISTORY OF GRAY'S.

1772.

The history of this community begins with the coming of the Ellicotts.

In 1772 the brothers, Joseph, Andrew and John Ellicott, purchased land and mill-sites on both sides of the Patapsco, four miles in extent, including all the water power within that distance.

These gentlemen were descended from an old and respectable family of Devonshire, England. They were the sons of Andrew Ellicott, who emigrated to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1730.

The first mill was completed in 1774, but was destroyed by fire in 1809. They conducted their business under the firm of Ellicott & Co.

When they took possession of the land the whole valley was a wilderness covered with great trees, the growth of centuries; oaks, hickory, maple, gum, ash, chestnut and others. Small game was plentiful and on the open ground, great herds of deer and flocks of wild turkeys were met.

The Ellicotts at once began to raise wheat on their lands. The people round about raised tobacco and only enough wheat for their own consumption. To encourage the people to cultivate wheat the Ellicotts offered fair prices for it and gradually in the end changed the whole farming system within reach.

At their own expense, they opened a road for wagons from their mills to Baltimore, a distance of ten miles, and on its completion laid out a road to Frederick Town, which united at Ellicott's Mills with their road to Baltimore.

The last building erected in the village, before 1790, by Ellicott & Co., was their warehouse or storehouse, and was built directly opposite to the mills of triangular stone, from the granite quarries near them, and immediately on the route from Baltimore to Frederick; the other buildings were the work of Pennsylvanians, but this warehouse was the work of Maryland masons, the Spicers, of Harford county.

This building is still standing and externally remains unchanged, but the interior has been converted into a work shop for the present mill.

This store and warehouse was built for the accommodation of a variety of articles, with apartments ordered to suit them, and was considered at that day to be commodious and complete. Articles of fine quality were kept on the shelves, behind sashes of glass, and in drawers to protect them from dust. The whole establishment was liberally patronized because of the care taken in the selection of goods. A great change had then taken place in the conditions of the planters in the vicinity, who, instead of cultivating tobacco, and awaiting the slow returns of the European agents, now raised wheat and corn, for which they found a market near them; such goods also as they had been accustomed to order themselves from London, they could purchase from the store of Ellicott & Co. at a fair rate of prices. The goods were selected with care by agents who visited New York and Philadelphia for the purpose, from whence they were shipped. By such means, silks, satins and brocades; India china dinner and tea sets, mirrors and glass ware, mathematical instruments, iron mongery and groceries, including liquors and wines, were always on sale.

After the Independence of the United States was secured, Ellicott & Co. imported more extensively, and sometimes sent directly to London for goods by an agent, Samuel Godfrey, an Englishman by birth, who afterwards became a partner in the store.

The postoffice was also opened in one part of this store.

The turnpike from Baltimore to Frederick was commenced in 1805.

Ellicott's Mills was a small village until 1794, and consisted only of the residence of the proprietors of the estate, and tenements for the clerks, millers, coopers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, millwrights of the establishment and men who were day laborers.

In 1794 Ellicott & Co. disposed of a mill site immediately below them on the Patapsco, to Thomas Mendenhall, of Philadelphia, who built a paper mill.

The Methodists held meetings for religious worship, and also prayer meetings in one of the chambers of the paper mill for many years.

The site was later sold, and purchased by Edward Gray, and was called Gray's cotton manufactory.

From the Life of John P. Kennedy.

Edward Gray was born in the parish of Bowera, near Londonderry, Ireland, July 16, 1776. His mother came of an old Welsh stock—the Edwards family—his father of Irish descent.

When a mere lad Edward Gray became interested in the American war. He felt a great sympathy for the colonists and knew the heroes by heart. He came to America and went to Philadelphia.

In 1812 friends of Edward Gray formed a manufacturing company of which Gray was made the agent. He moved to Maryland with his family, his wife and two daughters, and built a mill on the Patapsco River, about ten miles from Baltimore. The company's mill was destroyed by fire, but Edward Gray, by his own energy and good judgment, succeeded in rebuilding it in 1820 on a larger scale and on his own account. After the tariff of 1823 the mill became remunerative and enjoyed the exceptional reputation for the manufacture of cotton duck, for which there was constant demand.

Mr. Gray improved his homestead, in the immediate vicinity of the mill, and yet secluded and rural enough to charm the eyes and enlist the pencils of English tourists who found something in the scene at once picturesque and homelike. In the palmy days of the township, before the flood and fire had marred its prosperity, Mr. Gray might have been regarded as a kind of lord of the manor, not as suggesting the old traditional authority, but from his beneficent influence, his encouragement of schools

and churches, his kindness to the sick and poor, his constant hospitality and the number of his employees.

His house was then surrounded by fine shrubbery and trees; its architecture and material were composite, originally built in the old post frame style, parts were added of granite, it was embosomed in summer, in foliage; nothing can exceed the radiant beauty of the autumn tinted woods which clothed the adjacent hillsides at that season, and even in winter, when the verdure of the evergreens contrast with the snow-clad landscape.

The house was added to by John P. Kennedy, a prominent lawyer and statesman, who married Mr. Gray's daughter Elizabeth, in 1829.

The Grays were visited by Washington Irving in 1854.

The stone building since 1899, used as the school, was the store, which supplied the mill hands with articles of tinware, all kinds of calicoes, strawbonnets, coffee and cheese.

Edward Gray died in 1856. His daughter, Martha Gray, then carried on the manufacturing with the aid of Hugh Bone. In 1888 Miss Gray closed the factory and it was never again operated for cotton manufacture. Some years later it was purchased by Mr. John Bone. He held it for a number of years and then sold it to the Patapsco Electric Company, who use it as a power plant and supplied Ellicott City and vicinity with electricity. About three years ago the Consolidated Gas and Electric Light and Power Company purchased it. The factory is no longer used, but the old dwellings next to it are used as a transform station.

Extract from a letter of J. P. Kennedy to E. L. Stanley, July 3, 1865:

"Here where I live on the Patapsco, ten miles from Baltimore and near the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, troops are passing in trains almost every hour, and as they see my flag, which hangs from the library, I get the cheers of a regiment at a time. 100,000 have gone by, hurraing, shouting, sometimes dancing on the tops of cars."

In the summer of 1868 a terrible freshet, unequalled in its sudden eruption and devastating course, burst over the valley, swept away massive stone walls, bridges and dwellings and changed the whole aspect of the scene. As many as forty-two persons lost their lives at this time. In consequence of a bend in the river Mr. Gray's mill escaped destruction, as far as the

edifice was concerned, but its machinery and surroundings were submerged and ruined and more than half of the dwelling houses and all the choice trees were carried off, leaving a debris of stones and slime where once the garden bloomed. A more striking and painful contrast cannot be imagined than that presented by photographs of the scenery before and after the flood.

WASHINGTON IRVING A VISITOR.

Mr. Irving to Mrs. Kennedy:

"I envy K. that job of building that tower, if he has half the relish for castle building that I have—air castles or any other. I should like nothing better than to have plenty of money to squander on stone and mortar and to build chateaus along the Patapsco with the stone that abounds there; but I would first blow up the cotton mills—your father's among the number), and make picturesque ruins of them; and I would utterly destroy that railroad and all the cotton lords should live in baronial castles on the cliff; and the cotton spinners should be virtuous peasantry of both sexes, in silk skirts and small clothes and straw hats with long ribbons and should do nothing but sing songs and choruses and dance on the margin of the river."

To a niece while at Patapsco:

"The evening passed delightfully; we sat out in the moonlight on the piazza of the Patapsco, after which I went to bed, had a sweet night's sleep and dreamt I was in Mahomet's Paradise."

In the same letter mentioned on page 5, Mr. Kennedy said to Hon. E. L. Stanley, "You will find us pleasantly entrenched in our cottage close down on the banks of Patapsco, in one of the most romantic and beautiful nook in the world. You shall have all manner of rural felicities, among which I enumerate the war of waters and spindles, rich cream, ham and chicken, much talk, plenty of books, backgammon, etc. The railroad is only distant by the span of our bridge; our country store is within a hundred and fifty yards, where you will find a most choice assortment of fashionable tinware, nests of buckets, and all kinds of calicoes, straw bonnets, coffee and cheese.

"The turnpike road gives a delightful publicity to this magazine of fashion, and affords an opportunity twice a day to observe that *striking wonder of civilization*, the omnibus, surcharged, inside and out, with the elite of our village. My library, which I shall put entirely at your disposal, is full of miracles of art in a

choice collection of photographs, stereoscopes, portraits and ink-stands. It has two windows, each opening on a balcony, one of which looks towards the mill dam through pendant willows, glorious to behold, the other at the bridge, which is the most romantic and picturesque of pontificals."

Description of Gray's property after the flood by J. P. Kennedy:

"Here we witnessed the terrible desolation of the great flood of last July. Every tree and street, the conservatory, the fences, the outbuildings are all swept away. A great part of the dwelling house is in ruins, a deposit of three or four feet of white sand spread over the grass plots; quantities of stone brought down the river from the mills destroyed above, strewn over this deposit, the porches carried away, my library entirely taken off, leaving no vestige of books, prints, busts and other articles with which it was furnished, the factory shockingly injured, requiring some \$50,000 worth of repairs. Mr. Bowen's house is lifted up from its foundation and borne bodily away upon the floods.

"The devastation has so completely altered the aspect of the place that I should not know it."

The associations became too painful for the survivors of that happy household to resume their abode in that changed and, to their hearts, desolate home. The mill was repaired at great expense and the remaining section of the house renovated and occupied by their agent.

Carrie Neepier.

THE STORY OF A PIONEER FLOUR MILL.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.

It is hard for us to imagine a time when grain was crushed by hand at home on the farm in a stone mortar and pestle; still harder for us to think of the little hand-mills which served their day. There was a time in the history of Maryland when the farmer went to mill just as they did in any pioneer community. You can picture the grain sack thrown across the back of a horse, the darkey astride and the ride through the woods along the old Indian trail to the nearest mill. You would expect to find a mill in the region of running water as the Patapsco, for these are the days of waterpower, so on the Patapsco, which is not so far away, you find the original mill of the community, located at Ellicott City. The Patapsco Flouring Mills of the C. A. Gambrill Manufacturing Company possess much historic interest.

The old original mill, still standing, might be termed the birth-place of the flouring trade in America. It is the first mill that tried to expand its trade beyond its local limits. Over one hundred years ago it has been found recorded that a Boston firm received a cargo of the Patapsco brand of flour, which brand is now one hundred and twenty years of age. The old bills of lading, records of shipment, will reveal that cargoes of Patapsco flour sailed for foreign ports, so these mills were well known. I haven't any doubt but that some of our little English cousins ate biscuits made from some of this flour ground at our very doors.

Ellicott City was founded by the Ellicotts, a sturdy family of Quakers, who came down from Pennsylvania in 1772, and settled on the banks of the Patapsco when that river was a much larger river than now. You may remember that I told you that rivers grow old and change in appearance just as our grandmothers and grandfathers do. The Patapsco has been growing old for the last hundred years. Some day you will learn why it has changed. But in the days of the Ellicotts it was a swift, rushing river just suited to turning mill wheels. So these sturdy Quakers chopped down trees, laid out farms, and grain and fruit flourished. Soon a mill was begun, as they felt the need of changing the golden grain into flour products which they produced. Their flour was known as the Patapsco brand, and they soon found a market far and near. The mills were prosperous and remained in the hands of the Ellicotts until 1833, when they were purchased by Charles Carroll, grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the famous signer of the Declaration of Independence. Later the C. A. Gambrill Company purchased them from the Carrolls. Since that time the three large mills have been equipped with every modern device. A visit to the mills would prove of unusual interest, for there we could see how the golden grain is changed into the flour which goes to make our daily bread. But that is another story and must be left to another time. You can get some idea of its output when you know that 2200 barrels are turned out each day.

Isobel Davidson—Delith Oella, Hillsdale.

OUR MILL TOWNS.

We have just had an account of the growth of Ellicott Mills, now Ellicott City in Howard County. This section of the county seems devoted to mills of various kinds. An automobile ride from Catonsville over a most attractive route down Thistle Lane,

arched with oaks, through a glen of surpassing beauty, brings us to the old manufacturing town of Thistle, now called Ilchester, where a mill for making sheeting, later used for making silk and cotton goods, and now cotton duck only, was built in 1801. Five old houses built at the same time still stand, and upon entering we again find the old cranes of former days still swinging in the great fireplaces. Mr. Patterson, a resident of Ilchester, invented the looms used at the mills, and some claim that he was the inventor of the first cotton loom to be used in the United States. Riding along the Patapsco, enjoying the beautiful scenery, we touch Ellicott City, with its splendid flour manufacturing plant, then come upon Oella, another little hamlet, devoted entirely to the manufacture of silk in former days, now making only cotton duck. Here, too, we find quaint old houses perched upon the hillside, the simple homes of the millworkers. Oella is but a short walk from Ellicott City, so there is little need for the usual small shops and stores found in the village hamlet. The public school is here, which serves as a community center, and there is a church, but the postoffice is at Ellicott City.

Not so far away is the town of Hillsdale, once upon a time known as Dickeyville, and before that Wetheredville. One writes of the town as follows: Adapted, *Leila Cairnes*.

HISTORY OF HILLSDALE.

1835.

The little manufacturing town of Hillsdale is situated on Gwynn's Falls, west of the city of Baltimore, Md., five miles from the City Hall.

The village proper contains about seven hundred inhabitants. Two large mills—one cotton and the other woolen; three churches—the M. E., a stone structure, built in 1849; the Dickey Memorial Presbyterian, erected in 1885, and St. Lawrence Catholic Chapel, instituted in 1914. A large public school building, erected in 1902, and the Kernan Hospital for crippled children, established in 1911.

The village was founded about 1835, by a Mr. Tschendy, who, with his partner, one James Gary, erected a few houses and a mill for the manufacture of paper. About the year 1850 the property was purchased by John Wethered and brother, from whom the village took the name of Wetheredville. They enlarged the mills and established the manufacture of fine cloth.

The Wethereds were succeeded by the late William J. Dickey, who in the late sixties rented the mills and established the manufacture of a coarser grade of cloth, known as Dickey's Kerseys. After running the mill for a few years, Mr. Dickey formed a company, purchased the property, enlarged the mills, built a large number of dwellings and ran the business very successfully until the time of his death, which occurred in 1897. The business was continued by his heirs until the property was purchased by the present owner, a New York firm. At the present time the mills are putting out cotton and woolen goods.

A few years after the death of Mr. Dickey the name of the town was changed to "Dickeyville," which name it bore until 1911, since which time it has borne the very appropriate name of "Hillsdale."

The story of Alberton on the Patapsco is much the same, and all the little children of Quaker Hill School should be familiar with its history as well as with the principal industry.

At Rockland, too, there once flourished a thriving calico print works, and in the vicinity were the Tasker Iron Works, both of which have since passed out of existence.

Baltimore County has a number of factories and mills situated along its water ways. To the ones above named you will learn further about the cotton duck mills at Mt. Washington, the steel works at Sparrows Point, the Chrome works at Bare Hills, now no longer in existence; the curled hair and bristle works on Frederick road and others.

Emma C. Myers.

ST. DENIS AND RELAY.

1733—1828

In telling the story of these towns on the Baltimore and Ohio we must begin with Elkridge Landing. Scharff says:

"The historic interest centers at Elkridge Landing, which is in Howard County, just across the Patapsco. Vessels once came up the river to Elkridge to load tobacco for England, and it was the shipping port for all this section of the county. When the Ellicotts, about 1730, resolved to erect flour mills on the Patapsco, all their machinery came by way of Elkridge Landing and was taken overland to Ellicott's Mills.

"A town existed here in 1733 and was called Jamestown, a name which was soon changed to the present one. At some date prior to the Revolution, probably about 1750, the General

Assembly of Maryland met at Elkridge Landing. On August 29, 1765, the patriots of the town hanged in effigy the British stamp distributor. Between 1745 and the Revolution races were held and fox hunting was the common sport of the gentry. On April 14, 1781, Lafayette crossed the Patapsco at this point with his army on the way to Yorktown. One boat was overloaded and nine soldiers were drowned.

Here is enough history to make an interesting story to tell to the children of Baltimore county, for was not Elkridge the great market long before Baltimore city was dreamed of? Certainly. More than one hundred and fifty years ago Maryland was a great tobacco-growing State, and England was the market for the "sot-weed" of the colonies. As there were no roads at that time, and no heavy wagons or carts strong enough to haul one or more hogsheads of tobacco to market, others means had to be devised. "Necessity is the mother of invention," they say. The growers then adopted this method of transporting the tobacco: A stout pole was passed through the center of the hogshead, allowing the pole to project about three feet at each end, making a kind of rolling pin, which could be easily rolled to the wharf, by men, if need be. A pair of horses or oxen were often used, and sometimes it is told, one might see a cow used as a beast of burden.

Along the road rolled these immense hogsheads. It was often hard work to climb the hills, and to them the old adage proved true for the "shortest road was the longest way round," and the crooked, winding roads of the present day are the result.

What is now called Catonsville avenue was once termed Rolling road, because tobacco planters from the upper Howard and Baltimore Counties and also from Carroll and Frederick, rolled their hogsheads of tobacco to the wharf for shipment. The low field along the river opposite the end of Catonsville avenue was once a part of the river bed, and one wharf was near here. A little northwest of the wharf was a boat yard, in which it was said that some of the best boats that traded along the coast at that time were built.

WASHINGTON, A ROAD MAKER.

The upper part of the road which comes down along the river on the Baltimore County side, was made by George Washington during the war of Independence. At that time there were no railroads to transport troops and supplies; they had to be

moved along dirt roads. In order to cut off the long route for troops from down the Frederick road to Rolling road and then to Washington road, he opened up a new one, which was called the Gun road. This new road was in use until the big freshet in 1868, when a good part of it at and below Ilchester was washed away. The Orange Grove Flour Mill was built over this road, a large archway being made for it in the first part of the mill built at that time. After the destruction of the road, additions were built to the mill which closed up the arch.

THE RELAY AND THE RAILROAD.

The real story of St. Denis and Relay is wrapped up with the story of a railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio.

When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was commenced in 1828, its first depot was on Pratt Street, near Charles. The cars, then pulled by horses, went out Pratt Street to Mt. Clare, where another depot was established. The depot and terminus was about where the Sandman's stables now are; later on the tracks were extended to Ellicott's Mills, requiring a second team of horses for the additional distance. This change of horses, called a relay, was made at the terminal of the first section. This term at first applied to the change of horses, was used in speaking of the terminal and also of the surrounding neighborhood, continuing to this day.

"TOM THUMB."

The engine called "Tom Thumb" was the first steam railroad engine in America. It passed Relay on August 28th, 1830, on a trip to the mills now Ellicott City. This is the story: "On the return trip a race was started between a horsecar and an engine. The snort of the one and puff of the other kept time and tune. At first the gray horse had the best of it, for his steam could be applied to the best advantage on the instant, while the engine had to wait until the rotation of the wheels set the blower to work; the horse was perhaps a quarter mile ahead, when the safety valve of the engine lifted and a thin blue vapor issuing from it showed an excess of steam. The blower whistled and the steam blew off in vapping clouds; the pace increased and the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse. Soon it passed him, the whip was plied, the race was neck and neck, nose to nose, then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band driving

the pulley which drove the blower, spread from the drum, the safety valve ceased to scream and the engine for want of breath began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel. In vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood. The horse gained on the engine and passed it, and although the band was presently replaced and steam again did its best, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race. But the real victory was with Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding."

There were a number of accidents at the Relay crossing. The danger was finally lessened by opening a cut through the rocks, where the main line now runs; this was opened in 1852-'53, leaving a mound of rocks between the two tracks. The rocks were taken away in the latter part of the '60's and used in making the cut-off between Carroll switch and West Baltimore, previous to that all trains came around by Mt. Clare Junction.

After the mound of rock was taken away the Viaduct Hotel was built near the spot. This house was furnished and opened for a mealing station for the traveling public, and not for the purpose of an ordinary hotel. There were rooms to accommodate persons who might be tired out or sick from traveling. Such persons could stop over and recuperate for a day or two. The average mealing station, previous to that time, was considered by travelers as a joke; the food being either served too hot to eat or else delayed so long that the time allowed for the stop had almost expired before it was brought to the table. To remedy this the Baltimore and Ohio determined to have their own meal-ing stations and to see that their patrons got plenty of good food and plenty of time to eat it, and in order to keep the diners from being uneasy and afraid that their train would leave them, the conductor was served his meal at a table in full view of all in the dining-room, he not leaving the room until the twenty or twenty-five minutes allowed for the stop was up. Besides the dining-room there was a lunch room, where those who did not want a full meal could be satisfied. I have often heard people say that they would not think of passing the Relay without at least getting a cup of coffee. The introduction of dining cars did away with the use of the hotel as a mealing place.

HOW ST. DENIS WAS NAMED.

During the early days of the railroad, much of the land now named Relay and St. Denis was owned by a certain Denis A.

Smith, once treasurer of this State. He was quite a politician in his time, and entertained on an extensive scale. The stone house which stands at the junction of what is now Sutton avenue and Washington road was built by him. On account of some of his high doings there he was nicknamed St. Denis by his associates. He was instrumental in having a postoffice established in the village, and it was given his nickname, which is still retained. This Dennis A. Smith failed and the property, nearly four hundred acres, was purchased by Samuel Sutton, who, with his family, moved there. The land then was very low and swampy, and had been called Chile Valley before receiving the name of St. Denis. Mr. Sutton was a great stock raiser and kept imported stock. He drained the swampy land and made it into fine pastures.

EARLY INDUSTRIES.

The Relay must at one time have been a sort of whiskey center. There were two distilleries here, one in the valley which runs up back of Miss Lena Faith's property, the other where the Viaduct factory now stands. The Hockley flour mills were just above the stone bridge near the race on the Howard County side; it was burned down in the early fifties. A person standing on the east side of the bridge over the river and looking down about yards from the bridge on the Howard County side can see the two stone walls of the tail race from the mill. After the destruction of the mill, the owner secured the old distillery and converted it into a flour mill, which was run as such until bought by the Viaduct Company; this mill at one time did a large business in parching corn for the foreign trade. They had a large oven built for the purpose. It was the belief at that time that corn arrived in better condition on the other side if so treated.

AMUSEMENT PARKS.

Before the opening of Druid Hill Park the Relay was the excursion ground and breathing place for Baltimore. On the ground on Viaduct avenue now owned by Charles Thompson and Miss Lena Faith, was a grove of trees. Near the center of it was erected a large dancing pavilion and band stand, with a number of booths conveniently located, and scarcely a week would pass during the summer without one or more excursions there, one or two trains bringing them out and returning for them before dark loud blasts of the whistle notifying the people of time to return to Baltimore.

Another excursion place was opened here also by Mr. J. J. Hellman, who had built the brick house at the crossing at Elkridge, and the large brick house in St. Denis. He had the slope from the road to the river laid out with walks leading to various kinds of places of amusement, swings, flying-horses, etc. The flying-horses were far from being like those of the present time. A pole was set up and guyed as for a derrick, with four booms running out at the four opposite sides and securely guyed from the ends to the top of the pole. From the ends of each of these four booms was suspended a frame in which was a seat for two persons; when these seats were filled two men stationed near the center would push the machine around. At the side of the road he built a ten-pin alley. The little one-story house near the fire engine house was a part of it. People came from far and near to these two amusement parks.

Gudgeon fishing was enjoyed by hundreds at that time. When I was a little girl I have often seen both banks of the river so crowded with anglers as to make it difficult to get a place to cast a line, and when you did you had to fish straight before you or else get out. This and the places of amusement were broken up by the outbreak of the Civil War.

THE AVALON IRON WORKS.

About one mile west of Relay, on the Howard County side, on Bockburn Branch, was an iron furnace owned by Mr. Dorsey, in which was smelted the iron ore dug out of the hills above upper Elkridge. On the Baltimore County side near Relay and St. Denis was the Avalon Iron Works. It was a hustling place, where were manufactured iron plates, bars and nails. A small steamer, called the "Great Western," plied up the Patapsco as late as eighteen hundred and sixty-eight. The owners of the iron works and Ross Winans spent a great deal of money in straightening and deeping a channel up the river as far as the stone bridge; they then purchased a small tug and a number of scows for their work. One wharf was built just below the stone bridge on the Baltimore County side and several along the Winans' farm. Pig and scrap iron were loaded on the scows at Baltimore for Avalon and manufactured iron hauled back and loaded on the scows to be taken to the city. This work was broken up by the freshet of 1868, which completely destroyed the wharves and channel. On the morning of the freshet the little steamer was moored to a large willow tree at one of the

Winans' wharves, and when the water in the river began to rise high and still higher, James Biden, the farm manager for Winans, together with his brother and two men named Hawk, tried to make the boat more secure. They climbed into the tree to secure the fastenings higher up, while there the water rose so rapidly that they were surrounded. The fields along the river were soon under water and great quantities of debris floated down, uprooting the tree, carrying both boat and tree down the river. Mr. Biden remained on the tree until rescued near Light street bridge in an exhausted condition. All the other men were drowned.

THE FORT AT RELAY.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Government recognizing that Relay was of great importance, decided to occupy it and fortify it. At that time it was the point at which all passengers traveling between the West and South had to change cars, going either way, besides all travel between North and South passed, the Baltimore and Ohio being the only road running as far as Washington, the Pennsylvania cars being hauled from Baltimore over the B. & O. The capture of this point or the destruction of the bridge by the Confederates must be prevented.

One day shortly after war was declared two strange men drove out from Baltimore and made an examination of the bridge. A man who had been attracted by their actions suspected it to be their purpose to blow up the bridge, notified the agent of his suspicions, and he in turn notified the railroad authorities and they ordered the trackmen to guard the bridge day and night. Soon afterwards they built a fort beside the main line just west of where Relay station now is; this was built of bags of sand and mounted with two guns. Soon several regiments of soldiers were encamped in nearby places. Several large buildings were put up for the soldiers' sleeping quarters and one for a hospital.

A fort was commenced overlooking the bridge. This was an earthen fort mounting seven twelve-pound guns, one thirty-four pounder; also two twelve pounders mounted outside the gate. Inside there was a magazine sunk deep in the ground, and then covered with a high mound of earth. In front of the entrance to the magazine was another mound of earth to protect it from the shells of the enemy. This fort was named after General John A. Dix and was erected on the bluff above the Viaduct Hotel; this fort has long since been leveled down, and J. Byrne's

house now stands on its site and just above where the thirty-four pounder stood. The soldiers remained here until after the war was over.

St. Denis is built upon the old drilling ground for all the soldiers were stationed around here. Several days each week each regiment, headed by a brass band or a fife and drum corps, would march from their encampment to these fields and there for hours at a time go through the different kinds of drills. Some of the soldiers, not satisfied with their camp food would forage around the country for something better, often robbing chicken coops, meat houses, dairies, etc. If they were caught and convicted of these things they were generally punished in some way. The usual way of punishing a chicken thief was to knock the head and bottom out of a barrel, fix it over the man's body so that his head stuck through it, and with a large card in front and one at the back bearing the words in large letters: "Chicken Thief." Sometimes one of the chickens he had stolen was tied under the sign, then he was made to march up and down the platform at Relay all day long, the guard on duty there being charged to keep him moving. For other offenses a man was made to fill his knapsack with stones or bricks and with that on his back march all day on the platform, sometimes labeled with a card telling his offense.

The soldiers often took wood, hay or straw without the permission of the owner. One day a party of soldiers under command of one of the minor officers went to a neighboring farm with a team to take straw from a stack. The man owning it did not wish to get into trouble so he did not go to object, not so with his wife, though. When she saw what they were after she went down and asked the man in charge if he had an order from the quartermaster for the straw; he said it was not necessary, and ordered the men to load the straw. The woman drew a pistol from under her apron and said: "I will shoot the first man who puts the fork in the straw." Then she told the officer to send a man to the quartermaster for an order, for with it he could get the needed straw. Soon the man returned with the order and the straw was given freely.

As this neighborhood was under martial law most of the time during the war little or no advance or improvement was made here until after the war. Since then it has grown slowly and quietly to its present size.

Adapted, *Helen Gallo way and Inez McCleod.*

VIADUCT BRIDGE.

"Do hurry, boys," called Mary, "Miss Brown is going to tell us about the bridge. She is waiting for you."

The children had been out on a long-promised fishing trip. Each had his little string of gudgeons, with perch and "sunnies," except Harry and Rob, who could not resist the temptation to go wading. Now they are having quite a time trying to put stockings on wet feet.

At last Harry and Rob joined the party, and all were ready to hear the story, so they sat in a shady spot just a few yards above the Viaduct Bridge.

"The bridge was designed by Benjamin H. Latrobe, Esq., and was at the time the largest structure of the kind in the United States. There are five arches, as you may see, each of which is sixty-six feet from the surface of the water.

The monument erected at the northern end of the bridge was placed there by John McCartney, who constructed the bridge) at his own expense as a memorial of his connection with the great work. The work of construction started on July 4, 1832, and was completed on July 4, 1835.

"Now," said the teacher, "on your way home we will stop at the monument and read the names on it."

This was done, and after waiting for the long freight train to pass the happy children crossed the tracks and parted for their homes.

Inez McCleod.

THE OLD GATES.

"We saw you get off the train and come down the steep, steep steps at the station, mother," said little John and Fred as they were being tucked into bed.

"Yes, dears, mother was watching for you at the foot of the steps, too. When mother was a little girl she did not watch at the steps for her mamma."

"Where did you stay then?" asked little Fred. "Mother stood at the gates and waited for grandma," said mother.

"Do you mean at our gate, mother?"

"No, no, dear! I mean at the railroad gates."

"I didn't know railroads had gates, did you, John?"

"How could the trains get by?" asked John.

"The gates were not on the tracks," said mother, "they were on each side of the railroad tracks to keep people and horses from crossing when a train was coming."

"Who opened the gates, mother?" asked Fred.

"They did not have to be opened, my boy. They had to be lifted just as you would lift your arm to keep some one from coming in at the door."

"Did you lift the gates, mother, when you wanted to get over the tracks?"

"No, little son, an old man stayed in a little house near the gates and when he heard a train coming he let down the big gates."

"Were they heavy, mother?" asked John.

"Yes, but the man turned a large handle round and round and that let down the gates."

"If he had not been there to let them down some little boys like Fred and John might have been killed, when they came to meet their mothers."

"May we play railroad gates, mother?" said John.

"Yes, boys, you may play all day tomorrow if you wish, but we shall let down the sleepy gates now."

"All aboard for slumber-land." *Helen Galloway.*

WHEN THE SOLDIERS PASSED THROUGH GRANITE.

"Grandma," said Evelyn, "Jimmie McIntyre says that this country is going to war before long and that, if it lasts until he gets big enough, he is going, too."

"I think Jimmie doesn't realize what he is talking about, Evelyn. We won't be likely to go to war very soon if we can help it. It is the wish of this country to keep at peace with all others as long as we can. War is a dreadful thing, as those who have seen it know only too well."

"If we ever had a war, grandma, would it last long enough for Jimmie to go?"

"Sometimes it does, my dear. The Civil War lasted long enough for many a little lad to go to the army and get shot."

"I shouldn't think Jimmie would like that. What was the Civil War? Was the fighting here?"

"The Civil War was a fight between two parts of our country—the North and the South. It was a hard, bitter time for us. Well do I remember the day when the Southern troops marched through this place."

"Oh, I thought that it was long, long ago before you were born, grandma. Tell me about it."

"Well, when I was a young girl, I lived quite near Alberton, and it was there I saw the soldiers. There were both Southern and Union men. The Southern troops were under Captain Johnson, who was trying to make his way to Baltimore. He came down the Frederick pike from Frederick and then crossed over through Granite and down toward Alberton."

"How did he know how to go, Grandma?"

"You see, although Maryland was a Northern State, there were many people here who were in favor of the South."

"Who were? Were you?"

"Well, no; I was too gay and thoughtless in those days to think about it, but old Mr. Ben Dorsey, who then lived on Mr. Peach's place, thought so much of the South that he left all his property here and went South to keep from being drafted."

"What's drafted?"

"Being forced to fight when you didn't want to. Old Mr. Dorsey knew all about the land in this part of Baltimore County, and he gave Captain Johnson a map to go by. That is how he knew the country so well."

"Where did you say the soldiers went?"

"They went down to Mr. Dorsey's place and stayed there for a while. The Union soldiers had a block-house just up on the hill from Alberton and Captain Johnson's men had to stay hidden to keep away from them. One day a young lieutenant with two others started out to discover the position of the Union pickets who were guarding the line around the block house."

You know that place where the ruins of an old mill stand. Well, that used to be a prosperous business place in the war times. It was kept by Mr. Wright, who had a provision store in connection with the mill. On this day the lieutenant rode up to Mr. Wright's stable and traded horses with him. Mr. Wright was, of course, unaware of the transaction, as the horse left by the soldier was entirely worn out from hard riding. The poor fellow, however, paid dearly for his theft.

With his two companions, one a friend and the other a cousin, he rode cautiously along the ridge above Alberton. They were eagerly watching the movements of the soldiers at the block house, but just as carefully were they being guarded by the watchful pickets.

Suddenly, becoming aware of the enemy the two men turned their horses to escape. They threw their bodies down beside the

horses and used their spurs vigorously. The horse of the first one carried him to safety, but the poor lieutenant was not so fortunate. His stolen horse, being unused to rough treatment with the spur, reared and plunged, exposing the rider to the full view of his opponent. In a twinkling he fell to the ground with a bullet through his heart.

The third soldier, who was following closely, seeing his cousin's perilous condition, threw up his hands and surrendered.

There was great excitement around here that day. Everybody had heard of the capture and could talk of nothing else. The next day we went to the hill where the dead lieutenant was buried. It was a gruesome sight as they had hardly thrown enough dirt over him to cover him. We could see the tip of his boots sticking up through the earth.

"Are they still there, grandma? Could I see them if I went to look?"

"No, his body only stayed there a short while. His cousin, who was kept a prisoner at the block house, wrote to his friends in the South and they sent a metallic coffin up at once so the body could be sent home.

"Was the cousin always kept a prisoner?"

"No, he was exchanged soon after that and was allowed to return home."

"Didn't they have a big battle after all?"

"Not near here. Captain Johnson soon found that he couldn't get any nearer to Baltimore, so he withdrew his troops."

"That was a very interesting story, grandma. I thank you very much for telling it to me. Some day I will write it down for a language lesson, so that you will know how much I remember of it."

Ellen H. Gray.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

So closely entwined with the history of the State is the name of Charles Carroll of Carrollton that it is one with which we should be familiar. But it seems to me that Catonsville has a peculiar claim upon the name. Was it not Mary, the sixteen-year-old daughter, who showed her independent spirit, and certainly the spirit of her father, by choosing to marry Richard Caton, then a poor man? Certainly the names of Caton and Carroll still cling about the vicinity, and though the beautiful home of Charles Carroll is not in Baltimore County, yet he spent so

much of his life here that he belongs to us. Some day you will learn all that this great man of Maryland did for his country. He was a true patriot, a true lover of his home in the new world, for you must know he was among the early settlers. He was an Englishman and loved the mother country very much. But there came a time when England and the Colonies did not get on together, and they had to settle the difficulty by war. Some men had to agree that we would fight for our independence, and Charles Carroll was one of them.

Charles Carroll was a very wealthy man, and in case England won he would be called a rebel and lose all his wealth. But he did not mind that. He said as he signed the Declaration of Independence, "Well, there go a few millions," then added, "however, there are so many Carrolls the British will not know which one it is. "He at once signed Charles Carroll of Carrollton, so there would be no mistake, and this is why he has been known by this name ever since. It is a title of which one may well be proud, finer even than that of duke or earl or prince, for was it not given in a good cause?

He had a cousin who also won distinction, Charles Carroll, barrister, of whom you will wish to learn some day. Both men held public positions of trust, and served their city and state. Some day when you visit the city you will ride out to Homewood, the home of Johns Hopkins University, and there you will see the former home of Charles Carroll, the son of this grand old man, the first Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

Doughoregan Manor is the most famous estate in Maryland. It does not lie within the border of Baltimore County, but in Howard, her next door neighbor on the south. Still it is not far away, and it is worthy our visit. There are so many things of interest to young and old alike. The first Charles Carroll fled to America as a safe place from the ill-treatment which he feared from the king and queen of England. Lord Baltimore was his friend and it was to his colony that he came. Shortly after his arrival he was granted 15,000 acres of land, and upon this he built a mansion in 1717. The curious yellow bricks which you note were brought from England. Since the mansion was begun many additions have been made until the buildings stretch along a front of more than three hundred feet.

In one wing are the servants' quarters and the kitchens. Here you will find the great fireplace used in colonial times, the long iron crane upon which to swing the kettles, the long-handled frying pans and other quaint utensils. Among them the pan for carrying coals, the warming-pan, and others. Here the old man-nies cooked the food for the great house, and here the picanin-nies played. Here old Tom rested after his work in the garden was done. Those were real slave times, but both master and servant were content each in his own way.

In the other wing is found the chapel now used as a mission. It seats three hundred and fifty persons. Here for more than a hundred years masses have been said for the family, tenants, and slaves. Even when the house was unoccupied the services were continued. This chapel, however, was not joined to the house until after law granting religious freedom was made a part of the Constitution of the United States.

The mansion is impressive in appearance, surrounded by spacious grounds, by beautiful gardens and walks of fine old trees. Not all of the original grant of land remains, there now being only about three thousand acres in this splendid estate at the present time.

You can get some idea of the magnificence within, from these pictures. The hall is paneled in oak, and on the walls hang the portraits of eight generations of Carrolls. The furnishings are those of Colonial days.

Governor John Lee Carroll lived here until his death in 1911, when the estate went to the joint ownership of his five children, one of whom is Charles Carroll, who has made his home in France for the last twenty-five years. At the death of his father he and his wife decided to make Doughoregan Manor their home, and a celebration of their twenty-fifth anniversary was held at the mansion upon their return. However, since the war broke out both Mr. and Mrs. Carroll have been active in relief work in Paris, where they still spend a part of the time.

The name of Carroll has been distinguished by other members of the family as well. Charles Carroll, barrister, belongs to the family who owned the Caves in Green Spring Valley, and Clynmalira Manor, near My Lady's Manor, was a part of the land granted to the Carrolls.

Isobel Davidson.

PATAPSCO NECK HISTORY.

Discovered by Captain John Smith, 1608.

Surveyed by Lord Baltimore's order, 1652.

Land granted to Thomas Sparrow and others, 1652.

Thomas Todd settled on the Neck, 1664.

Philip Jones acquired a tract, 1733.

Walnut Grove built, 1786.

Todd home burned by the British, 1814.

TODD'S INHERITANCE.

In this day of modern improvements, when one sees modern buildings, modern conveyances, and modern roads, it is a rare treat to find an old homestead that has been kept intact as to architecture and general plan for nearly two hundred years.

Such a home as this is found at North Point, and is known as "Todd's Inheritance." The large stone house with its spacious hall running through the center and large rooms opening from it at either side is built upon the same foundation as the house which was built in 1664, when Mr. Thomas Todd of Virginia came to Baltimore County and purchased 1700 acres of land from William Battin, and Thomas Thomas, which they had named "Old Road" when given the grant by Lord Baltimore. No one knows at what price per acre, but that it must have been comparatively small is evident from the fact that about sixty years ago the present owner of the estate, Mr. Thomas Todd, re-purchased at \$22 an acre some of the original land which had been sold. Much of the original tract has not been re-purchased because Miller's Island, Fort Howard, and the farm owned by Mr. Elmer Stansbury were formerly part of "Todd's Inheritance," as "Old Road" became known. At the present time much of the land is worth \$1,000 an acre.

The house, built in 1664, was built of bricks brought in vessels from England and was burned by the British during the War of 1812 on their march from North Point toward Baltimore, which they hoped to take by land.

Bernard Todd, with a dragoon of nine soldiers, was stationed in the house with powerful spy-glasses to watch for suspicious looking vessels. Upon the approach of the British vessels these men, mounted upon fast horses, fled to give the alarm, thus abandoning the house, which was easy prey for the soldiers.

When "Todd's Inheritance" was first purchased by Mr. Thomas Todd of Virginia, a number of "kitchen middens" were found on the river shore and also on the "bay shore." These mounds of oyster shells were overgrown with grass and low shrubbery and were quite picturesque, but since "farming" was to be the chief pursuit, they were leveled and the shells hauled away and dumped into some ravine. Many arrow heads have been found here, some of which may be seen in the library of the Todd home. We are all agreed that we would rather find these evidences of Indians at North Point than see the fierce Susquehannoughs roaming about decorated in their war-paint and feathers and brandishing their fierce tomahawks, for this was the tribe that made its home at North Point.

The slaves' quarters were at a little distance from the house, and here, after their evening meal, the slaves gathered in front of their houses and sang all the old melodies for which the slaves were famous in those days.

As was the custom in those days, the Todds set aside a plot of ground near the house, which was known as the family burying ground. This, like other burying grounds of the early settlers, is of considerable interest, though the inscription on the oldest stone is now hardly decipherable. This stone is over the grave of Elizabeth Coon and her child. She was the wife of High Coon, a minister, who is said to have been a native of England, and had settled in Baltimore County. The wife took her infant on a trip to England, and on the return voyage, when nearing home, both died and were buried in the family burying ground on the Todd estate.

No other record of the family has been found in the vicinity, and the name of Coon is not common. The inscription on the stone is as follows:

"Here lyeth the body of Elizabeth Coon,
who, departed this life—1717 in ye 27th year
of her age—Daughter—Coon—this life
22nd—1 year and 12 days."

The breaks indicate the portion of the inscription which cannot be read.

Other stones record the death of Bernard Todd in 1816, and other members of the family at later dates. It is rather strange, and the fact has not been satisfactorily explained, that

there are no graves of the Todd family bearing an eighteenth century date.

The first deed recorded in Baltimore County was the deed to the Todd estate, when purchased by Mr. Thomas Todd of Virginia from Mr. William Battin and Mr. Thomas Thomas. At a later period, when this deed was needed, it was found that it had disappeared. A search was instituted among the archives of Baltimore Town, and also of Baltimore County, when lo! it was found in a barrel in the cellar of the present State House at Annapolis. Deeds at this day are not kept in barrels, as we know, and this first deed may be seen at the Court House in Baltimore.

The first will recorded in Baltimore County was that of Thomas Todd I. This will recites that "one brood mare and a feather bed be given each of Mr. Todd's daughters." It is as quaint and interesting as most of the wills of the colonial period prove to be.

Although agriculture is the only pursuit now carried on on the estate, Mr. Bernard Todd, one of the older residents, was much interests in marine trade and built vessels in the adjoining creeks, cutting down the trees and hewing out the boats with a broad axe. Tobacco, which was raised extensively, was sent off in these boats.

At a later period, 152 men from Maine came to "Lodge Farm," the property owned by John Eager Howard, and one of the farms adjoining "Todd's Inheritance." They entered the great white oak forest bordering the creeks, and there in one winter secured frames for sixty-two vessels, which they took back to Maine, where the vessels were built. Twenty to thirty pairs of oxen were used in hauling this lumber to the water front.

When tobacco was no longer the crop raised in the fertile fields, wheat, corn, and rye waved in the sunshine. Many slaves helped to cultivate the fields and care for the crops. Those were the days before many different kinds of farm machinery had been invented to save labor. The plows were simple. The grain was cut by hand with a sickle, and threshed out upon the great barn floor with a flail. Oftentimes horses were driven back and forth upon the sheaves of grain scattered upon the floor, until the kernels were threshed—no, "tramped"—out, thus rightly named the tread-mill. You can readily see that much

grain must have gone to waste,—but then there was no other way. You can also understand why it was necessary to have so many servants and assistants upon the manors.

M. Annie Grace.

PATAPSCO NECK.

The truck farmers of Patapsco Neck have reason to be proud of the splendid macadamized roads leading from their farms direct to Baltimore City. These roads, which have recently been completed, are of great value, as is shown by the great number of automobile trucks and large market wagons, laden with produce from the truck farms, which daily pass to and from the market over these roads.

The older residents cannot help but contrast these fine roads, known now as Fifth Avenue, which connect directly with Fifth Avenue, Canton; Trappe Road, which connects Fifth Avenue with Weis Avenue, and Weis Avenue, which leads on to the North Point Road with the old winding Trappe Road, which was formerly the only route to follow to market. An old gentleman insists that this Trappe Road was marked off by a cow. One of the farmers had gone to Baltimore Town and purchased a cow which he attempted to drive to his home in the Neck. The cow led the farmer a merry chase, and when they finally reached their destination, the route marked out was such a circuitous one that all of the farmers agreed that the owner of the cow was fortunate to reach home in the "we sma' hours" of the morning, as it is said that he did.

This road was used until 1868, when some of the residents met and agreed to build a better one, which would be not only a direct route to Baltimore, but also wide enough to allow two teams to pass, and thus eliminate the necessity of stopping their teams laden with hay in the hollow and yelling a warning to any one who was coming around the curve. These men agreed to use a part of the Old Trappe Road for the new road, but cut a new section from Fifth Avenue, Canton, to the Trappe Road, thus making a more direct route to Baltimore. The farmers were so well pleased that they held a big oyster dinner at one of the road-houses when the road was nearly completed. Since it was built of oyster shells, the name "Shell Road" is frequently applied to it.

Weis Avenue was built later to decrease the distance which the farmers of North Point had to travel to reach the Baltimore market.

All of these road within the past few years have been macadamized and now are fine automobile roads. These are of great value, since nearly all of the farmers own automobiles, and also automobile trucks, in which they convey the produce from their truck farms to market. If some of the farmers who lived here about one hundred years ago could see these fine roads and conveyances, they would shake their heads and say, "It cannot be possible that so much produce can be raised in Patapsco Neck." The products at that time were mainly hay, corn, oats and wheat, and were drawn to market over the Old Trappe Road in heavy wagons, to which were hitched two, three, or perhaps five horses. In winter or in early spring, even the wagons to which five horses were hitched were apt to become stalled in the mud. You may be sure that there were no unnecessary trips taken; the mail and groceries were brought on the return trip by some of the market wagons. During the winter the farmer made but one trip a week, and sometimes that trip was made on horseback. Then, everything that was necessary was brought from Baltimore Town, and this was made to last until the next week.

There were only five farms then in Patapsco Neck. and many times the owners of these farms—Mr. Todd, Mr. Jones, Mr. Murray, Colonel Green and Mr. Stansbury—met on Sunday at the old meeting house and before the service talked of the condition of the road, of the amount of plowing that their oxen had accomplished, or of the number of bushels of wheat, oats or rye they had gotten when they beat out their grain with a tread mill or with a flail.

The farmers were very proud of their oxen, and often boasted of their strength. It has been said that when an oxen would break a wooden yoke, Mr. Stansbury would stand with his hands on his hips and laugh heartily, then turning to one of his slaves would say, "Get another yoke, Sam; let us see if he can break that."

Besides being used for plowing the ground and for hauling heavy loads, these oxen conveyed the family to church when the roads were very bad. At other times the light spring wagon was the conveyance on Sunday. Instead of having fine woolen horse blankets, the traveling rug was a quilt from the bed. This afforded protection from the cold for the family as they rode along. After a time the wagon gave way to the two-wheeled

gig. Then the carriage came, and now the automobile, in which many leisurely ride, never thinking of the discomforts of the rumbling ox-cart or of the two-wheeled gig which their great-grandfathers thought so fine.

As time passed, more and more people moved to Patapsco Neck. The need of a school was felt very keenly, so a log school house was built, in which only gentlemen school teachers taught. This was abandoned when the frame school house was built in the church yard which adjoins the old church on the North Point Road, and has since been used as a stable on the farm which formerly belonged to Mr. Andrew Rogers. The first lady teacher was Miss Mary Choate. Just before her arrival she was being discussed at one of the homes, and upon inquiry as to her appearance some one remarked, "Why, John, she's got *yaller* hair." Now there are five schools in Patapsco Neck, one of which is a high school of considerable size. In these schools are many lady teachers; in fact, more ladies than men. The only church for a long time was "the old meeting house" on the North Point Road. This was used for a hospital for wounded soldiers during the War of 1812.

There was a flour mill on the Germany Hill Road, in which wheat was ground *when the wind blew*, because that was the only power then known that could move the four huge paddles which moved the machinery in the mill. The miller worked when the wind blew. He rested when it did not.

On Col. Kimble's farm was a cocoonery in which silk worms were raised. These worms were imported "from France," some say, and some say, "from Japan;" however, Colonel Kimble attended them faithfully, feeding them mulberry leaves and trying to keep the cocoonery at the right temperature with the wood fire, but did not find his business successful, since he was never able to unwind the cocoon—the silken thread was never quite strong enough to bear the strain.

You do not wonder, then, that the people agreed that Patapsco Neck was intended as a good farming section, and such it has been until just within the past few years, when realty companies have secured options on most of the land, and what has been a great farm bids fair in the near future to become a flourishing city.

M. Annie Grace.

SPARROWS POINT AN INDUSTRIAL TOWN.

(Data taken from papers written by J. H. K. Shanahan, Jr.)
Land Grant—1652. Oldest house—1740. Town begun—1840.

The thriving settlement on Sparrows Point, with the extensive works of the Maryland Steel Company in the foreground and the town in the background, would be sure to attract the attention of a traveler who had not visited these parts during the last quarter of a century.

The last time he was down the river the roar of the great mills and the intermittent flames from the bessemer did not greet him. Instead, where the great steel plant now stands, there was an extensive marsh, while where the town may now be seen, stood fields of waving grain, with the barns and out-buildings of a large farm near at hand.

If the returning traveler should inquire what town it is that he sees, the chances are some one will say, "That is Steelton." It is surprising, indeed, the number of people in Baltimore who persist in speaking of Sparrows Point as Steelton.

There is a Steelton in Pennsylvania that has been intimately associated with the plant at Sparrows Point in many ways. Perhaps this accounts for it.

LAND GRANT—1652.

This neck of land is a part of a grant of land made by the Lords Proprietary to Thomas Sparrow in November, 1652, and since that time the property has been known as Sparrows Point.

Therefore, over 80 years before Baltimore was laid out, Sparrows Point was on the map. When the land was later acquired for the great industrial plant that has since helped to spread Maryland's fame over the world, the new owners decided to let it keep its original name.

Solomon Sparrow, son of Thomas Sparrow, built a house on the Point which was known as "Sparrow's Nest." The site of this house is now marked by a brick building of more modern construction, which is used as a public school kindergarten. This brick house was built shortly after 1840 by the late William J. Albert, who was a Congressman from Baltimore for the term 1873-1875. It was used by him and his friends as a club house. Ducking was good along the Patapsco in those days, and many hunting lodges were established on its shores.

The property was held by members of the Sparrow family until the first part of the last century.

ONCE A PEACH ORCHARD.

Twenty-five years ago on what is now the site of a large boarding house for working men, the Patapsco Hotel, and the drydock department, in which the floating drydock Dewey was built, there was a peach orchard skirting the shores of the river.

Near the old club there are still standing two other buildings which were built in the days before a steel plant was dreamed of. One of these was of brick and was one of the farm buildings on the tract when the steel company purchased the land.

The other structure is smaller and is made of cement. It was used as a dairy, and during slave time as a "quarter" for a few negroes.

These three buildings, together with a frame structure east of where the rail mill now stands, and known as the "corn crib house," are the only links which bind the present hive of industry on the Sparrows Point with its more quiet and unpretentious past.

Just across Humphrey's Creek, an arm of the Bear Creek, which separates that portion of the town inhabited by the white residents from that assigned to the colored people, on land which was acquired later by the steel company, now stands an old frame house which, as nearly as can be estimated, is at least 175 years old.

About the year 1886 the Pennsylvania Steel Company, whose plant is located at Steelton, Pa., a few miles outside of Harrisburg, wanted a plant on tidewater, so that it might receive ore from Cuba or other foreign countries without the cost of inland freights. Such a plant, it was seen, would also give the company a decided advantage when competing for foreign business, since the product could be loaded directly into steamships. Sparrows Point plant was practically the first American steel mill to enter the foreign market.

Having come to this decision, the matter of a suitable site was investigated, and Sparrows Point was found to best fill all the requirements. Accordingly, Mr. Jacob Taylor, a prominent business man of Baltimore, was asked to secure about 1,000 acres of land in that vicinity.

Visiting the owner of the property one day, Mr. Taylor led up to the question of buying the farm, but the farmer only shook his head. Increased offers made no seeming impression, until finally he reluctantly agreed to talk it over with his wife. Mr.

Taylor felt somewhat encouraged and accompanied the farmer to the house, where he endeavored to interest the wife in the proposition, but she proved even more obdurate than her husband, and Mr. Taylor wished he had settled the matter in the field.

MUSIC CONQUERED HER.

Dinnertime came without an agreement. The would-be purchaser was invited to stay for dinner, and while the host and hostess went about their several duties, Mr. Taylor sat in the parlor and pondered. Noticing a cabinet organ in the corner, he observed upon it a book of Moody and Sankey hymns, opened at the hymn "Almost Persuaded," which he considered a favorable omen. Being a fine musician and possessing a good voice, he was soon whiling away the time singing the old Methodist hymns. The housewife, herself a staunch Methodist and a lover of music, was lured from her duties, and standing behind the performer, soon mingled her voice with his. The music, no doubt, had a persuasive effect, for when Mr. Taylor returned later to the city he had an option on the property, which has since become the site of one of the most widely known steel plants in the world.

After all formalities in connection with the purchase of the property had been concluded, the Pennsylvania Steel Company had begun to build its "Maryland Extension," as it was at first called, and as it remained until June, 1891, when a charter was taken out and the Maryland Steel Company was incorporated.

In March, 1887, the first surveyors came from Steelton and laid out the town and its works in accordance with the drawings which had been mapped out there.

WHEN WORK WAS BEGUN.

The first shovelful of dirt to be turned in the new enterprise came out of a test hole on the site of the blast furnaces. It was sunk to determine the nature of the sub-soil, which proved to be clay.

The holes were dug by a colored man named David Jackson, who is still living and frequently comes to town, as his home is only a short distance from the Point. He is always in a good humor, and the inhabitants are warned of his near approach by his cheery laugh, which resembles somewhat the bray of a mule.

In May, 1887, the first step in actual building of the plant was taken by the establishment of a brickyard. This was near the site of the present town pumping station. Here also was the

first store, whose inventory showed a few wash basins, frying pans, soap and towels. In one of the unpretentious temporary buildings was the company's offices.

At the time work started in the brickyard, the marsh was being drained. Parts of it were dammed up and the water pumped out by a windmill. This marsh extended over all the territory between the blast furnaces and the store, as well as in a northern direction to Bear Creek. Indeed, the foundations of the bessemer itself were formerly in the midst of the marsh.

Many of the early visitors at the Point will recall this marsh and the foot-bridge which crossed it, with its single railing on the river side.

In August, 1887, the foundations of the blast furnaces were started and hundreds of men were at work, while little shifting engines had begun to snort and puff around the yard with an air of great importance.

Meantime the town was not being neglected. Streets had been laid out and a few residences had been erected, with others under construction. Near the brickyard had been built the doctor's office, in one end of which the physician lived. This building is still standing, and is now used as a barber shop.

The store, too, now boasted of better quarters and a larger stock. The low pier was under construction, and things generally were rapidly assuming definite proportions.

In October, 1889, the first pig iron was drawn from the blast furnaces. With the beginning of the manufacture of iron the days of the marsh were numbered, for the molten slag was dumped into its midst, killing the rank vegetation and replacing the mud and slime with a hard, lava-like substance. This practice has been continued during the last 20 years, until now there isn't a marsh the size of a man's head on the company property.* (See page 7).

GETTING TO BALTIMORE.

The organization of transportation to and from the Point makes one of the most interesting chapters of the little town's history. In March, 1887, when trips first began to be of any frequency, a bugeye was used. The landing was made in Humphrey's Creek.

Following the bugeye, the company bought the steam launch *Viola*, which was about 50 feet long and carried from 20 to 25 passengers. She proved to be a snare and a delusion, and fre-

quently broke down when midway between Baltimore and Sparrows Point, with the result that the passengers had to row ashore and walk back to Baltimore or go to Sparrows Point, which proved to be the closer.

Next came the tug "Canton," which not only made regular trips carrying passengers, but towed large car floats with loaded freight cars containing material for the embryo plant.

After the "Canton," the steamer "Olive" made regular trips between the Point and Baltimore on her route to Rock Creek. In the meantime work had been started on the Baltimore and Sparrows Point Railroad, and on February 11, 1889, the first passenger train was run.

The trains did not enter the town then, as now, but came into what is now the freight station, across the yard at right angles to the track now used.

With the opening of the railroad, travel to and from the Point by water was at an end, and never since has a passenger steamer run between the town and Baltimore.

*On August, 1891, the first bessemer steel ever made in Maryland was blown, and on the 7th of the same month the rail mill rolled its first rail.

A SPOTLESS TOWN.

It is but natural that the name of Sparrows Point should be synonymous with the manufacture of iron and steel, but to think that this is all connected with it is to do the town a great injustice.

Besides the great mills, which have rolled thousands of tons of rails not only for this country, but for far-away India, Japan, China, and, indeed, for all parts of the civilized world, there is the great shipyard, from which vessels of every description, from tugs to ocean liners, not forgetting the destroyers for the Navy and the great drydock Dewey, have been set afloat.

Let us hear something of the town separate and distinct from the works; something about its well-laid out streets, which are scrupulously kept; its comfortable houses, its churches and Schools, as well as something of its social life.

To begin with, its location is its greatest charm. Situated at the mouth of the Patapsco, where it pours its waters into the mighty Chesapeake, with the ramparts of Fort Howard on the left and the shores of Anne Arundel on the right, it gives between an unbroken view down the bay as far as eye can reach.

When the city and its less fortunate suburbs are sweltering in the heat, Sparrows Point is swept by the cool salt breezes of the bay, and its residents spend their leisure hours on the tennis court or in some small craft on the river.

Indeed, during the summer months the town presents very much the appearance of a summer resort. In the broad piazzas which completely surround the club building, which is on the river front, may be seen the ladies in their cool lawns and the men in their ducks or flannels.

The club-building itself is worthy of comment in passing. Of pleasing yet simple design, its white columns suggest the Colonial Period, which is in keeping with the historic associations of the place. On entering we find ourselves in the ballroom and facing a large open fireplace. The floor is as smooth and level as a billiard table, being laid in the choicest maple. On its walls are pictures of real merit. To the right is the reading-room, on whose tables may be found all the leading magazines of the day, while adjoining is the ladies' parlor, furnished in Colonial mahogany. To the left is the billiard and pool room, while at the rear are the kitchen and toilet rooms.

Membership in the club is by election, and during the winter months bi-monthly functions are given, alternating with card parties and dances. A guest at one of these entertainments finds little to suggest iron and steel, smoke or dirt. The brilliantly lighted room, the cheerful glow of the open fire, the evening clothes of the men and women, suggest as pleasing a picture as this frivolous age can present.

SEWERAGE SYSTEM——LIGHT——HEAT.

The town is provided with a sewerage system, and deep artesian wells insure a pure supply of drinking water.

Many of the houses are lighted with electric lights and heated by steam, so we find modern houses in abundance in this little city by the sea.

A large number of the houses stand out alone in little lots of their own.

The residents have ever taken a deep interest in the town, and in the spring it is surprising the number of flowers which may be seen. It has been said that more and prettier roses are grown in Sparrows Point than in any other small town in the State. Climbing roses, white and pink; American Beauties are grown here, and almost every variety one ever saw seems to

thrive. Another of the great natural charms of the town, in addition to its proximity to the bay, is the presence, at its eastern edge, of Pennwood Grove. This was known as Holly Grove in the days before the coming of the steel company, and it was famous as an excursion park.

To this day may still be seen the swings and some of the other apparatus of a picnic-ground, while on the river bank there still stand, as solitary sentinels of the good times that are gone the lone chimneys of the old dancing pavilion, which several years ago fell victim to the fire king.

Even now the old chimneys have not outlived their usefulness, for their broad hearths are annually the scene of more than one oyster roast, and the sound of laughter and merriment still echoes around them.

With the coming of the steel works the name of Holly Wood, so called because of its large number of holly trees, died, and it was re-named Pennwood Grove, the prefix coming from the name of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, its new owner, and the suffix from its resident official.

In this grove are many beautiful shaded walks, which are the mecca for the young folks of the town.

There are sixty-odd varieties of trees in this grove. Some of them huge fellows, lifting their twisted branches, hoary with age, high above their comrades.

Of all the rides from the city to Bay Shore Park, it has been remarked many times that that portion through the grove at Sparrows Point is the most delightful.

CHURCHES.

There are five churches, representing the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, English Lutheran, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian denominations. Across the creek, meaning Humphrey's Creek, the colored population have their churches and schools.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.

The residents point with pride to the educational system of the town.

Sparrows Point enjoys the distinction of being the first public school south of Mason and Dixon's Line to have a kindergarten. Hanging in a frame on the wall in one of the rooms of the kindergarten may be seen the pen with which Governor Lowndes signed the bill that gave Sparrows Point the kindergarten.

They made still another important addition with the successful opening of the first "home economics" course ever connected with a public school system on the Atlantic seaboard.

Here we find a suite of rooms, comprising a modern kitchen, with individual tables provided with all conveniences, an alcohol stove included; a pantry, a dining room; and that the young ladies may not be remiss in the details of housekeeping, a bedroom; the care of all of which, including the appointments of a properly set dining table, the rudiments of plain sewing, and nursing, is all taught.

The Steel Company has always taken a deep interest in the educational system of the town, and has contributed generously to its support, following out a policy established at the parent plant in Pennsylvania more than thirty years before.

MATERIAL NEEDS OF THE COMMUNITY.

The material needs of the community are well provided for by the Sparrows Point Store Company. A main store and two branches, a creamery, a dairy and a farm are among the store's resources. The farm is on the outskirts of the town, and here are grown many fresh vegetables. In the dairy arrangements we find a herd of one hundred and fifty choice cows, with an experienced dairyman in charge; and the milk produced, it is said, cannot be surpassed.

The market at the Point has all the variety which can be found in the city, while to insure a safe grade of meat about twenty beeves are killed weekly at the abattoir.

In short, Sparrows Point's geographical position, its many resources with which to meet municipal needs, rivals that of any small town in the State.

Lillian Emory.

LIGHT HOUSES.

Such a lovely day had it been! Aunt Mabel was having vacation and had taken George and Jack, her two little nephews, on the long promised boat ride to Port Deposit.

Now they were returning to Baltimore, and Aunt Mabel saw that the little fellows were getting tired and sleepy, though they would not own it.

"Do you know where we are?" she asked.

There was no reply, but the boys looked interested.

"Almost to the Patapsco River," she said.

"Why, how do you know?" asked George.

"The same way the captain knows," said Aunt Mabel.

"Do you see this bright light over here, and that one over there?"

"Yes, are they boats?" asked George.

"No, indeed, they are lighthouses," said his aunt.

"What's a lighthouse for?" asked Jack, sleepily.

"Why do you want a light at the top of the stairs every night?" asked Aunt Mabel.

"So I won't bump into the post," answered Jack.

"That is just why the captain wants a lighthouse," said auntie. "In the day time, you can see a rocky point over there. If it were not lighted at night what might happen to our boat?"

"It might bump into the rocks and hurt itself," said Jack.

"Yes, and hurt us, too, if it bumped a hole in the boat, so that enough water could get in to sink us," said his aunt.

"The captain must know the channel, and the lights show him where it is."

"Now, I can see only one light, and oh! dear, I believe we shall run into it. Is the captain asleep, do you suppose?" asked George.

"I'm sure not," replied Aunt Mabel. "The light ahead is called 'Front Craig,' and the one behind, 'Rear Craig.' The captain turns his boat so that they are both in a line ahead of him. He calls that being 'in range.' He must see only one light. If he sees two, he is out of his channel. Now, let us watch. Are we still going toward them?"

"Oh, no, we are going toward that light over there," answered George.

"Yes, that is another lighthouse, the 'Baltimore Light,'" she replied. "When we get near that light we shall turn into the Patapsco River. Across the river is the 'Bodkin Lighthouse,' but the channel has been changed so we don't go near enough to that point to need it.

"I don't see any light over there," said George.

"No, it isn't lighted any more," said Aunt Mabel.

"What will they do with it," asked George.

"They have sold it, I think," said his aunt. "There are several acres of ground around it, and it will be a nice place for some one to live."

"Are we in the river yet?" asked George.

"Yes, there is Fort Howard," replied auntie.

"Where the soldiers live?" asked Jack, wide enough awake, now.

"Yes, indeed. Do you see the lighthouse now?" asked his aunt.

"Oh," said Jack, "is that a lighthouse?" I thought it was the soldiers' light."

"No, it is not even near the fort, but out in the water some distance," answered Aunt Mabel.

"How could it be in the water?" asked Jack. "Is it on a boat?"

"No, dear, but in some places where it is too rough to build lighthouses, they do keep a boat anchored with a light on it. But here the water is not very deep, and rocks have been sunk and the lighthouse built on a pile of rocks.

"Over here, opposite Fort Howard, is Fort Smallwood.

"Now watch out for another light ahead, for lighthouses, you know, often go in pairs. The captain follows the two 'in range,' as I told you before," said Aunt Mabel.

"Oh, I see it," said Jack. "What makes it blink so?"

"I'll tell you all about that one," said his aunt, "for I've been there. It is 'Rear Cut Off,' or 'Holly Grove Lighthouse,' and the one we just passed is 'Front Cut Off.' Sometimes it is called 'Fort Howard Light,' or 'North Point Light.'"

"Last year I had in my class a little girl named Margaret Greene. She said her grandfather was the lighthouse keeper at Holly Grove, so I asked her to take me down to see it.

"On Saturday afternoon we set out, and after a walk through the lovely Holly Grove, we reached the point, and there stood the lighthouse, like a giant. It is ever so much higher when you are close to it than it looks from here. Mr. Green told me it is sixty-four feet tall."

"Why," said George, "that is as tall as a tree, and ten times as tall as father. Why did they make it so tall?"

"Why were you so glad your father is so tall, when he took you to the circus?" asked his aunt.

"Because I could see him over the other people in the crowd and found him when I was lost," answered George.

"Now, can't you guess why the captain wants the light high?"

"I can," said Jack laughing, "it is the captain's papa, and he looks for him when he gets lost in the dark.

"You are a good guesser," said Aunt Mabel, laughing. "Mr. Greene said he has lived at this lighthouse twenty-two years. The lighthouse is thirty-three years old, but he was not the first keeper here. He lived at another lighthouse point about which I'll tell you later."

"What does he have to do?" asked George.

"Nothing now, because the lighthouse is lighted by gas, which burns all the time. In the lower part of the tall tower, made of corrugated iron, he showed me five tanks of gas, to which are attached long pipes running up to the light. That much is supposed to last five months. The light is regulated by some kind of a sun dial so that it burns brightly at night and on cloudy and foggy days, but on sunny days so dimly that you can't see it at all. One winter there were many cloudy days, and the gas gave out after a time. What would the captain do if he should come up the river and see no rear light?"

"Cry for his papa," said Jack.

"He would wonder what had happened to the light keeper," said George.

"So he would," replied Aunt Mabel.

"The tanks reminded me of giant sausages. They were about five and half feet tall, and two feet around.

"I also saw something which looked like a clock.

"What is that?" I asked.

"That, said Mr. Greene, 'is a tester. We measure gas power by 'atmospheres.' I tested this when all five tanks were attached. It measured thirteen atmospheres. I tested it again when there was only one tank. It measured the same. So I suppose one tank will furnish just as good a light as five, but, of course, when five are attached, the light burns five times as long."

We climbed up the steps, which had many turnings, until we reached the top. He opened the little door, and he went out on a little balcony. There we saw something which was shaped like a big clock. Its face was a door of ridged glass, the kind you look in and see rainbows. They are called prisms. Mr. Green opened the glass door and inside we saw some wires and a little gas light which kept going off and on—that's what makes it blink. Back of the light is a small reflector. At the side was erected the upright, which makes it burn dimly or brightly, according to the light.

Gas light has been used only a year, or since May 15, 1915. Before that, the oil lamps were used. The old lamp was still there, behind the new one. It was not a large lamp, but it had a circular wick, and a very large metal reflector back of it. It had to kept bright and shining. Every day the lamp had to be cleaned and filled. It held nine pints of oil. They had two lamps; one always ready. When they took out one to clean it they put in the other. The measures, floors and everything in the tower were kept spotless.

Once the lighthouse nearly burned down. Something went wrong with the lamps and it set the tower afire. Mr. Greene's dog saw the fire and barked to waken his master. The tower was saved. There cannot be the same danger with gas and electricity.

I asked Mr. Greene who looked after lighthouses. He said "The Department of Commerce, whose secretary is Mr. Redfield. It used to be run by the Treasury Department, and there were two managers, one a naval officer, and the other an army officer, but that is changed now.

"Aunt Mabel," said George, "there are two lights, but we are not following them."

"No, we go between them. That is Fort Carroll, and out there is Leading Point Lighthouse."

"Is it built on rocks, too?"

"No, it is called a 'screw pile' light house. Five steel piles are screwed into the bottom of the river and the lighthouse is built on them."

"Does a keeper stay there all the time?"

"One used to, when they used lamps."

"How did he get anything to eat?"

"There was someone to take the coal oil supplies to him in a boat. How would you like to live out over the water like that?"

"Oh," said Jack, "the first thing I'd do would be to fall in."

"I'm sure of that," said his aunt.

"Aunt Mabel," said George, "I see a row of lights. I believe we are going to run over them."

"We shall go very near; I think they are buoys."

"Boys," said Jack, "are they in boats?" Do their mothers let them stay out all night?"

"No, dear, not b-o-y-s, but b-u-o-y-s. They are gas lights, too, anchored there. They are chained to a heavy weight which is sunk to the bottom."

"I should think they would upset," said George.

"The frame is fastened to a ballast or small weight, which keeps it upright. There are about thirteen of them up the river to show the captain the channel. Some buoys have whistles and some have bells which the motion of the water rings."

"Aunt Mabel, when we went to Tolchester one afternoon, I saw something in the water painted black and red. What were they?" asked George.

"Those are wreck signals. The captain must keep away from them because an old sunken boat or rocks may be in the way. Sometimes they have a lighthouse near a wreck."

"Now, boys, you can see the lighthouse at Fort McHenry, and opposite is the oldest lighthouse on the river—the one I promised to tell you about. It has the funniest name,—Lazzaretto, which means pest-house, or hospital for contagious diseases. Long ago boats docking at the wharf in Baltimore had to unload there for quarantine. But now an inspector quarantines the boats after they land. This is the one where Mr. Greene used to live. It is lighted by electricity, which they get from the city. Now we are at Light street wharf."

"Why, so we are," said Jack. "I thought it was another lighthouse and was waiting for your story."

"Sometime I will tell you about another lighthouse called 'Grace Darling.'"

Mabel Brent Garrott.

ST. HELENA.

It was a beautiful sunny day in June when grandpa and twelve-year-old Gordon got off the nine o'clock train at the station of the pretty little village of St. Helena.

"Show me the house in which you were born, grandpa," said little Gordon. "I should like to go there first. I wonder if the people living there would let me go upstairs to see the little room in which you slept, and oh, do not forget to show me the tree that you climbed when the old mother sheep raced you into the garden and then stood guard, until great-grandfather came and drove her away."

"Very well, my little man," said grandpa, "but I think we shall have time to see all of the interesting points before we go home."

"Let us walk down this path beside the railroad track and I will show you where the bear landed that swam over from River-

view and attacked your father. This is the field in which he was working when the bear broke out of his pen at Point Breeze, as Riverview was then called, and swam straight across Colgate Creek. He landed right near that big tree on the shore and made a dash at your father, throwing him to the ground. The men from Point Breeze followed the bear, but before they reached him, an old colored man had killed him with a fence rail."

"Did the bear run right across the railroad tracks, grandpa?"

"The railroad track was not here then, Gordon, it was laid in 1882, after Sparrows Point had been purchased by the Maryland Steel Company, and they were compelled to find some way in which to ship coal and iron to the works there, and to bring away the rails that are manufactured there."

"Grandpa, did you move before these houses were built here?"

"Yes, when I lived here there was only one house, that big frame house standing by itself over there. The barns and sheds have been torn down, but there is the old brick house which was used as a smoke house, in which to smoke hams, when we killed hogs. We shall go there later. Now there must be about five hundred people living here."

"Here is Baltimore avenue. They named that for Baltimore street in the city. There is the school. Isn't it a pretty building? It was built in 1903, and do you know, Gordon, your aunt Annie was the first teacher there. You must get her to tell you all about it, the next time she visits you. When I lived here this was the apple orchard, and many an apple tree I have climbed to get a fine big apple that hung high in the tree.

"Right across the street is the postoffice and telephone exchange, and there is a big arc light on a pole in front of the postoffice. When I lived here, we had no telephone, no postoffice and no electric lights. We had to drive to the city for our mail, and since it was about four miles, we only went once a week. In fact, sometimes during the winter, we did not get there for over a month, because the road would be blocked with snowdrifts.

"Let us walk down Baltimore avenue. There is an Episcopal church which was built in 1904. That is not the first church that was built; I shall, however, show you that later on. There is a bakery. Do not the cakes in the window look nice? Here are two stores, one on each side of this avenue. Let us go into this one and get some ice-cream and cake.

"Good morning, sir, we should like some cream and cake," said grandpa.

"You are strangers here," said the storekeeper.

"Well, I suppose you might call me a stranger now, but when I tell you that I lived here for twenty-nine years, in fact, until I married this little fellow's grandmother, you will not think the place is wholly strange to me, will you?"

"No, indeed, then your name must be ————. Well, sir, I am, indeed, glad to meet you. I have been here for ten years and have noted many changes, but you can see a far greater change, I feel sure."

"Yes, indeed. Did you open the first store here?"

"No, a man by the name of Mr. Weber opened the first one, but ill health compelled him to give it up, then Mr. Spencer opened one, but a spark from an engine caused a fire and he did not reopen his store, although he rebuilt the house."

"Have there been many fires since you have been here?"

"No, the store burned in 1908, and the fertilizer factory on the shore burned in 1900. I think that those are the only two fires that have occurred. You must visit the engine house and see the fine chemical engine which was secured through the efforts of the improvement association. We have a volunteer company, yet if there should be a fire, every man would respond faithfully to the call."

"Where is the engine-house? I should like my grandson to see it."

"It is on Riverview avenue; you will get a splendid view of the Patapsco River and of Fort Carroll from here."

"How is water supplied in the homes here?"

"By a force pump which fills the reservoir near the pump-house on Patapsco avenue. You may see it out this window. We have no sewage system here."

"Who is the oldest inhabitant?"

"Mr. Spencer, an Englishman, who moved here from Baltimore. He was a carpenter and was lured here by the prospect of securing work when the first building lots were laid out by Mr. Charles Levis, the manager. I suppose you know him."

"Yes, I knew him very well before I left St. Helena. My father moved from here when Mr. Levis took charge of St. Helena."

"Perhaps you can tell me who owned St. Helena before Mr. Levis secured it?"

"Why yes, Mr. Conroy, a Philadelphia banker, owned it. His family secured it from the heirs of Mr. Sutton. Before Mr. Sutton bought it Colonel Arthur Bryan, an Englishman, owned it. It is thought that he secured it as a grant from Lord Baltimore. Did you know that St. Helena at first included these four adjoining farms? When I lived here, Mr. John Grace's farm was part of this place. The whole was known as Longwood."

"Where do they get the name of Longwood?"

"The southern boundary ran right to the woods, so they called it 'Longwood,' but I do not know where the name of St. Helena was secured."

"I can tell you that. When Colonel Bryan lived here, he called it Bonaparte, but his daughters objected to the name and begged their father to change it, so he changed it to St. Helena from the name of the island to which Bonaparte was exiled."

"Well, sir, I have enjoyed our chat very much, and wish to thank you very kindly for the information you have given me. If my little grandson is ready, we will continue our walk."

"Grandpa, was Colonel Arthur Bryan in an army?"

"Yes, he was a colonel in the English army before he moved to the United States."

"During the War of 1812, he lived here, and I know he watched the soldiers as they marched toward Baltimore."

"Isn't that a church on the next avenue, grandpa?"

"Yes, that is the Presbyterian church, it was built in 1898. They held Sunday school in that house next to it for quite a long time before the church was built. Let us see what they call that avenue. Oh, yes, Patapsco avenue, they named it for the river which flows down the western side of St. Helena. Look across there, Gordon, and you can see "Fort Carroll."

"Well, my little man, you have seen the place where grandpa lived when he was a little boy. Let us walk down St. Helena avenue, across the field to the electric car station and go home that way."

"Grandpa, there goes an electric car along that track near the river and there is a bridge across to Riverview. Might we go home that way?"

"Yes, but it takes longer. That car line was built in 1895, and is not used much since this one on the east side was built, because this is a more direct route to Baltimore."

M. Annie Grace.

HISTORY OF ESSEX—PAST AND PRESENT.

1750—1908.

Along the beautiful shores of Back River lies the Paradise Farm. There stands the old colonial farmhouse, built a century and a half ago of hand-made bricks brought from England. Paradise Farm was originally a large tract of 1700 acres, and was owned by Mr. Taylor. In 1870 Mr. Tughton rented this farm and lived there until his death last spring. Much of the farm was then in woodland and the only way to the outside world was a woods road which went around the head of Middle River. Seven years later a wooden bridge was built across Back River and the present road made. The bridge has been replaced by a fine concrete structure.

Forty years ago a club house was opened at Cove's Point and is still a pleasure resort. Paradise Farm itself once had a club house. Ten years after Cove Point opened land was sold for the colored church, and a store was built; this store is now known as Josenhan's.

In 1895 the trolley company extended its tracks into this part of the country. At first the terminal was Back River, but a little later it went on down as far as Josenhan's.

Fifteen years ago Mt. Carmel Catholic Church was built and in the same year Hollywood Park was opened and has continued to be a popular resort. In 1908 Chesaco Park was built and houses began to go up quickly in that vicinity. Little by little Paradise Farm has been sold, until now it is only a few acres. In 1909 the Taylor Land Company laid off building lots and in the same year Mrs. Shuster's house was built, the first in Essex. A few months later Mr. Henry Guttenberger opened a grocery and general merchandise store. The next year more dwellings were erected, more land cleared, and more people were attracted to this part of the country.

In January, 1913, the public school opened in a bungalow built for the office of the Essex Company. This school had twenty-eight pupils. The following summer the Lutheran and Methodist churches were begun; these churches were dedicated in the fall. And so Essex grows—more stores are being opened, more land sold, more people seeking homes in the country. There is little of history yet to write, for the town is in its infancy; but we shall watch its growth with interest and see its history as it is being made.

Catharine Jackson.

WAR OF 1812.

"Mother, I wish brother Frank would come, I do want him to tell me all about his trip."

"He will be here in a little while now, Gordon, and then I know that he will tell you all about it. It was very kind of his teacher to take him to North Point this afternoon to see the tablet unveiled. I feel sure it will help him with his history."

"There he comes, mother. Oh, brother, I am glad that you are here. Now tell us what you saw."

"Well, when we reached the battleground at North Point, we found a large crowd there. They sang 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee', and the 'Star Spangled Banner,' then Mr. Koch, assistant superintendent of the Baltimore City Schools, delivered an address, telling about the bravery of our soldiers during the War of 1812, after which they unveiled the tablet which marks the spot where the battle of North Point was fought."

"Brother Frank, what was the cause of the war?"

"Well, Gordon, the English would not let our ships alone, they took our sailors off our ships and made them go to England to fight in their wars."

"Why how could the English do that, Frank?"

"They said that these sailors were English."

"But were they, Frank?"

"No, they were not, they were Americans."

"Then why did the English send soldiers to North Point, Frank?"

"Because they wanted to try to capture Baltimore."

"Why d'ldn't they come up the river in boats?"

"Because they could not get past Fort McHenry. The guns there kept the boats from getting into the harbor, so they landed soldiers at North Point, who tried to march to Baltimore."

"Who stopped them, Frank?"

"Our American soldiers tried to drive them back to their boats, and that is what caused the battle of North Point."

"Frank, d'ld you go to the spot where General Ross was killed by those two men, Wells and McComas?"

"Yes, mother; I expected to see the tree that they climbed, but they have been cut down and a Methodist church built there. I saw the monument that was erected a long time ago to mark the spot where the battle was fought."

"Gordon, we walked down to the old Methodist church to look at the bullet holes in its walls. It was used as a place to

take the wounded soldiers during the battle. Then we walked down to Bread and Cheese Branch, which is just below the old church."

"Bread and Cheese Branch, brother, what do you mean by that?"

"That is a stream on whose banks the soldiers sat to eat their lunch while they were encamped near North Point, and ever since then it has been called 'Bread and Cheese Branch,' because the soldiers had only bread and cheese to eat."

"Mother, let us ask father to take us to North Point in the automobile and then Frank will show us all of these places."

M. Annie Grace.

THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.

1812.

In the year 1812 there was a war between England and our country. England did not care about the new country, America, and wanted to prevent our ships from sailing the seas. So they did not treat our seamen very well, and this brought about war. The English meant to capture Baltimore. How would they get to Baltimore? They must come up the Chesapeake Bay and the Patapsco. But how could they do that? They would try to do that, but here was Fort McHenry guarding the city. Then they must try to reach Baltimore from some other point on the Bay. How could they do it? By getting off their boats at North Point and marching across the country. These were the plans of the British, but the Americans were ready for them.

GETTING READY FOR THE BRITISH.

People in Baltimore were not idle. Now, you know, there were no telegraph or telephone wires in those days, but the people kept their eyes open. When the British ships were seen afar off, messengers on horseback hurried with the news. Beacon fires were burned on the hills to let the people know. So Baltimore was warned and got ready. Nearly every man and boy in the country and in the town entered the ranks, and when the time came, seven thousand men marched to meet the enemy.

Twice the soldiers in Baltimore heard they were coming, and marched down to North Point to stop them, but the British failed to appear. By these trips they came to know the country around North Point very well, and they threw up a line of earth-works across the narrowest part of Patapsco Neck, from Humphrey's Creek, to Back River. It passed through what is now

the farm of Mrs. Josiah Bowen, and the grounds of the Bright Light Club, three miles from what is now Fort Howard, and crossed the North Point road on a little rise of ground at the Eastern boundary of the Bright Light.

It was arranged that the signal indicating that the British were in sight should be a flag displayed on the cupalo of Capt. Ridgely's house at North Point, the highest house in the neighborhood, and easily seen from Baltimore Harbor. This house was destroyed by lightning about fifteen years ago, but the residence of Mr. Roberts, just back of old Bay Shore Park, is on the same foundation, and Mr. Roberts' estate is still spoken of by the old neighbors as "Steeple Chase Farm."

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH.

On Saturday, September 10, 1914, the people of Baltimore heard that the British were coming up the Bay. On Sunday morning the flag on Ridgely's house gave notice that the fleet was in sight. In the afternoon a signal of three cannon shots fired on the court house yard notified the people of Baltimore, and our soldiers came together. The fleet, consisting of about fifty vessels of all sorts, anchored at dusk in the mouth of the river, two miles from shore. At three o'clock Monday morning the English troops commenced to land, rowing their small boats as near as they could to the beach and then wading ashore. The landing place is the low ground behind the red and white lighthouse. The commanding officer's quarters at Fort Howard now overlook the spot. The soldiers did not know what the Americans might do, so they laid down in the tall grass as soon as they climbed ashore, until nearly a thousand had landed. Then they arose to protect those who were still coming ashore. But there were no soldiers to meet them. Most of the people had fled, carrying their belongings to Gatch's Mills, on the Belair road. The British numbered about 9,000 men, the officers and artillery mounted on horses. By 7 A. M. all were landed, and soldiers began to scatter in all directions to see what they could find.

General Ross was among the first to come ashore. He had given assurance to the Americans that as long as they remained peacefully at home nothing should be disturbed. Some interesting stories are still remembered of some of the happenings in the neighborhood and are herein related for your enjoyment:

General Ross and some of his men went to the house of Thomas Shaw, on the farm next to Mr. Todd's, to get a few hours' sleep.

He ordered the family upstairs and took possession of the first floor. When Ross went away he left his nightcap behind, which the lady of the house prized to the day of her death.

A British lieutenant met Eleanor, a daughter of Mr. Shaw, on the stairs and tried to kiss her. She broke away from him and jumped from the second story window. When General Ross heard of it he punished the officer by sending him back to the ship.

As the British were leaving one of the soldiers noticed a hornets' nest hanging from a tree beside the gate, and he had never seen such a thing before, he pierced it with his bayonet. What happened? "Where did you get you —— white-headed flies?" they asked.

At Lodge Farm a soldier scratched a British flag on the plaster above the mantelpiece with the end of his bayonet. It could still be seen at the time the house was burned six years ago.

The next farm is Walnut Grove. The fine old house still stands, and is now leased by the Crescent Club. You can see it by going to Bay Shore, as the trolley passes it at the back, after crossing Welchman's Creek. Being the largest house in the neighborhood, the British intended to use it for a hospital. Mr. John Jones, the owner, was in the American army, and his family had gone to Belair road, but two slave boys, Sam and Dick, remained behind. When the soldiers came in sight, Sam crawled up the chimney of the big fireplace, but Dick was seized and made to act as guide. He took them to the home of Doctor John Trotten, who was father-in-law of Mr. Jones. "This house still stands and is in the section of Sparrows Point set apart for the colored employees of the Maryland Steel Company. Mrs. Trotten had buried her silver in the garden and had planted cabbage seed over it. These were growing nicely. The family had fled to Gatch's Mills, but left behind the homemade wines and cordials. The soldiers were afraid of poison, so they made black Dick sample all the wine before they would touch it. There was a barrel of blackberry wine that even he feared to test because of its dark color. Into this the soldiers stirred feathers ripped from open feather beds, and then they filled the ticks with oats. The horses and wagons had been taken away, so the only thing they could do was to load their oats on an old sled. This they dragged to their ship, nearly four miles away. On leaving, they chalked on the door, "We have found very good cheer in Mrs. Trotten's house, and hope she will be at home when we return."

In a few hours the party returned and demanded the loan of a horse and cart and some blankets, which they had seen upon their first visit. They promised the things would be returned if the loan were granted at once, but not if they had to take them by force. The loan was made, and afterwards the family was doubly surprised when horse, cart and blankets were faithfully returned. They then learned that they had been used to convey the dead body of General Ross to the landing place at North Point.

WHAT THE AMERICANS HAD BEEN DOING.

On the left before reaching Fort Howard is the Todd House. Here was stationed a "pony express" consisting of nine men, one the grandfather of the present owner, Mr. Thomas Todd. As soon as they were sure that the British intended to march up Patapsco Neck, they carried the news to General John Stricker, who was stationed with his army at Bread and Cheese Branch, seven miles nearer Baltimore. They reached the American troops at 7 A. M., the same hour the British finished landing.

General John Stricker started out of Baltimore that hot Sunday afternoon with 3,100 men, some wearing citizens' clothes, and few of them well-trained soldiers.

Down the Philadelphia road to North Point road, then called Long Log Lane, went this group of determined men, reaching the old Methodist meeting house, just east of the Bread and Cheese Branch, and about seven miles from the city. Here they passed the night. The cavalry was sent forward about three miles and passed the night at the farm now owned by Mr. William S. Gorsuch. The riflemen were also sent in advance to a blacksmith shop, one mile nearer, almost opposite the present Monument House. The cavalry were to watch the movements of the enemy and to give notice of their approach, while the riflemen hiding in the long grass and behind the pine trees were to worry them as they went by.

The British had moved down the road from North Point and when General Ross reached Poplar Heights, he and his officers took possession of the farm where the American cavalry had spent the night. Going to the house, General Ross ordered breakfast. He breathed his last a few hours later in sight of the same house. It was said while the British were here three of the American cavalry in their green uniforms were captured and brought before General Ross. They had been chased through the woods by the British, and were making their escape in a

small boat on Bear Creek, when a part of the enemy discovered them and threatened to fire if they did not return to shore. At once one of them held up a white handkerchief and they rowed back.

General Ross inquired as to the preparation for the defense of Baltimore city. They assured him that practically every man who could bear arms was enrolled in the army. About midday the rear-guard and the stragglers of the British army came up, and Ross left the farmhouse. The whole column then moved down the North Point road, and shortly after one o'clock met Major Heath's little detachment of less than 250 men at the place where the Monument House now stands. The meeting was unexpected on both sides. The curve in the road and the woods acted as a veil until the British were almost upon the Americans.

DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS.

Firing began at once, and General Ross, who was somewhere toward the rear, rode up to find out the cause of it. He had reached the foot of the slight hill (a few rods east of the monument), and coming out of the woods that shut in the road where it runs down the hill, was passing under some trees on his left, when he received a wound that caused his death.

Local tradition insists that Well and McComas, who were lying behind a black gum log at the foot of the hill on General Ross' left fired the fatal shot. But they were riflemen, and the British authorities report that he was killed by a musket ball and buckshot. Moreover the shot passed through his right arm into his right breast. A monument has been erected to them.

An English account speaks of three men in a peach tree. One was in the tree gathering fruit. He jumped to the ground and all three fired. Ross was struck. The fire was returned and the three men killed. The remaining cartridges were found loaded with buckshot and ball.

Near the spot where General Ross was shot stands the Randall Monument, erected by the Mechanical Volunteers to the memory of Aquilla Randall, the only member of the company who was killed in the skirmish.

Ross was carried on a stretcher made of two fence rails from the spot where he was wounded to Poplar Heights, a mile and a half back. But when the cart arrived, he was already dead. The body was placed in the cart, carried to the boat and placed in a sack. The Americans were not certain of his death until a week afterwards.

When Major Heath had his horse killed under him, and saw that his little detachment had the whole British army to fight, he ordered them to fall back to the main body of the Americans, who were now drawn up to about a mile behind them.

The extent of these preparations dismayed the enemy, already demoralized by the death of General Ross, and learning also of the failure of the fleet to silence Fort McHenry, they resolved to retreat. That night, two hours after midnight, they took their departure so stealthily that the Americans did not discover it until daybreak. There was a fruitless attempt at pursuit.

At noon the retreating British reached the place where their general received his death wound. Without tarrying they pressed on to where the Bright Light Clubhouse now is. Here they spent the night, guarded behind some breastworks the Americans had begun. The officers made themselves comfortable in Mr. Yeiser's house. It stands on the right hand side as one goes to North Point, near where the Sparrows Point road branches off. It is quite a distance from the road, and is approached by a long double line of cedar trees. The present owner is Mr. Joseph Rodgers.

The next day the march to North Point was resumed. Todd's house was burned, and before night the last British soldier was on board the fleet.

(From a paper (1907), by Rev. B. Brown. Loaned through the courtesy of Miss M. Rogers, seventh grade).

Data obtained by *Mabel Dent Garrott*.

THE NORTH POINT ROAD.

On the North Point road stands a church known as the Patapsco Methodist Church. It was built long before the War of 1812, but the exact date is not known by the writer. It was used as a hospital for wounded soldiers during the war. Some bullets are imbedded in its wall, so 'tis said.

In the same yard stands the oldest public school in the Neck. Mr. Thomas C. Jones promoted interest in public schools in the county. He was the first judge Baltimore County ever had. It was his brother, Philip Jones, for whom Baltimore or a part of it was first named Jonestown.

The Battleground House is a historical site located on the North Point road. It was used as a tavern in the Civil War.

At the end of the North Point lies Fort Howard.

WILLIAM PETERS, Seventh Grade, Sparrows Point.

FORT HOWARD.

Should you like to visit a boarding school where the students in attendance receive salaries? Come with me to Fort Howard, named for John Eager Howard who at one time owned much land in this community. Here you will find a boarding school owned by the Government of the United States. At present there are about four hundred sixty-four students enrolled. These make up four companies.

But, you say, "Those men at Fort Howard are soldiers who have enlisted to serve in the army of the United States, if they should be needed."

It is true that they are soldiers, but they are "learning lessons" at their school, just as truly as you are at your school. There are many things that they must learn before going out into active service, and in order to become well-trained soldiers, they must obey each order just as promptly as your teacher wishes you to do.

This school is almost a little city in itself. The grounds in which it is located cover about one hundred and eighty acres.

Here you will find nearly every building that you may see in an ordinary city. Just outside of the gate are the neat homes of the privates who are married. Here the little children with their mothers await father's coming at the close of each day's labor, and after the evening meal, gather about the fire, to listen to stories of the many wonders found within the gates of the fort.

Along the main driveway you may see pretty cottages in which live the officers and commander of the fort, who receive much better salaries than the privates.

There are four boarding houses called "barracks." Here the privates sleep. Each one must make his own bed and certain soldiers are detailed to sweep and dust the rooms for a certain period of time. A set is also detailed to wash dishes, after the meal has been served in the dining room or mess house, as it is called.

The second of these barracks is the largest, one hundred and forty soldiers being housed here. Each of the other barracks will accommodate one hundred and eight. The soldiers laughingly call them the "Bachelors' Quarters."

Besides these household duties the soldiers have a regular routine of work. The bugle, which awakens them, is sounded ten minutes before 6 o'clock. At six, a gun is fired. This is

called *reveille*, or roll call. At this time all the soldiers must undergo inspection. The officers, who have them in charge, pass judgment upon their bearing, uniform, neatness, and punctuality.

After *reveille* comes breakfast, then the soldiers go to their different posts of duty. Some to the household duties mentioned, others to learn how to manage the motor guns, others to target practice at close range, or at long distance. Others go on a hike across the country. This is to train the soldiers for long, hard marches such as would be necessary in time of active service. These hikes are taken in the spring and fall. During the summer, shorter hikes are taken.

Some soldiers are detailed for sentinel duty. There are nine sentries at the guard house. In this house, the soldiers are placed in punishment for some misdemeanor, such as not being present at roll call or disorderly conduct.

But you ask, "Do they work all of the time?" Oh, no, there are two tennis courts on which they may have fine games; also fields for football and golf. Besides these, there is a motion picture parlor, in which performances are frequently given.

One building which is frequently visited is the post exchange, at which letters from home are distributed.

By the time that the signal for "lights out" at nine o'clock comes, you may be sure many are tired enough to go to their couches for rest.

The soldiers do not need to remain at the fort during their recreation time. They may exchange their service uniform of khaki for the dress uniform of blue, and go to visit their friends, providing they return in time for *reveille* the next morning.

There are many other buildings at Fort Howard besides the barracks, about which so much interest centers. Among these buildings is the hospital, to which the soldiers are carried when ill and cared for free of any expense until quite well.

The clothing department, at which the soldiers may buy their clothing, and the commissary department, in which the food is stored, are both very essential to the comfort and well-being of the men.

As you walk about, beyond the barracks, you will see the wireless telegraph station, to which many important messages come and from which many messages are sent. A little farther on, you may see the machine shops, in which the projectiles or shots are cut down when too large.

A building, in which the photographs taken by the fort photographer are developed, shows the independence of the little city.

The storehouse, in which are stored the bombs ready to be used, is carefully guarded. Very harmless-looking, indeed, yet the power of destruction which lies lurking within them is well known.

You cannot help but stop at the cable stations, where the cables seemingly end in the water, yet you know that a message might be sent through them across the boundless ocean.

You feel that you would like to climb up into "M. Prime," as the watch tower is called, but no one is allowed to peep into the secrets concealed there. This tower cost \$15,000, and is equipped with every convenience which would aid in sighting a vessel belonging to the enemy.

Now let us visit the guns on the parapets. Each parapet is divided into batteries. Each battery contains from two to four guns. These guns are brought into firing position by lifting a lever. After the charge is fired the gun is lowered again. Ten men, besides the commander, are required to fire each six-inch gun. These batteries are named for commanders in the Army, hence you find Battery Stricker, Battery Nicholson, Battery Key and many others.

As you journey on toward the gate, you cannot but wish that it was dark so that you might see the huge search-light casting its rays across the water, and see the light burning in the light-house to cheer the sailors as they pass out toward the sea; but since the day is quite young, you take the car toward Sparrows Point, feeling amply repaid for your visit to this boarding school of our government where students who attend are paid \$13 a month.

M. Annie Grace.

CHASE.

April 12, 1916.

MISS AMY C. CREWE, *Principal*,
Chase School,
Chase, Maryland.

DEAR MISS CREWE:

Replying to your letter of April 10th asking for some assistance in compiling local history, especially relating to the Harewood property, I give you what information I have:

The house on the property was probably built by Robert Oliver, who came from the North of Ireland and was a rich merchant in the City of Baltimore. His ships from the West Indies Islands in those days came up the Gunpowder River, bringing coral rock in ballast. Th's rock was burned for lime to spread on the fields, which was then a new idea in farming. Pieces of the rock can still be found occasionally about the place. The dock at which the ships made fast was probably the cove at the north side of the place below the present railroad bridge. There is still to be seen the remains of a paved road leading from the building down to this cove. The most interesting fact which I have been able to discover about the house is that General Lafayette on his visit to this country about 1830 was entertained there. The farm at that time embraced a very large tract, and was treated like the estate of a well-to-do Englishman. There was a brick gatehouse on the road running from Chase, probably to the railroad line, of which a few bricks may still be seen in the woods. Further in was a deer park. The region was somewhat affected by the English invasion in 1814, and not long ago I dug up a cannon ball. It may have been fired from the English gunboat shelling the buildings.

During the Civil War the Union troops were camped along the road line, protecting the bridge against the Confederates, and a gunboat was anchored in the river for the same purpose. I do not believe that the property was occupied before 1798. The original owner of the land was named Presbury.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) J. HEMSLEY JOHNSON.

HOW CHASE RECEIVED ITS NAME.

As Tom came in from school, he was whistling such a merry tune that Grandmother, looking up from her sewing, asked: "What are you whistling, Tom? Have you learned a new song at school?"

"That is our school song, grandmother,—the children like it very much. I wish you might have heard them this afternoon singing the part of the chorus which says:

And strive forever to make a success

Of this, our dear old Chase School.

Our teacher said that the boys could certainly make that part ring. And, grandmother, as they sang, I could not help wondering why our town was called Chase. Can you tell me?

"Yes, I can tell you. It received its name about seventy-five years ago. A lawyer named Charles Chase, living in New England, was advised to come South because of his health, so he came to Baltimore. A man living here owed him money. In payment for this debt, Charles Chase received a large tract of land, which comprised the park, the tract owned by Mr. Lay, the present site of the station. Later, when the Pennsylvania Railroad wished to extend its railway lines, Mr. Chase sold a right-of-way through his property. Because of that it became known as Chase's Station, and later as Chase. Have you ever noticed the picture of Mr. Chase at the station?"

"Yes, grandmother, I have often noticed it, but I did not know that he is the man for whom Chase was named. Was he related to Samuel Chase, who signed the Declaration of Independence?"

"He was not a relative of the renowned Samuel Chase. The family still owns a tract of land near Mr. Lay's store, and a daughter of Mr. Chase occasionally visits the old home of her father."

"Thank you, grandmother. I know that my classmates and teacher will be glad to have this information about our village."

GRANDFATHER'S STORY OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"We had a hard time today finding a place in our school yard to play marbles," said Tom. "Every time it rains we have nothing but mud on the school grounds. Grandfather, where did you play marbles when you went to school?"

"Dear me," replied the old gentleman, "we hardly had any place to play. Our school was located on the lot where Mr. Eckert's house now stands. It was only a small one-room building."

"How did all of the children and teachers get into one room, grandfather?"

"We had only one teacher, and there were no grades."

"How could your teacher hear any lessons if there were no grades?"

"Our school was not as fine as yours. We furnished our own readers, and almost every child had a different story to read."

"I think that was a strange school. Tell me more about it, please, grandfather."

"We had no desks. Our seats were only rough boards, not nearly so smooth and comfortable as yours. There were high shelves, made also of rough boards, along the sides of these walls. Whenever we wanted to write we climbed upon a high stool and rested our paper or slates upon those. We did not use paper very often, because it was not finished as it is today; but when we did write on paper we used pens made of goose quills. Should you like to try one?"

"Do you still have one of the pens that you used when you went to school, grandfather?"

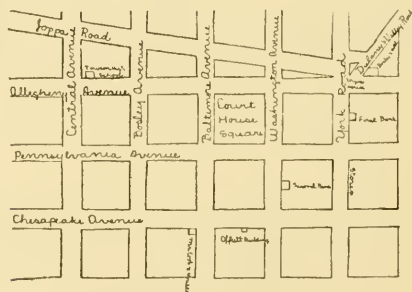
"Oh, no, but we can easily make one if you would like to have it."

"I should like to have it very much."

The old man helped Tom to make a pen by sharpening a goose quill to a point.

"This is a good pen," said Tom, after he had tried it, "but I think I prefer our own steel pens."

Frances Tilghman.



MAP OF WEST TOWN, BY GEORGE WAGNER, FORTY-THREE YEARS

After Stage Coach Days

THE STORY OF A STEAMBOAT.

RUMSEY, THE MARYLAND INVENTOR.

Maryland has been first in so many movements touching our national life that it pleases us to know that she is not behind in practical inventions. Though Baltimore County cannot lay claim to the home and birthplace of James Rumsey, who was born in Cecil County and lived on the Bohemia River, we are proud to learn that he invented the steamboat.

Something like the above I observed to my friend one day.

"Yet we always speak of Robert Fulton and his steamboat, the Clermont, on the Hudson," said my listener. "No one has ever heard of Rumsey on the Potomac. How does it happen that Rumsey was never heard from?"

"Several reasons, no doubt. It often happens that one man works and works without receiving the praise due his efforts, while another comes and reaches fame upon the round of the ladder placed there by the one preceding him. I am quite sure that it was Rumsey and Fitch who helped Fulton to perfect his invention, though, as usual, the world has heard little concerning either of them. Fitch was a Yankee clockmaker, a genius in his way, and he, too, built a river steamboat, but he was a disappointed inventor, and seventeen years before Fulton's boat appeared upon the Hudson, he wrote:

"The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention, but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention."

"The idea of the steamboat was in the air," laughed my friend. "It is not strange that men here and there began to dream the same dream of harnessing steam. But what of Rumsey, of Maryland?"

"It was in 1784 that he applied for a patent for his new invention to the Maryland Legislature. He said: 'I have been several years engaged in perfecting plans for moving boats by steam.' He had gained the ear of Washington, and that he was a believer in Rumsey's genius is shown by his certificate of endorsement, which reads thus: 'I have seen the model of Mr. Rumsey's boat, constructed to work against steam—have been an eye-witness to an experiment in running water, and give it as my opinion that he had discovered the art of working boats

by mechanism and small manual assistance against rapid currents; that the discovery is of vast importance, and may be of greatest usefulness in our inland navigation.

Given under my hand at the town of Bath, the 7th of September, 1784, Virginia, George Washington.

The desired patent was granted, and soon after he moved to Philadelphia, where he and Benjamin Franklin, the inventor of the Franklin stove, became warm friends. While in Philadelphia he won the respect of all his fellows, scientists like himself, and a "Rumseyan Society" was formed, the first of its kind in America. He was beginning to be well known, and a little later was invited to go to London to build a steamboat on the Thames River. Here he was busy and happy, putting together the first steamboat with a potash kettle, its lid bolted and soldered down, for a boiler. He improved upon this, however, and just before his untimely death he had succeeded in launching a steamboat of 100 tons burdens. Both continents recognized the worth of his invention, and as late as 1839 the Congress of the United States voted to his only surviving child a gold medal in memory of his father's invention."

"My story is a long one, I know, but one word more. Fulton was in London and Paris at the same time, and no doubt but the younger man listened often to Rumsey as he talked on his hobby—the steamboat. It is in this fashion that ideas are passed on from one man to another. Rumsey should have had the first honors in the great invention that changed the face of the world, no doubt, but in honoring Fulton we pay tribute to all those who did their share toward making the dream come true."

"Well, at his home on the Bohemia River, every one was beginning to dub him "Crazy Rumsey," as usually happens when a man devotes himself to one idea. He was so wrapped up in his experiments that he spent all his money at them. He had his own forge and workshop in which to work out his ideas, and there he spent most of his time."

FULTON AND HIS STEAMBOAT.

1807.

One day a little boy was playing alone a short distance from the Hudson River. He could look up the river and see it gleam in the morning sunshine. He could look down the river and catch sight of the sailboats waving their sails in the breeze. He loved its shores, the running water, the boats as they sailed by.

Today he saw something that startled him. What was it? Right in the middle of the river a huge black object was moving slowly up stream; out of it poured a column of black, sooty smoke. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him. "Mother! father! Come quick! A house is on fire in the middle of the river. It's coming this way, too."

All three were excited by this time and hurried to the bluff. Neighbors, seeing the commotion, hurried after them; and in less time than it takes to tell it a crowd had gathered to watch this strange craft come into view.

One woman cried, "What is it?" Others were speechless, as had been the Indians the day when the Half Moon hove into sight.

One old man said, laughingly: "I told you this would happen some day. I told you so."

"What has happened? Can you tell us?" cried one and all. "This boat has no oars, it has no sails, yet it is moving along. It makes noise enough to be some monster."

"Watch that wheel as it churns the river into froth; watch that smoke. It tells us that steam is the power that runs it," said one man. "Look at the man at the wheel. He is guiding the boat, but giant steam does the rest. Hurrah for the steamboat!" With that, every one cheered and the men on board the boat waved back. Soon the boat passed them. The name *Clermont* could be seen upon its side.

Not long after this, when the wonder had somewhat subsided, our little boy and his father took a trip on the steamboat, which plied back and forth between New York and Albany. It was a happy day for the little lad, one that he long remembered, and this is what he can recall:

"I waved a happy goodbye to my mother, who was too timid to travel in this way. I remember that my father and I watched the big wheels, and I asked him if he had ever seen such a large boat before. He replied, 'No, not on the river. It is many times longer than our rowboat.'

"Just then Mr. Fulton came by, and he and father talked about the boat and inventions. I heard father ask him how long he had been at work on this invention. 'Nearly all my life,' was his prompt reply. When I was a little boy I built paddle wheels for my fishing boat, and ever since I have been trying to turn those wheels by steam instead of by hand."

"Then father asked, 'Were you the first to attempt to put a steamboat on the river?'"

"'Oh, no,' replied Mr. Fulton, 'Some one has been trying to solve the problem of steam navigation ever since 1543, or perhaps earlier for aught I know. I remember reading that an Italian tried to move a boat by steam, and succeeded for a distance of three miles at that time. That has inspired others to try, and it has been a case of "Try again" ever since. When I was in Paris and London I met Mr. Rumsey, of Maryland, who was working at the same idea. I tried to build a boat that would steam up the river Seine, but it was a failure. The whole frame, machinery and all, sunk to the bottom, but I pulled it out again and tried to find out where the trouble was, and—I think I have succeeded in the *Clermont*. Let me show you how it works.'"

"We went with him and watched the piston rod move back and forth, pushed by giant steam; watched the piston rod control the walking beam; watched the walking beam turn the great paddle wheels. Here was steam, the same steam that puffs out of the boiling teakettle—only the teakettle in this case was the engine and many times larger. Here was the giant that had been as free as air chained at last. Yes, chained by another quiet giant, the power of man's mind, and made his servant forever.

Source Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson, The Grafton Press, New York.

Isobel Davidson.

THE STORY OF A RAILROAD.

1828.

Something was going to happen at Ellicott's Mills. Such a strange thing, too! Little Francis Ellicott heard about it every day, for all the people were talking of nothing but the new railroad. Not one of them had ever seen a railroad, but it had been settled that they were to have one, coming from Baltimore straight out to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles. Then the road would go on from the Patapsco Valley into the Potomac Valley at the Point of Rocks; and then, most wonderful of all, it was to wind its way over the mountains to the Ohio River. The road was to be called the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, though it would be a long time before rails could be run all the way to the Ohio River.

Francis was enthusiastic about it, but there were many who shook their heads and said, "It can't be done!" The old gentleman who sat leisurely on his big front piazza would solemnly

shake his head and say, "The builders expect one horse to do the work of ten on the ordinary turnpike road. Even if the wheels of the coaches are to run on iron rails made fast to the ground, it can't be done!"

You see, it was all new and untried. Every one was familiar with traveling by stagecoach, by horseback, and by boat, but no one knew anything about traveling by rail. To be sure, up in Massachusetts something of the kind had been tried in hauling granite and coal, but, this, the fourth road of its kind built in the country, was the *first* built for both passengers and freight.

When Francis heard this he sought out grandfather on the porch and said, "Grandfather, the new railroad is coming. What fun it will be to see the string of coaches with a horse in front pulling them over the rails! They will come faster than the stagecoach comes into the village, even when the stage driver cracks his whip and blows his horn a loud blast."

Indeed, every one thought much as Francis did; even the men who planned the road did not dream of the iron horse which has come to draw our long, heavy trains across the country with such ease. It was not long, however, before Francis was filled with joy, for on July 4, 1828, the railroad was begun, the cornerstone was laid in Baltimore with all ceremony.

In the spring of 1830 the double track, which had been laid as far as the Mills, was ready for use. A notice that the line would be opened to the public and that the fare to Ellicott's Mills and return was seventy-five cents, appeared in the newspapers.

On that first morning a crowd gathered to await the incoming passenger train, our friend Francis among them. When at length a staid horse came trotting along, drawing after him the small but well-filled cars, Francis was the most disappointed lad you ever saw.

"Grandpa, it is just the old coach on rails. It doesn't go any faster than the coach along the turnpike," grumbled our little friend.

"Well, it makes enough noise to let us know it is coming, at any rate," said grandpa, with a smile.

Later in the summer something happened that was not at all disappointing. One morning at breakfast Mr. Ellicott said: "Something is coming on the railroad today, my son, that you will wish to see. Don't miss it."

While Francis wondered how his father could take such an interest in the stupid railroad, he was on the watch with others to see what was going to happen. His father told him that a wonderful new horse was on its way. "A wonderful device, I am told," said his father. "I am most anxious to see it."

"What is it, father?" asked Francis.

"They call it a locomotive."

"A locomotive?" repeated Francis, wonderingly.

"Yes, a machine to take the place of horses in drawing cars," answered his father. "Mr. Peter Cooper has one built, and he is to try it today. You may remember that this is Mr. Cooper, who has copper works at Canton. Stockton & Stokes, I hear, will send the best horse they have, the big gray you admire so much, for a race with the locomotive. The machine is to draw much—for a race with the locomotive. The machine is to draw a car and the gray is to draw another, running on the second track."

"Hurrah!" said Francis, "now for a race! Of course, the gray will win, for every one says it is the finest horse in the world. Anyway, I am going to throw my hat in the air for the first horse that comes in sight."

"All right," replied the father, excitedly. "Toss your hat, then, for the first locomotive in America that has drawn a passenger coach, for here it comes!"

Francis never could tell afterwards just what his picture of a locomotive had been—something rather like a horse, perhaps—but certainly nothing like that queer little black machine about as large as a good-sized chaise.

"What makes it go?" he asked his father, in utter amazement.

"Steam," was his father's unsatisfactory answer. He had watched the teakettle on the stove, with the steam puffing out, but never anything like this happened. The teakettle did not go jumping over the stove. How could steam move that strange black object along the track? It was strange, indeed, but here it moved—this iron horse, at a rapid rate—drawing behind it a car filled with directors of the railroad and their friends.

The gray horse was forgotten in the excitement, and every one was curious to see the locomotive. Francis walked down to the end of the line with his father, where a great many people were crowding around the little engine as it came to a stop at the close of the first half of its trial trip.

The little train had come around the curves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and at its greatest speed had covered eighteen miles an hour. Some people were of the opinion that the speed could not long be endured, that being whirled along at such a pace would bring disaster. But every one on board the car seemed very happy.

Mr. Cooper was a happy man that day, and every one congratulated him upon his success. A gentleman had written in his memorandum book while the train was going at top speed this sentence: "A revolution has begun. Horsepower is doomed!"

Francis looked at the locomotive—first on one side, then on the other. It did not look much like the monster iron horses of today; rather like a toy beside them. The whole engine weighed about a ton, had four wheels, and, most of all, its boiler, about as large as a flour barrel, stood standing straight up in the air instead of lying on its side, as in the engine of today. This little engine was named the "Tom Thumb," and every small boy who saw it that day decided he would be an engineer and run an engine just like this one of Peter Cooper's.

But what of the race? Francis was sitting on the porch at home before he thought of the gray horse. "Didn't the horse come?" he asked of his father.

"One of the gentlemen told me," answered his father, "that they expected to meet him somewhere on the return and to race from there to town."

The next day Francis heard about the race. It seemed that the horse did meet the returning engine at the Relay House, where the race began. While the engine was getting up steam the horse gained upon it, and he was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the excitement began. This is the story of the race, as told by Mr. Latrobe, one of the members of the party:

"The safety-valve began to scream and the engine began to gain. The pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him—the silk was plied—the race was neck and neck, nose and nose, then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream and the engine began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engine-man and fireman, lacerated his hands in

attempting to replace the band upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine and passed it; and although the band was presently replaced the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in winner of the race."

Although the horse reached town first, the victory really belonged to the locomotive. There were no more trials of speed between horse and steam power. In less than a year the Baltimore and Ohio gave up the use of horses altogether, and in less than ten years there were about three thousand miles of track in the country.

Our little Francis Ellicott, grown to a man, visited the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, and there saw an engine weighing fifty tons. He thought of the "Tom Thumb" and laughed. "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit," he said to himself. His son, Francis Ellicott, saw in St. Louis, in 1904, a freight engine which weighed two hundred and thirty-nine tons. He contrasted the monster with the picture his father had of the "Tom Thumb" of 1828, and glanced to the new electric locomotive not far away. Smiling, he said to himself, "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit."

Adapted—Stone and Fickett, "Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago."
Isobel Davidson.

THE STORY OF A NEWSPAPER.

1837.

Did you ever hear the little ragged newsboy call, "Buy a Sun Paper!" "Buy a Sun paper!" Of course you have when riding in the car or walking along the streets. If you are a little city boy you know that—rain or shine, the "Sun" is there. Into every home in Baltimore comes the "Sun." It comes regularly now, a morning "Sun" and an evening "Sun," and is welcomed by all, large and small, one and all.

"The Baltimore Sun" has a history. Its history is woven about the history of a family; the record of one is the record or the other. When you say the "Baltimore Sun" you think at the same time "Arunah S. Abell" and his sons, or at least your father and grandfather do, for A. S. Abell made all Baltimore proud of the "Sun."

A. S. Abell was born in New England, but came to Baltimore when a young man, after he had started a newspaper in Philadelphia. About this time New York boasted of a "penny"

daily newspaper, but Philadelphia and Baltimore were slow. They still had the "six penny sheets." Think of paying six cents for a daily paper!

In the spring of 1837 A. S. Abell came to Baltimore and ventured to issue a daily "penny" paper. He believed it could be done with the kind of a paper which he proposed. In his opening announcement he said, "For the Common Good." And he meant it, and he kept his word. The "*Sun*" *has* served the public good. The paper was successful from the beginning, outstripping its competitors in the neighboring cities, New York and Philadelphia.

The first printing office was at No. 21 Light Street. Later it was moved to larger quarters on Gay Street, then to the "Sun Iron Building," which was located at the southeast corner of Baltimore and South Streets, being the first iron-supported building in the United States. Now, an *iron* building leads you to believe that it must be fire-proof, and I am sure even grown-ups had hopes that it might prove so, but alas for hopes! Wood will burn and iron will bend. When the great fire came, in 1904, the "Sun Iron Building" was swept by flames; soon in its place stood the wreck of framework, the rest changed to ashes—save those valuable records which earnest workers carried out amidst the waves of heat and tongues of fire. Today you see the splendid "Sun Building" in its stead, which you may visit when in Baltimore.

Mr. Abell was interested in all important improvements and inventions of the day. He kept a sharp lookout for anything that would help him to make a better paper. He made use of new inventions almost before anyone else had thought of them. He made use of stereotyping, electric light, the cable, pony express, carrier pigeons, and, lastly, the telegraph. The submarine cable received his vigorous support. His interest in pony express as a means to obtain news promptly from European steamers, and from the seat of war in Mexico, led to the Associated Press service, which now supplies the leading newspapers of the world. Mr. Abell was the first to introduce in Baltimore the carrier pigeon service of delivering newspapers, which has proved to be of such convenience to city readers.

I think I was more interested in Mr. Abell's use of carrier pigeons than in anything else, that and the pony express, about which I will tell you later. He, with a friend of his, organized

a Carrier Pigeon Express to carry the news between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and the birds were also trained to carry news from incoming steamships. If you and I had been living at that time we might have gone out to Hampstead Hill, where 400 or 500 pigeons were kept and trained for this work. This carrier service was kept up until the rapid flight of birds were superseded by the more rapid flight of news on the telegraph wires. Often the birds grew weary with their long flights, sometimes kind friends kept them for a day, and then sent them on their way, but they always knew the way home again no matter where they were.

Let me tell you now about the Pony Express. When I read about it I couldn't help thinking of the Little Postboy in Norway and Sweden, the only difference being that in one case the traveler was a person, and in the other a piece of news. To obtain the earliest foreign news Mr. Abell thought of this Pony Express plan. Relays of horses were established from Halifax to Annapolis, Nova Scotia (not Annapolis, Maryland, as you might at first think), to carry the news a distance of 150 miles, then the "news" was placed on a steamer for Portland, Maine, then from there by train to Boston, and from there to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, or a distance of 1,000 miles covered in fifty hours. Think of all that trouble to bring a piece of news.

I am sure you will like to hear about the Overland Pony Express which Mr. Abell established between New Orleans and Baltimore at the time of the Mexican War, in 1843. By the use of the relays of ponies the trip was made in six days, bringing the Sun the earliest war dispatches, with pictures of Monterey, the army and the battlefield, at a cost of \$1,000 a month. But the Sun supplied the public with real news and kept the Government at Washington advised as well. Don't you think Mr. Abell used every means in his power to make a newspaper that would serve the common good? You may be sure he welcomed the invention of the telegraph, which brought news so quickly and correctly, and you will be pleased to know that he was a great friend of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. The story of the telegraph is another story, but you can remember that Mr. Abell and all other newspaper men welcomed the sound of the "click-click-i-ty-click" of the telegraph keys as an aid in bringing news to them quickly and easily.

Mr. Abell's deepest interest was in his splendid newspaper, but he enjoyed his beautiful homes, for he had a city as well as a

country home, the city home being on Madison street and the country home at Guilford. Here he lived with his family and his sons grew to be men. They continued their interest in the "Sun" after their father's death.

Fine words of praise have been given to Mr. A. S. Abell, the founder of the "Sun," by many, among others by Judge Fisher. You may like to read them: "He leaves a fortune which his children can receive without the sense that any part of it has been made by dishonorable methods or from grinding the faces of the poor. He was a warm, generous type of man. His newspaper will be a monument to his memory, as it has been a credit to him in his lifetime.

Source:—Scharf's History of Baltimore County.

Isobel Davidson.

BALTIMORE COUNTY NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper published in Baltimore County was the "Maryland Gazette" or the "Baltimore General Advertiser." This paper was printed by John Hayes at his printing office, the corner of St. Paul's Lane and Market street, "where subscriptions, at fifteen shillings per annum, advertisements, articles and letters of intelligence, are thankfully received." The paper was a weekly. The earliest copy that I have is that of August, 1784, Vol. II., No. 67. The paper was relatively young then. This newspaper is the present day American.

In the papers are many very interesting articles. There is an account of Lafayette's visit to Baltimore in 1784, just after "a visit to the seat of George Washington, Esq." There is "Information to those who would remove to America. Lately published at Paris by Doctor Franklin." Most interesting is the account given of "An Ordinance for ascertaining the mode of disposing of lands in the western territory." In the number for February 11, 1785, there is a very startling "prophecy respecting America, not unlikely to be fulfilled." In every number appear advertisements for the sale of slaves and for the return of runaway slaves.

The time of the departure and the destinations for the various stage coaches are dutifully given each week.

A great part of the paper is given over to the arrivals and departures of vessels. This rather unusual notice appears on September 24, 1784:

"The proprietors of the Susquehanna Canal will please take notice that another tenth part of their subscriptions is wanted

and that they are requested to forward the same immediately to William Smith—etc.”

The second newspaper printed in Baltimore county was the “Sun.” It was “Published by A. S. Abell & Co., daily at No. 21 Light street, near Baltimore street. The price was one cent.” The first issue was on Wednesday, May 17, 1837.

However, both of these papers were essentially Baltimore City papers, even though at that time Baltimore City was in Baltimore County. The first really and truly *county* paper was edited and published by Eleanor Church. The first issue of “The Baltimore County Advocate” was at Cockeysville, on Saturday, August 31, 1850.

Later on this paper changed hands and was known as “The Baltimore County American.” Then John H. Longnecker purchased the paper and edited it under the name of “The Baltimore County Union.” It continued under this name until it was purchased by the “Towson News,” in 1909, and absorbed under the name of the “Baltimore County Union News.”

On January 1, 1865, appears the second Baltimore county newspaper. This was “The Maryland Journal,” published at Towson. The editor and proprietor was William H. Ruby. At Mr. Ruby’s death, in 1905, the paper was sold to the “Baltimore County Democrat,” a new paper. It was continued under the name of “The Democrat and Journal” until 1915, when the company discontinued publication.

Susanne P. Ruby.

t THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH.

1844.

After the railroad, the telegraph. Time and space must be conquered in response to the growing demands of modern business. Some way must be found to communicate with your neighbor and friend more speedily than by mail, though that was improving in swiftness over the stage coach days. Who would think it out? A man of vision, surely.

Two years after the iron horse had made its victorious run on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a young man, an artist, was coming home from Europe on board a ship named Sully. One evening he heard a chance conversation about the mysteries of electricity, and he began to wonder whether words might not be sent by this new kind of magic about which they were talking. The artist began to dream, not of pictures to paint, but of this idea that had popped into his mind as if by chance. Even before

he left the ship he had worked out a system of signs. To the captain he remarked, "If my dream ever comes to anything, remember that the good ship *Sully* was its cradle."

Who was this young man? S. F. B. Morse, who then began to experiment, experiment, experiment. It takes money to make experiments, and he earned it by working at his art. In 1835 he set up his first rude apparatus in the one room where he cooked, ate, slept and worked at his model. At this time he had students in painting. These students were interested in the old stretching frame, the wooden clock, a home-made battery, and the wire that stretched many times around the room. Their teacher was most enthusiastic as he explained its workings, and the click, click of the machine recording the message in dots and dashes seemed to them almost like magic. One student wrote: "We had little faith. To us it seemed a dream of enthusiasm. We grieved to see the sketch on the canvas untouched."

But the invention was perfected and patented in the United States and France, after delays. Congress was asked to appropriate \$30,000, for you must know it takes money to build a line of wire upon which to try a new invention—Samuel F. B. Morse called it an electric telegraph. In 1842 he wrote:

"I have not a cent in the world. I am crushed for want of means. I fear all will fail because I am too poor to risk the trifling expenses which my journey to and residence in Washington will cost me. Nothing but the consciousness that I have an invention which is to mark an era in human civilization, and which is to contribute to the happiness of millions, would have sustained me through so many and such lengthened trials of patience in perfecting it."

There were people, of course, who thought the money appropriated might just as well be thrown into the sea. Some said, "Send words along a wire! It is all tomfoolery. It can't be done. The sooner we have it tried out the better."

The earnestness of the inventor impressed many, however. He had often said, "Sometime telegraph lines will thread the country just as the railroads will. And if a message can be sent ten miles, I see no reason why I cannot make it go around the globe. Opportunity and money is all I need."

It soon came to pass. The appropriation was made, and Morse was joyful. The good news was brought to him by Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, and

he then and there promised her that she should send the first message over the trial line from Baltimore to Washington when the line was ready for operation. A year later she held him to his promise. Over the wires flashed this message, "What hath God wrought?" transmitted by the inventor. Just at this time a big convention was held in Baltimore, and Morse decided to show what service the electric telegraph could render. A man by the name of Wright had been nominated for Vice-President. Word was telegraphed to Mr. Wright in Washington, and he wired back his answer, "No." When it was told at the convention that word had been received so quickly there were those who could not believe it, and forthwith boarded the train for Washington to learn the truth.

The trial line was opened for business in 1845, more than twelve years after the return trip on the ship *Sully*. At first the price for messages was a cent for four letters. Very soon a line was completed from Philadelphia to Baltimore and Washington, but many looked upon the invention as impractical and were unwilling to invest their money in it. Morse would have been glad to sell his rights to the government, but his offer was rejected. Later, when the government would have been glad to buy, many people were financially interested in the business and they did not care to sell. It is pleasant to know that the man who worked twelve weary years to perfect the invention reaped a reward in personal comforts as well as honor.

Source: Samuel F. B. Morse, *His Letters and Journals*. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. *Isobel Davidson*.

THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE.

1876.

"This is the day of magic," said one at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it has proven to be so. After the telegraph came the telephone. Over the wires were carried the sound of the human voice, a marvel to every one. Today the voice can be transmitted more than three thousand miles. Today, too, messages can be sent without wires. Marconigrams or wireless messages are sent every day from ships at sea and in the air. And the world waits in confidence that even more wonderful things may happen.

The discovery of the telephone was an accident, a happy accident, we think. Alexander Graham Bell was making experiments. A wire snapped; the sound passed through another wire

which had attached to each end a thin sheet-iron disk a few inches in circumference. Could that sound be repeated? Yes, it could. Then the next question, "Could the voice be transmitted?" Yes, it could. The first question over the wire, "Can you hear me?" came clear. The answer came in excitement, "Mr. Bell, I heard you plainly!"

Experimenting went on until a patent was granted in 1876, the year of the Centennial in Philadelphia, marking the first hundred years of America. Bell, the inventor, exhibited his instrument at the Centennial among the electrical appliances, and it came about in this fashion:

Alexander Graham Bell was principal of a school in Boston for deaf mutes, and as examination days were soon approaching he did not see his way clear either to visit the Centennial or Miss Hubbard, the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, who was stopping in Philadelphia for the time being. He had escorted the ladies to the train, and was waiting for the train to steam away for Philadelphia. Miss Hubbard, much disappointed, burst into tears. This was too much for young Bell. He jumped on the moving train, sent for his trunks which were forwarded to him by his future brother-in-law, Mr. Hubbard. In one corner of his trunk had been placed the latest model of his toy telephone. "This is too good to keep to one's self," said Mr. Hubbard, the father-in-law. "Why not exhibit the toy at the exposition?" And thus it was entered.

The end of a tiresome day had been reached when the judges appeared to determine whether it was worthy of a place.

They examined the instrument hurriedly. They did not even try it. "Useless toy," said one. Bell was near. His heart sank. Just as luck would have it at this moment there came upon the scene, Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, with his escorts. He was a scientist himself and looked upon the little toy with real interest. He had met Mr. Bell in Boston, where he had also seen the instrument at work. He greeted him warmly, saying, "Let us have another trial of this instrument of magic." So saying, Bell went to the other end of the wire and recited some lines of Shakespeare's, beginning, "To be or not to be, that is the question." "Wonderful," said Dom Pedro. The judges standing by had forgotten their weariness and looked at the "toy" with a new interest. It was permitted to remain on exhibition. "It will, at least, amuse the visitors," said one laughingly. "Good

for the children," said another. But Bell was satisfied, for the "toy" proved to be the star exhibit at the Centennial.

In 1877 the telephone was first used. The first statement of the Bell Telephone Company read thus: "The proprietors are now prepared to furnish telephones for the transmission of articular speech between instruments not more than twenty miles apart." The next year the first long distance line from Boston to Salem was constructed, and the first telephone exchange was established. Soon this distance of sixteen miles extended to one hundred miles, then, in 1892, a message was sent from New York to Chicago, and in 1915, some of our friends in Baltimore who were in San Francisco attending the Pan-American Exposition, talked with friends at home. "Maryland, My Maryland," was sung in the transmitter and carried over the wire to New York.

Thus time and space are things of the past, made possible by the magic of a man's mind.

Source: The Thirtieth Anniversary of a Great Invention, Vaughn, Scribner's Magazine, September, 1906.

Isobel Davidson.

THE STORY OF A DAIRY FARM.

BURNSIDE FARM.

Burnside Farm, a beautiful farm of about two hundred acres, the home of Mr. Samuel Shoemaker, lies in the Green Spring Valley, not far from Eccleston Station, on a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This farm is well known as a successful and progressive dairy farm.

The excellent quality of the milk produced here is due to the care exercised in selecting the cows, keeping them in good health, proper feeding, extreme cleanliness, and care in every step of the handling of the milk, from the time it is milked until it reaches the customer.

There are about one hundred and seventy-five cows on the farm. They are fine looking cows, most of them being fawn and white Guernseys, a few are black and white Holsteins. They have been selected because of their good health, and for their dairy qualities. The cows, as well as the men who work with them, are under a doctor's care. If a cow is not perfectly well, her milk is not used until she recovers. In this way the milk is kept pure, and so does not need to be pasteurized. Those who use milk sent out from this farm, get a pure, natural milk.

The food of the cows consists of alfalfa hay, a very important food, ensilage, which is made of corn and cow peas cut up

finely together and preserved in large tanks called silos; bran, ground oats, hominy chop, gluten, which is what is left of corn after its starch has been extracted; and beet pulp, a by-product from the manufacture of beet sugar.

The stables are light, airy, extremely clean and quiet. The floors are made of concrete so as to be easily cleaned; the walls are smooth and white. The cows' bedding consists of shavings made from lumber, which has been kiln-dried, and therefore makes a sterile bedding.

The men who do the milking put on fresh white milking suits and caps every day. The milking is done quietly, so as not to excite the cows for it has been found that excitement reduces both the quantity and quality of their milk.

There is a milk bucket for each cow, and as a cow is milked her bucket is weighed, a record of the weight being kept for each milking. The milk bucket, of a shape known as the small-mouth milk pail, which was invented on this farm, has a small opening a little to one side of the top. There is a lid which fits down over the top to prevent anything getting into the milk on its way to the dairy. After being weighed these buckets are hung on the little cars suspended from a track overhead, and carried by electricity from the stables to the dairy.

The dairy, with its cement floors, coolness, and extreme cleanliness, is full of interesting operations. Here the milk is taken from the pails and passed through a machine which clarifies or strains it. It is then cooled by running it over pipes through which ice-cold water is pumped until the milk becomes nearly as cool as the water.

The ice used for cooling the milk is made in the dairy by a vacuum ice machine. In this machine about four-fifths of the water sprayed in is frozen by the very rapid evaporation of the other one-fifth. Sulphuric acid is used to collect this evaporated water and remove it from the vacuum maintained in operating the machine. This ice is perfectly white and opaque. It is harder and lasts longer than ice which is formed naturally.

After being cooled, the milk is ready to be bottled. The bottles, which have been sterilized, are filled by machinery, twelve at a time. They are then placed under a machine which fastens on each bottle a cardboard cap fitting down over the mouth. The cap is kept in place by a tin ring which is pressed tightly around it. The bottles, placed in boxes, one dozen in each, fastened securely, are then ready to be carried by truck to the

Walker-Gordon Laboratory in Baltimore, or by train to Washington for the Walker-Gordon Laboratory there.

When the empty bottles are returned they are washed, two at a time, by rapidly turning brushes which reach both the inside and outside of the bottle at the same time. They are then rinsed twice, and further, to prevent any possible carrying of disease from one home to another, they are placed in trucks and run into a pressure sterilizer where they are kept under a pressure of five pounds of steam for half an hour. The bottles are then perfectly clean and ready to be filled again.

So, because of carefulness in every detail of the work, the constant looking out for the best ways of doing things, and sometimes by the invention of some helpful device, this farm has come to be recognized as a model dairy farm.

Source: Personal visit to Burnsides Farm. *Elsie Hanna.*

MOTIVATION IN SCHOOL WORK.

OUR PIONEER PARTY.

AS GIVEN BY THIRD GRADE AT FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL, REISTERS-TOWN. NELLYE M. GORSUCH.

After talking with our seventh grade teacher as to the advisability of attempting a "Pioneer Party" and the best way of acquainting the parents with the work we had been doing during the year, and thus forging another link in the chain uniting home and school, we decided that we would give a "Pioneer Party."

Miss Deal, our seventh grade teacher, was quite enthusiastic about it, and untiring in her efforts to make our party a success. At her suggestion we planned an exhibit of Auld Lang Syne, and the success of the exhibit is due to the seventh grade, as they contributed most of the articles.

Having enlisted the help of the seventh grade through their teacher, I asked my class how they would like to have a "Pioneer Party" and invite father and mother. They were wild with enthusiasm at the prospect of entertaining their parents and friends, and it was hard to make them realize that we could not have it the next day.

A party to the third grade means "eats," so this was the next thing they were anxious to discuss. When this subject came up and everyone was anxious to tell what they could bring, I told them the seventh grade were going to help us, and I thought they would help us serve our refreshments, and we could decide what to have after we had our program ready and our invitations written.

The history books made in the fall were brought to school next day, and the language period spent selecting stories that would compile a brief history of our home town in its infancy.

What to do about music was a problem, but Miss Frantz, the second grade teacher, and the seventh grade helped us out of this dilemma.

The next thing was to draw up a formal invitation to the parents. We took a language period to write the home invitations, and quite a discussion we had as to the wording of this wonderful piece of work. We had about decided to close it with the request for a story of Reisterstown long ago, when one of the little girls said, "I think we had better leave this out, for they might not come if they think we expect a story." Every one agreed to this, and we decided on the following form:

Reisterstown, May 12, 1916.

Dear Mother and Father:

We are going to have a Pioneer Party, Friday afternoon, May 26, at two o'clock. We want you both to come.

Your daughter,

MARGARET.

While we were getting our letters written the seventh grade artists were also busy making drawings with which to decorate them. Everyone had a picture from "Ye Olden Times" to put on their invitation.

The children thought it would be nice to ask Mr. Russell to tell us about when he went to school in Reisterstown, and invite others who had helped us with our history work to tell us some stories of long ago. Then, too, they wanted to invite Misses Davidson and Grace, Mr. North, our principal, and Mr. Cook. The seventh grade kindly offered to write and decorate these invitations for us, and we gladly accepted their offer.

By the time the invitations were mailed the subject of refreshments again presented itself, and we decided to serve lemonade, cake and mints. The seventh grade helped provide the refreshments, and took all the responsibility of preparing and serving. The day of the party they were untiring in their efforts to make our joint party a success. Following are some of the letters we received, and our Pioneer program.

Towson, Md., May 24, 1916.

Third Grade, Franklin High School,

Reisterstown, Md.

My Dear Boys and Girls:

I am very sorry that I shall not be able to attend your Pioneer party, as I expect to attend the High School Athletic Meet on Friday afternoon. I am going to ask Miss Davidson and Miss Gorsuch to tell me all about what you do. Possibly you will write me a letter telling me of some of the good things you have done.

Sincerely yours,

A. S. Cook,

asc-D

Superintendent.

May 25, 1916.

My Dear Children of the Third Grade:

I was so glad to receive an invitation to your Pioneer Party, and if nothing happens I shall be there to enjoy it with you.

I have read some of the interesting stories you have had this year about Reisterstown and the country round about, and I am quite sure you have had a good time finding out some things that happened long ago. Tomorrow you are going to tell us some of the things that have interested you most, and Miss Gorsuch tells me that some guests have been invited to talk to you of other days, so this is going to be a party where old and young really "join hands all around" in helping each other, isn't it?

I am sorry that the High School Meet takes your principal away from the school, for while High School athletics are most valuable—and you are all looking forward to the day when you will be a high school boy or girl—still, as little Third Graders, we think our work important, too. Maybe he has been in to visit you once in a while and heard you talk about history, for all of this is history quite as much as the wars the big boys and girls read about in big books.

Well, I am a very busy person this morning and work waits for me. With best wishes to you, and your best of teachers, I am,

Sincerely, *Isobel Davidson*, Supervisor.

Reisterstown, Md., May 18, 1916.

To the Members of the Third Grade,

Franklin High School,

Reisterstown, Md.

My Dear Children:

I thank you very heartily for the kind invitation to your Pioneer Party of Friday afternoon, May 26th, at two o'clock, and

I assure you that I should much rather come to your party than go to Homewood, which I must do. In the circumstances please excuse me, and believe me,

Yours regretfully,

SAMUEL N. NORTH,

SMN.AJE

Principal.

OUR PIONEER PARTY

PROGRAM.

1. Auld Lang Syne, Chorus.....Seventh Grade
2. Indians of Reisterstown, a Drama.....John Baker
3. Chorus.....Third Grade
4. Early Settlers, a Drama....Carroll O'Brien, Walter Boller
5. The Old Oaken Bucket, Chorus.....Seventh Grade
6. Travel Long Ago.....Margaret Gies, Mildred Pohlman
7. Piano Solo.....Louise Vondersmith
8. Storekeepers of Long Ago..Elizabeth Harvey, George Ward
9. The Surprise Party, Chorus.....Third Grade
10. Noted Visitors.....Edward Wyatt
11. Francis Scott Key, Jr.....Harry Vondersmith
12. The Star Spangled Banner, Chorus.....Seventh Grade
13. A Day in a Stage Coach.....Margaret Worrell
14. Stories of Reisterstown...Mrs. H. Ritter, Miss Annie Dixon
15. Grandma Dance, Folk Dance.....Third Grade
16. When Grandma Was a Little Girl, a Drama...Edna Fleagle
17. Memories of Reisterstown.....Mr. Reister Russell
18. The Dainty Step,
The Garland Dance.....Folk Dances
Girls of Sixth and Seventh Grades.
19. My Country 'Tis of Thee.....Chorus
20. Refreshments and Social Hour.

INDIANS OF REISTERSTOWN.

Time, Afternoon.

Place, Living Room.

CHARACTERS.

Father.....Sargent Williams

John.....John Baker

(Father reading, John runs in.)

John—Father, today some of the boys at school were talking about the Indian tools and weapons that had been found in Reisterstown. Did the Indians really live here when the white people came to this country?

Father—Yes, John, a tribe of Indians lived in this part of Maryland as early as 1514. They were great hunters and de-

pendent on the animals for food, clothing and skins to cover their wigwams.

John—Where was the village?

Father—One village was southeast of what is now Hobb's Hotel, and a trail led from that village through Reisterstown to another Indian village located west of this town near the Falls.

John—Oh, it was near the Falls that Roland found the stone and soup bowl he brought to school today. I am glad we do not use bowls like that now. It was so heavy.

Father—What other Indian relics did you talk about?

John—One of the boys told us that his father dug up an Indian grave and found a tomahawk and a stone ax in it.

Father—What did he do with them?

John—He gave them to the Montezuma Tribe of Red Men, and they have them at their lodge, and Sargent said that his father plowed up an Indian cradle. Do you think that a little Indian papoose rode in that cradle on its mother's back?

Father—I should think so, John, for there were many babies in an Indian village. Did anyone tell you about the arrow heads that had been found in the field back of the old school?

John—Oh, yes, and about the spears and tomahawks people had dug up in their gardens.

Father—The people who lived here years ago found many spears, tomahawks and arrow heads; but we seldom find any now. Would you like to know why the Indians chose this place for a village?

John—Indeed I would, and I will tell the class tomorrow.

Father—In traveling these Indians followed the ridges rather than the low places, and the land on which our village is built forms a ridge between the land lying east and west of the village; therefore the Indians selected this place for a camping ground.

John—I wish I had a picture of Reisterstown in those days.

Father—Well, I will try to tell you how it looked. When St. Thomas' Church was built in 1743, all the country north of it was mostly an unbroken wilderness, where Indians and wolves prowled, and where wild deer were often seen and hunted. There were very few people living north of that church in 1756. At that time the people who attended church on the Sabbath Day polished their arms and prepared their ammunition on Saturday evenings, and the next day at church placed their guns in the corner of the pews during the service.

John—Tell me something more about those times, father, so I can tell the class tomorrow.

Father—Another reason the Indians chose this place for a village was because game was plentiful. The hollows were filled with hares and squirrels; wild turkeys and deer were found in the forests. And in the fall great flocks of wild pigeons came here to feed on the berries. It was a hunter's paradise.

John—But, father, that is not about the Indians.

Father—Not exactly, but don't you think it explains why they liked this place.

John—Yes, but I want to know something more about the Indians who lived here long ago.

Father—I will tell you about the last Indians who encamped near here. In 1830 about one hundred warriors, with their squaws and papooses, pitched their wigwams not far from Reisterstown. These Indians were traveling from the great west to Washington to see the "Great Father." You can tell your class this story tomorrow and ask them whom the "Great Father" was.

John—Oh, thank you, father. I know that the "Great Father" means the president, so I shall find out who was president then, and I can tell if no one else knows.

(John passes out.)

EARLY SETTLERS.

Time, Afternoon.

Place, Sitting Room.

CHARACTERS.

Grandfather.....Carroll O'Brien

Harry.....Walter Boller

Harry—Grandfather, who were the first people who came to Reisterstown to live?

Grandfather—Well, my boy, that was a long time ago, but I will tell you the stories I heard when I was a boy. In 1772 a family of Germans by the name of Reister came to what is now Reisterstown to make a new house for themselves.

Harry—Why did they come here?

Grandfather—They were Lutherans and they left their own country and came here so they could worship as they thought right.

Harry—Where did they live, grandfather? This house was not here then, was it?

Grandfather—At that time the country was almost a wilderness and there were no houses here, so the Reisters had to build their own homes.

Harry—Then they built the first houses here. Where was the first house?

Grandfather—Yesterday you took your shoes to the shoemaker. Where did you go?

Harry—I took them to Rrunda's. You know he lives in that low, brown house opposite the school.

Grandfather—Well, that is the house Mr. John Reister built when he came to Reisterstown so long ago. It was a log house then. He also built a log shop back of his house, for he was a blacksmith and wagon builder.

Harry—Did the rest of the family stay in Germany?

Grandfather—No, they all came to America. They built the houses where Miss Jane Stocksdales and Mr. Zepp live, and others, I suppose; but those are the only ones I know about.

Harry—Did any other families come here to live?

Grandfather—Soon a number of families were living here. The house now occupied by Mr. James Berryman was built by Jacob Bern for Solomon Choate, who kept a store and made bricks.

Harry—The house where Mr. Naylor lives is an old house. It was built in 1779. I saw the date on one of the bricks. But I do not know who built it.

Grandfather—It was built by Mr. Beckley, who was a blacksmith. His shop was back of the house. Mr. Dixon built a house the same year, and he, too, had a shop, but he made nails, for which his neighbor paid him seventy-five cents a pound.

Harry—I think that was a lot to pay for nails.

Grandfather—Well it took much longer to make nails than it does now. Why, Harry, he got a dollar a pound for horseshoe nails.

Harry—Were all the people who settled here blacksmiths?

Grandfather—No, indeed, my boy, and the blacksmiths were farmers, too. Most of them owned large tracts of land. The Moales built the store now occupied by Mr. Gies, and the hotel at the northern end of the village now kept by Mr. John Devese. There were several taverns, as they were called, in Reisterstown. The Forneys had a large mansion not far from your school. People traveling in carriages or stage coaches used to stop at Forney's. The Forney tavern was known by all travelers from Pittsburgh to Baltimore, and we must not forget the Yellow Tavern, so called because it was painted yellow.

Harry—Where was that?

Grandfather—It is now known as Hobb's Hotel.

Harry—Grandfather, do you know where Colonel Bower lived?

Grandfather—Daniel Bower, like the Reisters, came from Germany. A large tract of land on the west of Reisterstown was patented to him in 1769, and until recently his grandson, Andrew Banks, farmed a part of that large tract of land.

Harry—Were there any more people living here then?

Grandfather—I think the Duckers, Worthingtons, Dixons, Johns, Moales and Beckleys settled about the same time.

Harry—What kind of houses did they build?

Grandfather—Those old houses were built of logs and many of them are still standing, but they have been improved. Some have been cased with brick, others rough coated, and then weather boarded. But it is easy to find the old homes in spite of their modern dress, for they are as near the road as possible.

Harry—Why did they build them so close to the road?

Grandfather—I do not know, Harry; but I will tell you what an old man told me. He said that at the time of the first settlers land cost four dollars an acre, and as land cost so much they could not spare any ground for lawns. They needed it all for farming.

Harry—Why grandfather, that was very cheap. Land costs a great deal more than that an acre now.

Grandfather—Yes, Harry, now land in Reisterstown is worth a thousand dollars an acre. People only buy enough for a house and garden, but all the new homes are surrounded by lawns, for we do not like our homes on the road.

Harry—Grandfather, did Washington stay all night in Reisterstown, once in a while?

Grandfather—That is too long a story to tell now. We will save it for another day.

Harry—All right, grandfather, thank you for the story. I am off for a game of ball. (Harry runs off to play.)

TRAVEL LONG AGO.

The only avenues of trade between Baltimore and the West before the railroads were built, were the turnpikes. The Reisterstown and Westminster turnpike was the main road over which the long caravans of covered wagons, loaded with produce from the West, journeyed to Baltimore from Pittsburgh, and returned

loaded with supplies for the western pioneers.

People who wanted to make homes in the West traveled over these roads. Their belongings were stowed in the large wagons, and they trudged along beside them. Often a hundred men, women and children would take turns in riding and walking on or beside two or three of these wagons, on which would be loaded their boxes.

At night they stopped at the welcome "taverns" along the road. There was a tavern for almost every mile of turnpike. There were five of these taverns in Reisterstown, and at night the tavern yards would be filled with wagons, the horses haltered on either side of long troughs filled with feed, there to remain all night, while the drivers joined in the fun in the long tavern dining room.

At night from fifty to a hundred Conestoga wagons lined the turnpike, leaving only room for teams to pass.

In winter, when field work was done, the farmers took their teams and helped with this hauling. The roads were kept in good condition, and a trip between Pittsburgh and Baltimore took two or three weeks. Those were the days when the streets of Reisterstown were all day long filled with trains of loaded wagons

(Told by Margaret Gies.) passing to and fro.

TRAVEL LONG AGO.

The road from Baltimore to Pittsburgh passing through Reisterstown was a stage-road. Like all those old stage roads, there were relays of horses along the line. Later a stage went from Baltimore to Westminster. This stage went down one day and back the next. It carried the mail.

The only mode of travel in the early history of Reisterstown was on horseback. Seventy years ago all denominations worshipped in the same church, holding their services at different times. People came for miles around to Reisterstown to worship. Everyone came on horseback as there were only two carriages in the neighborhood. One of these was owned by a Miss Taggart, and the other by a Mr. Hollingsworth.

(Read by Mildred Pohlman.)

STOREKEEPERS OF LONG AGO.

In olden times there were many storekeepers in Reisterstown who furnished the people with clothing and provisions in exchange for butter, eggs, poultry, meat, potatoes and pelts. Every

week the storekeepers would load this produce in big wagons and take it to Baltimore, where it was exchanged for the things they needed in their stores. These articles were brought back in their wagons.

It took a long time to go to Baltimore in those days, and it cost so much to have goods hauled that the storekeepers had to keep many things in their stores.

The counters were piled high with cloth, flannels, calicoes and other dry goods of the times, while the floors were littered with articles needed in the homes. People came from long distances to these stores. There was little money at that time and farmers paid the storekeeper when they harvested their crops.

Captain Jeremiah Duckett occupied the store now owned by Mr. Russell. He was the leading merchant of the town and owned large tracts of land near the village. He was one of the Old Defenders, having been a captain of militia in the War of 1812. The bricks used in the building were brought from England.

James Thomas kept store in the building now occupied by Mr. Gies. He sold groceries, building materials, farming implements and also made bricks on a lot near the store.

No doubt the oldest store in the village was the one kept by Mr. Solomon Choate, in the house now occupied by Mr. James Berryman. Mr. Choate also manufactured bricks.

(Elizabeth Harvey.)

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Aunt Beccy's Candy Shop.

In the days of long ago there were some of the old time stores that seemed to be solely for the delight of the children. On the lot now occupied by the parsonage of the Methodist Church, was an old tottering shanty, where Aunt Kitty Mayberry sold cakes, candy and mead to the children, in exchange for their big copper cents. Aunt Kitty was very near-sighted, and some times the boys and pickaninnies would pay her with pieces of pewter or lead hammered to imitate the fips and levies of those days. Oh, how Aunt Kitty would scold when she discovered the trick.

Aunt Beccy Baxter also kept a candy shop and bakery in an old log cabin, which stood on the lot now occupied by John T. Pfeffer. Here she sold cakes, candy and mead to the little boys and girls of Reisterstown.

(George Ward.)

VISITORS OF LONG AGO.

Long, long ago before Reisterstown had a name, General Washington spent the night with Colonel Bower at his home near Reisterstown.

The Colonel made Washington a present of enough cloth to make a suit of clothes. The cloth was woven on the Bower's estate from the wool of his own sheep.

When Washington was leaving Colonel Bower asked him to name the village, which at that time was nameless. He gave it his own name "Washington." But this name only applied to the part of the town above what is now Hobbs' Hotel. The other part of the village was called Reistersville because so many families of that named lived in that part of the village. It was not long until the whole village was called Reisterstown, while the name of Washington was forgotten.

General Lafayette, when he visited the United States after the Revolutionary War, spent a night at the Forney Tavern. This was an old mansion house located on what is now Chatsworth Avenue and Reisterstown Road.

Honorable Henry Clay was another noted guest who stopped at Forney's.

Francis Scott Key, the author of the Star Spangled Banner, was a frequent visitor of Reisterstown, while his son owned the Elms, a large estate near the village.

(Edward Wyatt, Third Grade.)

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, JR.

Francis Scott Key, Jr., the son of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," owned and lived at the "Elms" near Reisterstown.

Mr. Key came to Reisterstown for his mail and he knew everyone in the village and always had a pleasant word for all he met. He wore knee breeches, a blue coat with brass buttons, buff vest, low shoes, with buckles, powdered wig with queue, and walked with a stout cane.

Once when his father was visiting in Baltimore, Mr. Key, with some of his neighbors and a band of music, drove a coach, drawn by ten iron-gray horses to Baltimore. Mr. Key and his friends surrounded by a large crowd which had followed them, stood under the windows of the house where his father was stopping and sang the "Star Spangled Banner." Shouts of joy greeted the song and men wept with delight.

A DAY IN A STAGE COACH.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring. Birds were singing in the trees and the fields everywhere were dotted with wild flowers. Mary was too busy to hear the birds or notice the flowers, for she was going on a long journey—all the way to Pittsburgh. She was not going by train, but by a heavy old stage coach.

Her clothes were packed in a little leather-covered trunk, and she was standing by the gate listening for the stage horn.

"Toot! toot!" Mary knew the stage coach was almost at the door. "Whoa!" shouted the driver, and with a flourish of his whip brought his four horses to a stop at the gate.

Mary climbed into the coach and her precious trunk was stowed away in the "boot." Another "toot" of the horn and off they dashed. Mary waved good-by to her mother and sister as the stage rattled over the rough stones. Ragged little slave boys ran along by the stage for a while, trying to get a ride on the steps.

Everyone ran to the doors and windows to see the stage go by when they heard the horn. Mary waved her hand to them, for she was a happy little girl, and very proud to be taking her first long journey alone.

The horses trotted along for awhile, but soon the road became so rough and muddy, for it had rained the night before. After awhile they came to a place where the mud was up to the hub and the coach stuck fast in it. The men got down from the top of the coach, where they had been riding, to help the driver lift the coach out of the mud. It was hard work, and the men were covered with mud; but at last they were ready to start off on their journey again.

Soon the tooting of the horn told Mary that they had reached Reisterstown, where they were going to stop for dinner. The driver pulled his horses up in front of Forney's Tavern. How hungry everyone was, and how glad to get the good dinner of ham, chicken, vegetables and pudding, which the servants brought them in the long dining room.

While they were eating dinner the driver was hitching fresh horses to the coach and getting ready for the rest of the journey. When dinner was over everyone climbed back into the coach, and off they started.

They traveled very slowly for the road was rough and often the men walked up the steep hills. Several times they had to lift

the wheels out of the mud. Mary was tired and sleepy when they reached the inn where they were to stay all night. She was hungry, too.

All along the road they had seen big white covered wagons loaded with goods for the West. Beside the wagons trudged men, women and children. There were dozens of these wagons in the tavern yard, and the weary people were resting on the porches waiting until supper was over to spread their bedding on the dining room floor and sleep there until morning. Mary was tired, but oh, how glad she was that she d'd not have to walk.

Bright and early the next morning everything was hurry and bustle around the inn, for everyone wanted to make an early start.

One day of Mary's journey was over and she had only gone about forty miles. What a long time it will take our little friend of long ago to reach Pittsburgh? I think I like our way best, don't you?

(Margaret Worrell.)

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Time, Afternoon.

Place, Sitting Room.

CHARACTERS.

Grandmother.....Edna Fleagle

Mary.....Lillian Embrey

Mary—Now, Grandma, let's talk about when you were a little girl.

Grandmother—I don't believe you have an idea what a queer looking little girl I was. I'll tell you how I looked.

Mary—Oh, do tell me! I want to know what kind of clothes you had.

Grandma—I was a little "brownie" girl. Brown from head to foot—brown eyes, brown skin and brown dress.

Mary—That was nice, grandma, everything matched—and you had a nice big brown bow on your hair. Did you have a pink bow for your pink dress?

Grandma—No, indeed—no big bow nor little bow in those days. My hair was cropped off like yours, but it didn't take the barber an hour to trim it. A bowl was put over my head and the ends of hair that stuck from under it were trimmed off as quick as a wink.

Mary—Then, you weren't pretty, grandma?

Grandma—Who said I wasn't pretty? I can tell you one

thing, I looked like you. My nose was just like yours. Listen now, and I'll tell you what I wore.

Mary—I know, grandma, you wore pantaloons.

Grandma—Oh, you mean pantalets.

Mary—Yes, that is what I mean. One day I made pantalets of paper bags and tied them on below my knees. They were too funny; they went flip-flap, flip-flap! and everybody laughed.

Grandma—Nobody laughed at mine. They were made of cloth like my dress. They fastened just below my knees and reached to my ankles.

Mary—You didn't wear them before people, did you?

Grandma—Really I did. No little girl in those days was ever seen without pantalets. They were no worse than your short dresses. What would my mother have said in those days to have seen your long legs sticking out of a skirt that only came to your knees. Whatever is the fashion is all right.

Mary—What kind of dresses did you wear?

Grandma—We had no such dresses as this when I was little. In winter they were made of homespun flannel, dyed black or brown. In the summer I wore linen dresses made of dark blue homespun linen.

Mary—What kind of linen is that?

Grandma—Linen that we spun and wove ourselves. You never saw anybody spin or weave, did you?

Mary—Only spiders.

Grandma—Things seem upside down now. Look at your waist, it is longer than your skirt. Think of it! Mine came just below my arms and my skirt reached almost to my ankles.

Mary—My, what a dumpy wa'st!

Grandma—Dumpy, or not, it was the fashion and I wore it. It was tied together at the back with a string of twisted yarn.

Mary—Grandma, did you wear short stockings and slippers?

Grandma—No, indeed, we knit our stockings of coarse blue yarn. If we wanted them to look fancy we tied peas or beans here and there in the legs of the stockings, winding the string very tight. Then when the stockings were dyed there were rings where the strings had been.

Mary—How funny! Now tell me about your shoes.

Grandma—Well, they were shoes, and that is all you can say about them. They were made from calfskin from calves raised on our own farm. Once a year the cobbler came to "whip the cat."

Mary—What did he do that for? Poor kitty.

Grandma—Kitty wasn't hurt, so you needn't worry. People in those days spoke of the cobbler's work as "whipping the cat."

Mary—Tell me about the cobbler. Was he nice?

Grandma—He came once a year with his tools, staying until he had made boots and shoes enough to last the family a year. I had only two pairs of shoes a year.

Mary—Grandma, did you have a pretty hat?

Grandma—I had a quilted hood for winter. In the summer I had a sun-bonnet with pasteboard slats in it and I wore it, too. For best I had a white sun-bonnet with cord run in it.

Mary—I saw them.

Grandma—Where?

Mary—Up in the garret. In a big hat box.

Grandma—I am glad you know. Now, when you talk about being little with grandma, you'll know just how you would have looked. Are you sure you would like to have been little with grandma?

Mary—Were all the little girls old-fashioned then?

Grandma—I see, you want to keep your short skirt and long waist and big bow and go back and have my good times. Nobody that dressed as I did was old-fashioned, she was *in* fashion, and you would be *out* of it, and so funny looking, that everybody would laugh at you. Maybe you don't want an old-fashioned doll?

Mary—I do. An old-fashioned doll would tickle me now and for all times. Come on, grandma, let's make one. Do you know what to name an old-fashioned doll?

AN AULD LANG SYNE TEA

AS GIVEN BY THE THIRD GRADE AT PIMLICO SCHOOL

OLIVIA O. OSBORN.

Have you ever given a party? Have you experienced the thrills of anticipated pleasure in seeing your friends enjoy the best your hospitality can afford? If you have you will remember the weeks and weeks of preparation ere the long-talked-of event could become a happy realization. You will recall with what earnestness you gleaned here and there a suggestion to further the success of the proposed entertainment. Nor have you forgotten the dark moments when doubts and fears arose; when everything prepared seemed hackneyed and uninteresting and the prospective invitations seemed best unwritten. So it was when

they party idea that culminated in an Auld Lang Syne Tea took possession of our Third Grade at Pimlico School.

From the earliest days of September, when local history monopolized the attention of every member of the class, the one desire seemed to be to tell the home folks all about it. Language papers, drawings, rhymes and songs were dutifully carried to father and mother, and after each dramatization of reading lesson or local story, the wish that mother could see it was loudly expressed, so I promised that some Friday evening, or perhaps on Maryland Day, we would informally invite our parents to come and share the good things we so much enjoyed.

As time went on the Seventh Grade became inoculated with the "Local fever" and we were invited to come down and tell them something about the happenings in our home town and county. Imagine our feelings as we filed into the Seventh Grade classroom one morning to explain to big brother and sister something they did not know. We swelled with pride as they applauded our humble efforts. Again and yet again we went, and to repay us several pictures, maps and drawings found their way to us from the interested Seventh Graders.

"When can mother come?" "Perhaps Miss Davidson would like to hear our stories." "Maybe Miss Porter can come up and hear us sing our old-time songs." Such were the daily queries until I felt the party-time was ripe and must surely materialize if peace of mind was ever again to be enjoyed.

With no assembly room, it seemed a very complex proposition as to how we should entertain grown-ups in our Third Grade room. Again the Seventh Grade came to the rescue and offered their quarters whenever we wished to entertain our friends. They planned to decorate the walls and blackboards with scenes of long ago, and, when one boy expressed the hope that we would have some "eats" at the party, the Seventh Grade girls begged to be waitresses and wear grandmother's dress in truly colonial style.

As we embraced first one and then another of the ideas advanced, our simple entertainment seemed to grow in dignity and importance until we decided that formal invitations were in order and that our program must be carefully planned to meet the situation in a fitting manner. Old language papers were brought out and selections made to compile a short history of our community. These, it was decided, should be read by their respective authors, our reading lessons were discussed and "Stage

Coach Days" and "How Arlington Got Its Name" were voted as fitting dramas for the forthcoming party. But where to get recitations and suitable songs? Here, indeed, was a dilemma. I suggested we might make some rhymes about the old settlement, so several language periods were occupied in making words sing or rhyme together in regular time. For seatwork each member of the class wrote a jingle which was read and from which selections were chosen for the great day. We then all worked together on a class poem and soon "When Hookstown Was a Village" took its place on the program. We had once played charades as a game, so we planned to make up two for this occasion. "Hookstown" and "Stage Coach" were developed by the class and acted out rather cleverly by selected children. It was hazarded that no one would ever guess them all but all the company should have a chance to try.

Now for the songs—What could we sing that would lend itself to the old-time atmosphere of our program? "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Home, Sweet Home" and other songs were mentioned. One child sang "The Old Oaken Bucket" very sweetly and correctly, so she was booked as our solist for the party. "Auld Lang Syne," "The Dearest Spot on Earth," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," were familiar to most of the class, so each day we sang them over until our tone and quality of voice and pitch would have pleased even Mrs. Low.

Gustav, our little violinist, played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" with great feeling and volunteered to practice "The Rosary" if the party did not come off too soon. Our class game, "As Grandma Used to Do" *just came in fine* and all agreed and several children who knew "The Gavotte" created a sensation when they stepped it to the music of "The Glowworm" on the victrola.

"My, what a fine party we will have!" said one and all, and "My, what a long program," thought I, with much misgiving, as our talents were brought from under the bushel to be aired some day in the near future. "What shall we called the party?" and "Who shall we invite?" next engaged our attention. I said that if we could serve tea "An Auld Lang Syne Tea" would be a fitting name as that meant long ago. Everyone promised to bring tea, sugar, lemons, cakes and candy and all were satisfied that the "grandmothers" in the Seventh Grade should serve refreshments to our guests.

Our program was in order and of something to eat we were assured, so it was now time to think of inviting the guests. I suggested that it would be only courteous to invite the gentleman who had contributed so much to our history data as he would enjoy our poems and stories of things so real to him; and, then, perhaps, if we wrote and asked him, he might talk to us about his childhood days in old Hookstown. So for a language lesson we planned and during a writing period wrote the following letter:

Pimlico School, March 21, 1916.

Dear Mr. Feelemyer:

We are planning to have an Auld Lang Syne Tea and would like to have you tell us about your school days in old Hookstown. Please let us know what day and hour suits you to come so that we can send out our invitations.

Thank you so much for helping us with our history; come and see how much we know about it.

Gratefully yours,

R. S. V. P.

MRS. OSBORN'S CLASS.

The child who made the fewest mistakes and wrote the best hand sent her letter through the mail to Mr. Feelemyer. Great was the excitement when a few days later the following letter was handed to "Miss Margaret Drake," our star letter-writer:

Arlington, Md., March 31, 1916.

My Dear Miss Margaret:

Your letter regarding the Auld Lang Syne Tea was read by me with interest. I shall be proud to accept your kind invitation to talk to the girls and boys at Pimlico. I leave the selection of the date to you and shall come whenever you say the word.

I am very glad if I have helped you in your local history.

Very truly yours,

GRIFFITH FEELEMYER.

We now felt free to set the auspicious day, so, after consulting all concerned, the nineteenth of April was selected and 1:30 P. M. was the hour chosen. A Seventh Grade artist decorated the invitations with sketches from by-gone days, and we, the Third Grade, proceeded to draw up a formal invitation to parents and friends.

Everybody agreed that Misses Davidson and Grace should be remembered as well as Miss Porter, our principal, and I said

Miss Tall deserved one, too, as she also was interested in our history. Then Mr. Cook might enjoy our songs and jingles, so an invitation found its way to Towson. Replies—all acceptances—soon came in from prospective guests and our efforts seemed indeed worth while when we read those wonderful letters. We talked of our popularity as letter after letter found its way to our door, and wondered what the postman thought about it.

Final arrangements were now in order as the day was near. Mr. Brager kindly loaned us dishes and a patron took charge of the tea making. Everything was now in readiness, but the fear of measles laying some of our star performers low or of an April shower suddenly appearing to spoil the fun, made us nervous and bade fair to play havoc with our pleasurable anticipation. "A True Story of Hookstown" did seem doomed to exclusion as the teller was ill, but an understudy came nobly forward and saved the day.

The nineteenth of April dawned fair and warm and each child reported to take its part. The Seventh Grade room with its quaint sketches on board and wall was a rare setting for an Auld Lang Syne Tea. The guest of honor, with his speech in hand, in due time occupied his seat and other visitors were there when we took our places in the front of the upper grade room. The fact that just behind us were our older brothers and sisters, and that just behind them our mothers were watching and listening, was the spur to success, and the program, a copy of which had been handed to each visitor as he entered, and which I have faithfully portrayed on the following pages, progressed without a hitch. We enjoyed rehearsing to our friends the results of untiring efforts quite as much as their plaudits indicated their enjoyment in reviewing them.

When our guest of honor, Mr. Feelemyer, took his place to talk of boyhood days the children's eyes shone with delighted expectancy which grew into uproarious laughter as he enlarged on some of his school-day pranks and games. He first spoke of "Auld Lang Syne," the gift of Burns, and dwelt on its present appropriateness. He told what Auld Lang Syne meant to him and pictured what it would mean to them in later years. The old inn, the stage coach, the well and bucket and other drawings on the board took him back, he said, in fancy to the old days when he was a youngster in the village school house down the lane. He went on to tell about the schoolmaster and the games they

played around the old log building. He spoke of the meeting house as it was conducted in his boyhood and later entertained his audience with stories of Hookstown fire-fighting. In closing he impressed upon all the importance of present-day gentleness, unselfishness and industry in order that our Auld Lang Syne may be peaceful, bright and happy.

When the cup o' tea had been handed round with its attending good cheer, and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," had been heartily sung, we said good-bye to our guests and our Auld Lang Syne Tea became a bit of history in the archives of Pinlico School.

PROGRAM FOR AN AULD LANG SYNE TEA.

1. Auld Lang Syne.....Chorus
2. A Bit of Local History: Readings of Class Stories and Language Papers.
3. Home, Sweet Home.....Chorus
4. When Hookstown Was a Village.....Class Poem
5. Original Hookstown Rhymes and Jingles.
6. As Seen by the Old Inn Clock.....Seventh Grade Poem
7. The Old Oaken Bucket.....Solo and Chorus
8. How Arlington Got Its Name.....A Drama
9. (a) As Grandma Used to Do.....Folk Dances
(b) The Gavotte.
10. Stage Coach Days.....A Drama
11. The Dearest Spot on Earth.....Chorus
12. War Times in Hookstown.....A True Story
13. Charades:
(a) A Name in the Town History.
(b) Something Used in Days Gone By.
14. Violin Solo:
(a) The Rosary.
(b) Silver Threads Among the Gold.
15. Memories of Hookstown Days.....Mr. Feelemyer
16. My Country 'Tis of Thee.....Chorus
17. A Cup o' Tea for Auld Lang Syne.

A BIT OF LOCAL HISTORY

SELECTIONS FROM THIRD GRADE CLASS WORK.

CLASS STORIES

Our Neighborhood Today and Yesterday.

Arlington is a pleasant place to live because it is so convenient to Baltimore, our home city. The electric and steam cars carry us there in a few minutes, and several good and safe roads leading

into town are used by autos and other vehicles. Many of our homes are pretty and up-to-date with every convenience. There are good schools, churches and stores scattered through the town. Nobody is ever lonesome here for there are many sociable neighbors all about us.

Grandma says it was not always so pleasant for she remembers when the roads were rough and unsafe and no cars were here to carry her to Baltimore, which in those days seemed so far away. Her home had none of the comforts which we enjoy. No postmen brought her mail to her door, no policeman guarded her from danger, and no garbage man helped to keep things clean and healthy when she was a girl and Arlington a village.

Read by MARGARET PEELE, Age 8.

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD LONG AGO.

Many years ago, long before grandma lived, our neighborhood was part of a great wilderness made up of forests, bare hills and rivers with sandy beaches on either side. Streams filled with trout and other fish flowed among the trees or through fields toward the Patapsco River. Trails or narrow paths were the only roads at that early time.

Not only wild animals but the red men of the forest helped to make these lonely trails. Many relics have been found to prove that Indians lived here long ago. Some of these tribes were very fierce and gave the early settlers lots of trouble.

Read by LILLIAN GRIFFIN, Age 9.

SOME NEIGHBORHOOD CHANGES.

Many changes have taken place in our neighborhood since Arlington was a small village. Early settlers have died or moved away and old and beautiful estates have been sold and cut up into building lots. West Arlington was once Belview, the large farm owned by Mr. Griffith. Anna Dale, Mr. Harrison's fine country place, was sold for debt and is now Druid Ridge Cemetery. Mr. Wylie sold his hill-top farm Pinlico to the Maryland Jockey Club who turned it into a racetrack. Druid Hill, the handsome estate of Mr. Rogers on Stony Hill, was sold to the city. It is now our own beautiful Druid Hill Park. The Arsenal on Reisters-town Road near Pikesville was given to our state by the government in 1819. During the Civil War it was used to store guns and ammunition, but now it is a home for old soldiers. Many tournaments and fairs are held there every year. These and many other changes have taken place in our neighborhood since Hookstown was a village and Arlington became a growing town.

Read by HARRY KING.

NEIGHBORHOOD SETTLERS.

When white people began to settle along the Chesapeake Bay and in Baltimore County, they bought the land from the Indians who then moved farther west. Many of them died from disease or were killed when fighting the white settlers. The northern part of Baltimore County was settled by Dutch and Swedes, who came over from Pennsylvania and Delaware, and the southern part was soon filled with English people from Virginia. State roads and turnpikes were made so the farmers and hucksters could bring their goods to "Patapsco Landing" to be shipped to other places. Many white-hooded country wagons came down the Reisterstown turnpike to the harbor. Baltimore Town soon grew around this busy wharf where so many people came from all parts of the county and state to meet ships from other lands, or to send things to other people.

Written and read by LEWIS HOFFMAN, Age 9.

HOOKSTOWN A WAYSIDE VILLAGE.

People from Pennsylvania and Northern Maryland, who came over the turnpike to Baltimore Landing in their white-topped country wagons, thought it took a long time to go back and forth without stopping along the way, so Mr. Griffith from Pennsylvania built a wayside tavern just over the top of Stony Hill, and called it "The Three Mile House." Soon Mr. Hook, another traveler, got tired of the long journey from Pennsylvania to Baltimore, so he brought his family and settled near Griffith's inn on the old road. It wasn't long before others of the Hook family began to build log houses along the way to Baltimore, so the Reisterstown turnpike became the Hookstown road. About 1800 more than fifty families lived in Hookstown village near Stony Hill. All about the settlement for many miles wealthy sportsmen owned large estates. Horse-racing, tournaments, fairs and hunts took much of their time. Just opposite the "Three Mile House" was "The Hammet House" for gentlemen, where the country sports spent many jolly hours talking over their adventures.

Written as a class story; read by ELLA HOLLAND.

EARLY TRAVEL IN OUR TOWN.

For many years the people of Hookstown had no cars to travel in. Hucksters came through the village in white-hooded country wagons on their way to market in Baltimore Town. Father Smith and his friends used the stage coach. They got on at Mr. Feelemyer's postoffice, where it stopped on its way to

Pennsylvania from the Hand House on Paca Street. The stage coach brought the mail to people who lived along its route. "Oh," said everybody, "the coach is so slow," and soon some people started the horse-car up Stony Hill to Pikesville. "Now we can travel fast," they all said, "for the Western Maryland Railroad is coming through here, too." But it did not stop in Hookstown except on racing days because there was no station, so the little horse car brought great crowds over the hill from Baltimore each day. "Let us have a station so the trains can stop here?" someone asked the railroad company. They got what they wanted in 1871, and after that people about here went very quickly into Baltimore or up the country to Pennsylvania.

Written and read by MARY FRANKLIN, Age 9.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

Most of the early settlers were Methodist. Father Smith and Father Kane were preachers in the Methodist Church. They used to hold prayer-meetings at the people's homes. Pilgrim's Rest, Father Smith's house was the best place, because it was larger than some of the others in the village. The people had servants and slaves and they brought them to prayer-meetings to learn to sing and pray.

About 1815 Father Smith and some of the neighbors built a stone chapel back of Pilgrim's Rest and called it McKendree, after a good bishop. They built a gallery in the back for the black slaves. They had no music except a tuning fork to sing by and three or four people sang from one book. This old chapel had no furnace but was heated by two stoves. They got light by burning oil lamps. The villagers came to meetings when the bell in the steeple rang. This bell tolled when anyone was buried in the village grave yard around the chapel. Nearly all the old Hookstown folks are buried in this old church yard. Even the slaves' graves are here.

Hookstown grew to be Arlington, so in 1895 a large marble church was built on the pike opposite Godlove Kane's old house where the big oak tree makes a pleasant shade.

Written and read by MARGARET DRAKE, Age 9.

HOW ARLINGTON GOT ITS NAME.

The other day when we went for our walk we saw some of the old tombstones where many people died in Hookstown and many had gone away, too. Other people came here and bought some land from the people to build a race-track. This made the good Methodist people who lived here very unhappy, because the

people were losing faith in the church. These men had to build a platform so that they would not get their feet wet on rainy days. They got the train to stop there on the day that they had the races. One day the villagers all got together in the log school house to see what they would call Hookstown. They said "we can't call it Hookstown because they have all died and some went away, so," they said, "it would not be right to call it that." The school-master wrote all the names on the blackboard, everyone had a name, all of them were so good that they did not know which one to choose. They asked a little Jew named Douglas and he said, "I vote that it should be called Arlington after the home of the great George Washington." The little Jew made a mistake in his history, but it was a hit with the people, so they called it Arlington.

Written and read by ROSALIE RHODES, Age 9.

ARLINGTON FIRE-FIGHTERS.

In Hookstown long ago they did not have as nice a fire company as we do now. They had a horn, and people would blow two blasts for fire and three for burglars. They had buckets and when they had a fire the people would pick up the bucket and fill it with water and put out the fire if they could.

In later times they did not have bucket brigades, they had a nice fire company. They had a fire line, but they did not have anything to force the water up so far as the houses, so they had a tank on the fire-engine and in this tank was used vitrol and soda to force the water up to the houses.

In later days yet the county said that Arlington deserved a better fire company and so the county gave an auto truck and some men, and now we have the best fire company of all.

Written and read by JANE INGLIS, Age 8.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

Long ago when Hookstown was a very small village, people got their water from wells by letting a bucket down by a windlass, they also got their water from pumps and springs. After a while some wealthy people settled in Hookstown and bored through rocks and earth to the underground streams which were called artesian wells.

Today our water is forced into standpipes or reservoirs by pumps and worked by engines or windmills. They are carried in pipes under the ground to our homes. The spigots allow our water to run out as we need it.

Written and read by HELEN WORTHAM, Age 9.

ARLINGTON, A CLEAN AND HEALTHY TOWN.

In early Hookstown days they did not have any garbage man or sewer pipes. They had a swill barrel for the hogs. The things that they did not want they burned them and that is what they used for the gardens. The people were getting malaria from mosquitoes, typhoid fever from bad water, cholera from bad drainage.

Today we have a garbage collector appointed by the county. There are many men with carts under collectors to clean up all refuse or garbage. A health officer goes around and looks to see if there is any kind of diseases and he looks for it and reports it to Towson. Large pipes are laid in big streets to carry off refuse.

Written and read by DOROTHY BROWN, Age 9.

WHEN HOOKSTOWN WAS A VILLAGE.

When our home town we know so well,
Was nothing but a forest dell,
Fierce Indians roamed their hunting grounds
Where later Hookstown stood a village.
From far and near shrewd settlers came
And from the Indians sought a claim;
They planned and delved a farming land
Where later Hookstown was a village.
Then Mr. Hook with heavy load,
Came o'er the turnpike's stony road,
To bring his goods to Baltimore,
Ere Hookstown was a village.
Then settled he near Stony Hill,
To have more time his land to till;
Soon many friends began to fill
The land where Hookstown stood a village.
Then Father Smith the settlers fired
To worthy deeds and never tired
Until McKendree chapel stood
Where Hookstown was a village.
Soon sportsmen sought the near-by turf,
Of Pimlico's hard level earth;
And racing, not the chapel led
The lads in Hookstown village.

The churchmen said that Pimlico,
 Upon the map should never go;
 When votes were claimed—twas Arlington,
 Not Hookstown, was the village.
 Now horse-cars did the fash'ion lead,
 And with the railroad hastened speed;
 Although the stage-coach ne'er seemed slow
 When Hookstown was a village.
 Soon Arlington, our growing town,
 Spread many, many miles around;
 Now old folks dream of days of yore,
 When Hookstown was a village.

(Compiled as a class poem from history data.)

HOOKSTOWN RHYMES AND JINGLES

THE HISTORY OF OUR TOWN.

Before Columbus sailed the sea,
 To find this land for you and me,
 This place was Ind'an hunting-grounds
 For many many miles around.
 Then settlers came down the turnpike road
 In white-covered wagons with heavy load.
 Later more settlers came down the pike
 And farming was the work they liked
 The road they settled up and down
 Till Arlington became a town.

LINEAU ROBERTSON, Age 9.

A DENSE FOREST.

Long ago in Indian times before Arlington got its name,
 Before Columbus sailed the seas or John Smith landed near the
 James.

There was no school where we could go
 There was no school called Pimlico. LANT GLEN, Age 9.

THE OLD ROAD.

In Hookstown once there was a road
 Of broken stone and clay
 And when you traveled to and fro
 You always had to pay
 But now it is a grand smooth street
 On which we travel free
 So that old road has seen its days
 I know you'll all agree.

ROSALIE RHODES, Age 9.

HOOKSTOWN VILLAGE.

When Hookstown was a village
 In the days of long ago
 The people liked it very much
 But we think it was so slow.
 When Hookstown was a village
 And nothing was so swell
 This place was nothing but
 A hunting ground and dell.

MARY FRANKLIN, Age 8.

HOW ARLINGTON GOT ITS NAME.

Today the teacher asked us to write a poem fine
 About the days of Hookstown as it was in olden times
 As I have lived in Jersey all the years except this one
 I could hardly be expected to know much of Arlington!
 Although a Jew they told me gave to Arlington its name
 It has always been a standing joke that gave the town much fame.
 For he named it as the birthplace of the great George Washington
 But instead of Mt. Vernon he called it Arlington
 This is all that I remember but I hope you won't forget
 That I've only lived in Arlington a very short time as yet.

HELEN POST, Age 10.

Hookstown days were old-fashioned ways
 And far behind the present days
 But I'm pleased to state we are more up-to-date
 In each and every way. BENNETT ENSOR, Age 9.

OUR TOWN.

This little town of ours where Indians used to be
 Has grown, and grown, and grown as you can readily see
 Where once were woods with forest trees
 Pretty homes, schools and churches have we
 To wells and springs the Hookstown folks must go,
 But now from sp'gots our waters flow
 As from a tiny acorn a great oak has sprung
 So from little Hookstown our Arlington s come.

RIDGELY BOWEN, Age 9.

HOOKSTOWN—(A RIDDLE)

A small village
 A few buildings round about,
 The stage-coach carrying its passengers
 O'er the cross-roads of its route.

EDITH CLAGETT, Age 9.

AS SEEN BY THE OLD INN CLOCK.

Long ago my little friends

In the Hammett House I stood
And ticked the minutes and hours away
As faithfully as ever clock could.

My face out between my hands
While my pendulum steadily swung
Undisturbed by the laughter and jests and jokes
That around on every side hummed.

Forget you're at school now, children dear,
And come back to this roadside inn
See the stage-coach strong with horses four
Arrive amid clattering din.

I watched, as others with curious eyes
As the travel-tired guests climbed down
To dine and rest at the Hammet House
On their journey to Baltimore Town.

Styles were talked o'er and news exchanged
While for wayside fare they stayed
Many events of the day were discussed
While they dined e'er they passed on their way.

Gay were the scenes and loud the mirth
When on brave and fair I did glance
The pride and flower of Hookstown round
Made the Hammet House ring with the dance.

Bustling scenes I witnessed there
When the sports of the country round
Came riding in from exciting chase
Following the fox and hounds.

When night came on the merry crowd
Had gathered, a score or more
Around the tap-room's grate to tell
Stirring tales of sport and of war.

Each one had been a hero brave
And had some deed to boast
Whether soldier at the battle front
Or meet with mid-night ghost.

But children, still I tick away,
When Hammett House is no more

And Hookstown scenes you ne'er would know
Since stage-coach days are o'er.

PIMLICO SEVENTH GRADE,
Clara Smithson, Teacher.

HOW ARLINGTON GOT ITS NAME.

The children wandered over the old churchyard where many moss-covered tombstones marked the graves of Hookstown's early settlers: "David Cook, a respected citizen of Hookstown, died from the oversetting of his hay-waggon on Stony Hill in 1795," read Tommy. "Henry Smith, a loved bishop in the Methodist church and a sojourner in Hookstown" read another. "John Hook and his wife Eleanor, both natives of Hookstown," read yet a third, while thoughtful Mary stood near the teacher with a puzzled look on her face.

"Was Hookstown near Arlington," she asked at length, "that all these people should be buried here?"

"Yes," said the teacher, "Hookstown was right here, it was Arlington itself. While we rest in the shade of the old oak tree where the Indian arrow was found I will tell you all how Arlington got its name."

When all were settled the teacher went on:

"Many years ago when the Hook family first came here the place was called Hookstown for them, but as time went on, many were buried in the old church yard yonder and strangers came to live in the quiet village. When the Western Md. Railroad built the little station on Garrison Avenue people said, 'What name shall be placed over the door?' A meeting was called at the log school-house on Church Lane and each person came prepared to vote for a new name for his home town. The school-master presided. Ashburton, Belview, Belvidere, and other names were voted upon but no decision could be reached, when Douglas, a village shopkeeper, said 'I vote we name him Arlington for the home of the great George Washington!'"

"Why," said Mary, "Washington lived at Mt. Vernon, didn't he?"

"Yes," said the teacher, "the little Jew was mixed in his history, he forgot that Arlington was the home of General Lee, but his mistake made a hit and everyone said, 'Let's call the town Arlington!' So, the name was placed over the door of the station and Arlington took its place as one of the railroad towns of Md."

"What a good story," said the children, as they followed their teacher toward the school.

"Now I understand," said thoughtful Mary, "why so many people call Main St. the Hookstown Road."

"And why old Uncle Benson wanted to know how I liked Hookstown," said Tommy as he led the way down the shady street to the school.

(Dramatized by six children.)

STAGE COACH DAYS.

"What I want to know, father," said Tom whose teacher had been telling of Hookstown's early days, "what I want to know is, where did the electric cars run when Father Smith and his family lived at Pilgrims' Rest?"

"Electric cars," laughed father, "why bless you, there were *no* cars at that time, not even a horse-car found its way over Stony Hill to the little village of Hookstown."

"Why, father, did everyone walk to town in those days or did they ride in wagons?"

"For many years," replied father, "the people rode on the white-hooded Conestoga wagons that passed through Hookstown on Market days. Later the stage coach jogged over the hills to Reisterstown and Penna. and stopped at the wayside villages to leave the mail or any chance passengers."

"Did people wait for the coach at the corner as we do for the cars?" asked Tom.

"No," said father, "they went to the old Hand Tavern on Paca Street to meet it in the city or they could leave their names where the Commonwealth Bank is now on Howard Street and the coach would call for and carry them to their destination."

"Suppose Father Smith wanted to get the coach——"

"Oh!" interrupted father, "he or any other Hookstown villager had to get on at Joseph Feelemyer's postoffice where the coach always stopped to leave the mail."

"How did he know when the coach was coming?" inquired Tom.

"'Tra, ra, ra' the postillion blew his horn long and loud as he neared the village to warn the people he was on the way. Every villager left his work to see the stage-coach pass, and waiting passenger hurried to meet at the postoffice.

At this point grandfather looked over his spectacles and said: "Ah! those were merry days; it was a great moment when the old coach drew up before the postoffice door. While the mail was taken off and the people took their seats, *in* the coach if the day was *rainy*, or *on top* if the weather was *fair*, travelers chatted with the villagers who had gathered about to hear the news. Then when all was ready, the postillion blew his horn, the driver cracked his whip, the people cheered, and amid the barking of the village dogs the coach was off for the day. Ah! those were merry days, I never shall forget them," sighed grandfather as he wiped his spectacles and went back to his reading.

"What became of the stage-coach, father?" asked Tom.

"When the horse-car started up the hill from Baltimore to Pikesville, and the Western Maryland Railroad steamed toward Pennsylvania, the stage-coach seemed old-fashioned and slow—but," said father, "that is another story for another day, when we have more time for early history."

(Dramatized by three boys.)

A TRUE STORY OF HOOKSTOWN.

Round about Hookstown there were many large estates, and in the early days the sons of these rich land owners were gay young sports who spent many hours riding in tournaments or hunts or lounging in the tap-room of the Hammett House. Among these young sportsmen was Samuel B. Arnold, whose father owned a large estate where Mr. Trainor now has his home on Park Heights Avenue. He had been to college where he met Wilkes Booth and Dr. Mudd. These chums were seen often in this neighborhood riding together after the hounds.

When Lincoln was president he set every slave free and this made the three chums very angry; they said that Lincoln ought to be killed. One night Wilkes Booth was acting in a theatre in Washington when he spied Lincoln in a box. He went up there between the acts and shot the president. He made his way to Virginia but sprained his ankle in making good his escape. Dr. Mudd and Sam. B. Arnold were arrested as conspirators and sent to Dry Tortugas near Florida where they stayed eight years. Old Mr. Arnold spent all his money trying to buy his son's freedom but he could not get it until John T. Ford helped him. Then Samuel returned to Hookstown, but he was broken in health and spirit and soon died from the effects of his long imprisonment on the lonely island.

(As told by Rosalie Rhodes, Age 9.)

A CHARADE: HOOKSTOWN

Scene I.

Time—Spring morning.

Place—Mother's sitting-room.

Characters—Mother, Jane, Mary, Ruth.

(Children enter room where mother is)

Mother—"Well, are you all ready for school?"

Jane—"Yes, mother, I am going now."

Mary—"I am getting my books together to go."

Ruth—"Wait for me, girls! I never can fasten the hooks in my dress. Will you help me, mother?"

(Mother fastens dress.)

Mother—"Now you are ready so hurry on and be good children at school."

Children—"We always are, mother! Good-bye!"

(Children pass out to school.)

Scene II.

Time—Noon of same day.

Place—Mother's sitting-room.

Characters—Mother, Jane, Mary, Ruth.

(Children run in to mother.)

Jane—"My, I'm hungry, mother, I could eat the legs off the table."

Mary—"Have you been busy, mother? I'm very tired."

Ruth—"We've had a lovely morning in school: the teacher talked about Baltimore Town and how it was settled. Do you know all about it, mother?"

Mother—"Yes, your father and I were saying only yesterday that Baltimore would never have been such a noted town if it hadn't been for its great harbor."

Ruth—"Yes, that's just what the teacher said."

Mother—"Let's go in to dinner."

(All pass out.)

Mother (to Audience)—"Can you tell what it is?"

ANS.—Hookstown.

A CHARADE: STAGE COACH

Time—Late afternoon.

Place—Mother's sitting-room.

Characters—Mother, Jane, Mary, Ruth.

(Children coming in from school.)

Jane—"O, mother, we are getting up an entertainment at school. It is the most fun."

Mary—"And mother the teacher said we could invite you; maybe you'll make a cake?"

Mother—"Certainly I will. Are you going to have a *stage* for your play?"

Ruth—"No, mother, Miss Porter said we did not need one."

Mother—"Now run out and play until father comes home for supper."

Galley Sixty-Four—Warwick

(Children run out—Mother goes, too.)

Scene II.

Time—Noon the next day.

Place—Mother's room.

Characters—Mother, Jane, Mary, Ruth.

Scene II.

(Children come in to show themselves.)

Mother—"Let me see how you look for the entertainment. You look nice, Jane; let me see you, Mary; straighten your collar—now you're all right."

Ruth—"Oh! mother, fix my sash, it don't suit me this way."

Mother—"Come here, *slow-coach*, you are always the last blow on the horn. (Fixes sash.) Now run along with your sisters for mother is very busy."

Children—"Aren't you coming, mother?"

Mother—"Yes, if I can get done in time. Now, good-bye, and please keep clean."

(Children go to school.)

"I *must* hurry for I do not want to disappoint the children."
(Passes out.)

Mother (to Audience)—"Can you tell what it is?"



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